

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

COMPRISED

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D

POET LATEATE, ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

IN EIGHT VOL □

VOL. VIII

LONDON.

H G BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE

ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM COWPER.

EDITED BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.,

POET LAUREATE, ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AFTER DRAWINGS

BY W. HARVEY.

LONDON

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PLATES IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

1	VIEW OF ITHACA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2	CHARYBDIS	<i>Tuynette Title</i>
3	ISLE OF CIRCE	154
4	ULYSSES LANDED AT ITHACA	203

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE present volume concludes an edition of Cowper's Works, which the sanction of his still surviving administratrix, Mrs Bodham, and the access which the Editor has obtained to every collection of the Poet's letters, has enabled him to render as complete as it can be made from any known materials. He is obliged to the Rev Egerton Bagot for permitting him to inspect the letters addressed to his father, Cowper's earliest correspondent, and the only one of his early friends who sought him in his retirement. To Mr Jekyll he is obliged for access to those addressed to Mr Hill. Mrs Charlotte Smith favoured him with the letter to her mother, who in her own generation was not surpassed as a novelist, nor equalled as a poetess. From his old friend Mr Cottle the two letters to Mr Churchee, were obtained, the Welch attorney¹, who sent Cowper his verses to revise, and obligingly asked,

“ Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale ”

He has also to thank Mr Meek for presenting him with Cowper's interleaved and annotated copy of the *Paradise Lost*, purchased by that gentleman at the sale of Hayley's Library.

¹ Vol i p 401 Vol iii p 375.

A mistake which Hayley has made, and which Mr Grimshawe has repeated, it is proper to correct in this place. They have stated that Cowper died intestate,—whereas he left a will,—and such a one, that though its provisions had been nullified by the lapse of time, and the death of the principal legatee, it certainly would not have been withheld, either from, or by his first biographer, had not Lady Hesketh wished as much as possible to withhold every thing relating to his narrow circumstances, or his malady, both which it will be seen are alluded to with much feeling in this affecting document.

Keswick, Aug 12, 1837

EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTER OF THE PREROGATIVE
COURT OF CANTERBURY

I WM^M COWPER, of Olney, in the county of Bucks, do make this my last Will and Testament I give to Mis Mary Unwin the sum of thicc hundred pouads, or whatever sum shall be standing in my name in the books of the Bank of England the time of my decease I give to Mi Joseph Hill, of Great Queen Street, whatever money of mine he may have in his hands, arising from the bond of my Chambers in the Temple, or may be due for the same at the time of my decease and my desire is, that such money as he nay have received on my account in the way of contribution, and not remitted to me, may be returned to those who gave it, with the best acknowledgements I have it in my power to tender them for their kindness I have written this with my own hand, and the contents may sufficiently prove that I am in my senses

MAY 20, 1777

WM^M COWPER

ADVERTISEMENT

EIGHTEENTH AUG 1800

ON which day appeared personally Theodosia Hill and Frances Hill, both of Reading in the county of Berks, spinsters, and jointly and severally made oath that they knew and were well acquainted with William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, deceased, and having frequently seen him write and subscribe his name, are thereby become well acquainted with his manner and character of hand-writing and subscription, and having now carefully viewed and perused the paper writing hereto annexed, purporting to be and containing the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, beginning thus, "I Wm Cowper, of Olney, in the county of Bucks, do make this my last Will and Testament," and ending thus, "I have written this with my own hand, and the contents may sufficiently prove that I am in my senses," and thus subscribed "Wm Cowper," they the appearers do verily and in their consciences believe the whole series and contents of the said paper writing, beginning, ending, and subscribing as aforesaid, to be all of the proper hand-writing and subscription of him the said William Cowper, Esquire, deceased THEO HILL FRANCES HILL — Same day the said Theodosia Hill and Frances Hill were duly sworn to the truth of this affidavit, before me, PH NIND, Commissioner

On the sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord 1800, administration with the will annexed, of all and singular the goods, chattels, and credits of William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, deceased, was granted to Dame Henrietta Hesketh, widow, the cousin german and one of the next of kin of the said deceased, she having been first sworn by Commissioner duly to administer, no executor or residuary legatee being named in the said will.

On the twenty-sixth day of November, 1807, administration with the will annexed, of the goods, chattels, and credits of William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards

ADVERTISEMENT

of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham
in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, a bachelor, deceased, left
unadministered by Dame Harriet Hesketh, widow, deceased,
whilst living, the cousin german and one of the next of kin of
the said deceased, was granted to Anne Bodham, widow, the
cousin german also and one other of the next of kin of the
said deceased, having been first sworn by Commissioner duly
to administer, no executor or residuary legatee being named
in the said will

CHAS DYNELEY }
JOHN LOGULDEN }
W. F GOSTLING } Deputy Registrars.

THE ODYSSEY.

	PAGE
BOOK I.	1
II.	16
III.	30
IV.	46
V.	72
VI.	87
VII.	98
VIII.	110
IX.	129
X.	147
XI.	165
XII.	186
XIII.	200
XIV.	214
XV.	231
XVI.	249
XVII.	264
XVIII.	283
XIX.	297
XX.	317
XXI.	330
XXII.	344
XXIII.	359
XXIV.	371
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE	388

THE
ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

In a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentes directs him in what manner to proceed Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested

MUSE, make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed
And genius versatile, who far and wide
A Wanderer, after Ilium overthrown,
Discovered various cities, and the mind
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote
He numerous woes, on Ocean toss'd, endured, 5
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct
His followers to their home , yet all his care
Preserved them not , they perish'd self-destroy'd
By their own fault , infatuate ! who devour'd
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,
As it may please thee, even in our ears

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home ,
Him only, of his country and his wife
Alike desirous, in her hollow grots
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detain'd

Wooing him to her arms (Many a long year elapsed,) the year arrived Of his return (by the decree of Heaven) To Ithaca, not even then had he, Although surrounded by his people, reach'd The period of his sufferings and his toils Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld His woes, save Neptune, He alone with wrath Unceasing and implacable pursued Godlike Ulysses to his native shores But Neptune, now, the <i>A</i> ethiopians sought,	20
(The <i>A</i> ethiopians, utmost of mankind, These Eastward situate, those toward the West,) Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs There sitting, pleased he banquetted, the Gods In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all,	25
'Midst whom the Sire of heaven and earth began For he recalled to mind <i>A</i> egisthus slain By Agamemnon's celebrated son Orestes, and retracing in his thought That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd	30
Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame The Powers of Heaven! From us, they say, proceed The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incui So now <i>A</i> egisthus, by no force constrain'd	35
Of Destiny, Atreides' wedded wife Took to himself, and him at his return Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end By us, for we commanded Hermes down The watchful Argicide, who bade him fea	40
Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen For that Atreides' son Orestes, soon As grown mature, and eager to assume His sway imperial, should avenge the deed So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not	45
<i>A</i> egisthus, on whose head the whole ari ea Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fallen Whom answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme! And well he merited the death he found,	50
	55
	60

So perish all who shall, like him, offend
 But with a bosom anguish-rent I view
 Ulysses, hapless Chief, who from his friends
 Remote, affliction hath long time endured
 In yonder woodland isle, the central boss
 Of Ocean That retreat a Goddess holds,
 Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss
 Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high
 Himself upbears which separate earth from heaven
 His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains,
 And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks
 To wean his heart from Ithaca, meantime
 Ulysses, happy might he but behold
 The smoke ascending from his native land,
 Death covets Canst thou not, Olympian Jove !
 At last relent ? Hath not Ulysses oft
 With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet
 Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought ?
 How hath he then so deep incensed thee, Jove ?
 To whom the cloud-assembler God replied
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter beloved ?
 Can I forget Ulysses ? Him forget
 So noble, who in wisdom all mankind
 Excels, and who hath sacrificed so oft
 To us whose dwelling is the boundless heaven !
 Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath
 Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake
 Polypheme, strongest of the giant race,
 Whom of his eye Ulysses hath deprived
 For Him, Thoosa bore, Nymph of the sea
 From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty power
 Impregnated in caverns of the Deep
 E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,
 Although he slay him not, yet devious drives
 Ulysses from his native isle afar
 Yet come—in full assembly his return
 Contrive we now, both means and prosperous end ,
 So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose power
 In contest with the force of all the Gods
 Exerted single, can but strive in vain
 To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed

Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!
 If the Immortals ever-blest ordain
 That wise Ulysses to his home return,
 Dispatch we then Hermes the Aigicide,
 Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,
 Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,
 Of this our fix'd resolve, that to his home
 Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair

105

Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime,
 His son to animate, and with new force
 Inspire, that (the Achaians all convened
 In council,) he may, instant, bid depart

110

The suitors from his home, who, day by day,
 His numerous flocks and fatted herds consume
 And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,
 And into sandy Pylus, there to hear
 If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,
 And to procure himself a glorious name

115

This said, her golden sandals to her feet
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air,
 Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,
 In length and bulk and weight a matchless beam,
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels marks
 Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns,
 From the Olympian summit down she flew,
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall
 In Ithaca, and within his vestibule

120

Apparent stood, there, grasping her bright spear,
 Mentes¹ she seem'd, the hospitable Chief
 Of Taphos' isle She found the haughty throng
 The suitors, they before the palace gate
 With ivory cubes sported, on numerous hides
 Declined of oxen which themselves had slain
 The heralds and the busy menials there
 Minister'd to them, these their mantling cups
 With water slaked, with bibulous sponges those
 Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,

125

130

135

¹ We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentes, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him

And portion'd out to each his plenteous share
Long ere the rest Telemachus himself

140

Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,
Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative

His noble Sire, and questioning if yet

Perchance the Hero might return to chase
From all his palace that imperious herd,

141

To his own honour lord of his own home
Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw

The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhor'd
To see a guest's admittance long delay'd,

150

Approaching eager her right hand he seized

The brazen spear took from her, and in words
With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd

Stranger, all hail ! to share our cordial love

Thou comest , the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next

151

Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived

So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,

Followed by Pallas, and, arriving soon

Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear

Within a pillar's cavity, long time

16

The armoury where many a spear had stood,

Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire

Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne

Magnificent, which first he overspread

With linen, there he seated her, apart

16

From that rude throng, and for himself disposed

A throne of various colours at her side,

Lest, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,

The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,

And that more free he might the stranger's ear

17

With questions of his absent Sire address

And now a maiden charged with golden ewer,

And with an argent lave, pouring first

Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,

With a resplendent table, which the chaste

17

Directress of the stores furnished with bread

And dainties, remnants of the last regale

Then, in his turn, the sewer² with savoury meats

² Milton uses the word—

(Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,
]And golden cups beside the chargers placed, 180
 'Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine
]Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones
 (And couches occupied, on all whose hands
 'The heralds pour'd pure water, then the maids
 (Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd, 185
]And eager they assail'd the ready feast
 'At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more
 (They felt unsatisfied, to new delights
 [Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,
 [Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys 190
]An herald, then to Phemius' hand consign'd
 His beauteous lyre, he through constraint regaled
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,
 Telemachus his head inclining nigh 195
 To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words
 Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespeak
 My inmate and my friend! far from my lips
 Be every word that might displease thine ear!
 The song—the harp,—what can they less than charm 200
 These wantons? who the bread unpurchas'd eat
 Of one whose bones on yonder continent
 Lie moulder'd, dienched by all the shewers of heaven,
 Or roll at random in the billowy deep
 Ah! could they see him once to his own isle 205
 Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead
 But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate
 'ast question perish'd, and what news soe'er
 We hear of his return, kindles no hope 210
 In us, convinced that he returns no more.
 But answer undissembling, tell me true,
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship
 Amest thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course
 To Ithaca, and of what land are they?
 Or that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure 215
 His also tell me, hast thou now arrived

New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore
 My father's guest ? since many to our house 220
 Resorted in those happier days, for he
 Drew powerful to himself the hearts of all
 Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-ey'd.
 I will with all simplicity of truth
 Thy questions satisfy Behold in me 225
 Mentes, the offspring of a Chief renown'd
 In war, Anchialus , and Iule, myself,
 An island race, the Taphians oai-expedit.
 With ship and mariners I now arrive,
 Seeking a people of another tongue 230
 Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass
 For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves
 To Temesa My ship beneath the woods
 Of Neius, at yonder field that skirts
 Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides 235
 We are hereditary guests , our Sires
 Were friends long since ; as, when thou seest him next,
 The Hero old Laeites will avouch,
 Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more
 The city now, but in sequester'd scenes 240
 Dwells sorrowful, and by an ancient dame
 With food and drink supplied oft as he feels
 Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps
 Between the rows of his luxuriant vines
 But I have come drawn hither by report, 245
 Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems
 The adverse Gods his homeward course retard
 For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,
 But in some island of the boundless flood
 Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force 250
 Of some rude race detain'd reluctant there
 And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods
 Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd
 Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long 255
 From his own shores, no, not although in bands
 Of iron held, but will ere long contrive
 His own return , for in expedients, fram'd
 With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds

But tell me true, art thou, in stature such,	260
Son of himself Ulysses? for thy face	
And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate	
Ulysses in thee Frequent have we both	
Conversed together thus, thy Sire and I,	
Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which	265
So many princes of Achaia steer'd	
Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me	
To whom, Telemachus, discreet, replied	
Stranger! I tell thee true, my mother's voice	
Affirms me his, but, since no mortal knows	270
His derivation, I affirm it not	
Would I had been son of some happier sire,	
Ordain'd in calm possession of his own	
To reach the verge of life But now, report	
Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind	275
Unhappiest deem — Thy question is resolved	
Then answer thus Pallas blue-ey'd return'd	
From no ignoble race, in future days,	
The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd	
With every grace Penelope hath borne	280
But tell me true What festival is this?	
This throng,—whence are they? wherefore hast thou need	
Of such a multitude? Behold I here	
A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these	
Meet not by contribution ³ to regale,	285
With such brutality and din they hold	
Their riotous banquet! A wise man and good	
Arriving, now, among them, at the sight	
Of such enormities would much be wroth	
To whom replied Telemachus discreet	290
Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this	
While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,	
His presence warranted the hope that here	
Virtue should dwell and opulence, but Heaven	
Hath cast for us, at length, a different lot,	295
And he is lost, as never man before	

³ "Ἐραρος, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something, but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one

For I should less lament even his death,
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fallen,
 Or in the arms of his companions died,
 Troy's siege accomplish'd Then his tomb the Greeks 300
 Of every tribe had built, and for his son,
 He had immortal glory achiev'd , but now,
 By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach
 Of eye or ear he lies , and hath to me
 Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd 305
 Nor mourn I for his sake alone , the Gods
 Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside ,
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
 Zacynthus, others also, rulers here 310
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek
 In marriage, and my household stores consume
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorrd
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
 To end them , they my patrimony waste 315
 Meantime, and will not long spare even me
 To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,
 Pallas replied Alas ! great need hast thou
 Of thy long-absent father to avenge
 These numerous wrongs , for could he now appear 320
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,
 From Ilus son of Mermenis, who dwelt
 In distant Ephyre, just then return'd, 325
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone
 In his swift bark, seeking some poisonous drug
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods
 Ilus refused him, and my father free 330
 Gave to him, for he loved him past belief ,)
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,
 Mix with these suitors, short his date of life
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove
 But these events, whether he shall return 335
 To take just vengeance under his own roof,
 Or whether not, lie all in the Gods' lap

Meantime I counsel thee, thyself to think
 By what means likeliest thou shalt expel
 These from thy doors Now mark me close attend. 340

To-morrow, summoning the Grecian Chiefs
 To council, speak to them, and call the Gods
 To witness that solemnity Bid go
 The suitors hence, each to his own abode

Thy mother—if her purpose be resolved
 On marriage, let her to the house return
 Of her own potent father, who, himself,
 Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,
 And ample dower, such as it well becomes

A darling daughter to receive, bestow 350
 But hear me now, thyself I thus advise
 The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd
 With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek
 Intelligence of thy long-absent Sire

Some mortal may inform thee, or a word⁴,
 Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source
 Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear
 First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire
 Of noble Netsor, thence to Sparta tend,
 To question Menelaus amber-hair'd, 360

Latest arrived of all the host of Greece
 There should'st thou learn that still thy father lives,
 And hope obtain of his return, although
 Distress'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year
 But should'st thou there hear tidings that he breathes 365
 No longer, to thy native isle return'd,
 First heap his tomb, then with such pomp perform
 His funeral rites as his great name demands,
 And make thy mother's spousals, next, thy care
 These duties satisfied, deliberate last

Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house 370
 By stratagem, or by assault, destroy
 For thou art now no child, nor longer mayest
 Sport like one Hast thou not the proud report
 Heard, how Orestes hath renown acquired

⁴ "Οσσα—a word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually, but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods

With all mankind his father's murderer Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base Who slaughter'd Agamemnon ? Oh my friend ! (For with delight thy vigorous growth I view, And just proportion,) be thou also bold, And merit praise from ages yet to come But I will to my vessel now repair, And to my mariners, whom absent long, I may perchance have troubled Weigh thou well My counsel , let not my advice be lost	380
To whom Telemachus discreet replied, Stranger ! thy words bespeak thee much my friend, Who, as a father teaches his own son, Has taught me, and I never will forget But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue, Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first Thy limbs now weary, thou may'st sprightlier seek Thy gallant bark, charged with some noble gift Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep As my memorial ever , such a boon	385
As men confer on guests whom much they love	390
Then Pallas thus, Goddess coerulean-eyed Retain me not, for go I must , the gift Which liberal thou desirest to bestow, Give me at my return, that I may bear The treasure home , and, in exchange, thyself Expect some gift equivalent from me	395
She spake, and as with eagle-wings upborne, Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspired With daring fortitude, and on his heart Dearer remembrance of his Sire impress'd Than e'er! Conscious of the wondrous change, Amazed he stood, and in his secret thought Revolving all, believed his guest a God The youthful Hero to the suitors then Repair'd , they silent, listen'd to the song Of the illustrious Bard , he the return Deplorable of the Achaian host From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang. Penelope, Icarus' daughter, mark'd Meantime the song celestial, where she sat	400
	410
	415

In the superior palace , down she came,
By all the numerous steps of her abode ,
Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her
She then, divinest of her sex, arrived

420

In presence of that lawless throng, beneath
The portal of her stately mansion stood,
Between her maidens, and with lucid veil
Her lovely features manthng There profuse
She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespeak

425

Phemius ! for many a sorrow-soothing strain
Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record
Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme ,
Give them of those a song, and let themselves
Their wine drink noiseless , but this mournful strain

430

Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,
And which of all hearts nearest touches mine ,
With such regret my dearest lord I mourn,
Remembering still an husband praised from side
To side, and in the very heart of Greece

435

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd
My mother ! wherefore should it give thee pain
If the delightful bard that theme pursue
To which he feels his mind impell'd ? the bard
Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills,

440

Materials for poetic art supplies
No fault is his, if the disastrous fate
He sing of the Achaians, for the song
Wins ever from the hearers most applause
That has been least in use Of all who fought

445

At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,
His day of glad return , but many a Chief
Hath perish'd also Seek thou then again
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,
And task thy maidens , management belongs

450

To men of joys convivial, and of men
Especially to me, chief ruler here

She heard astonish'd , and the prudent speech
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
Again with hei attendant maidens sought
Her upper chamber There arrived, she wept
Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed

455

Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound
 Then echoed through the palace dark-bedimm'd
 With evening shades, the suitors' boisterous roar,
 For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,
 Whom thus Telemachus discreet addres'd.

All ye my mother's suitors, though addict
 To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend
 Your clamour, for a course to me it seems
 More decent far, when such a bard as this,
 Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song
 To-morrow meet we in full council all,
 That I may plainly warn you to depart
 From this our mansion Seek ye where ye may
 Your feasts, consume your own, alternate fed
 Each at the other's cost, but if it seem
 Wisest in your account and best, to eat
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rendering^o no account of all,
 Bite to the roots, but know that I will cry
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope
 That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask^o no account

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast
 At his undaunted hardness of speech

Then thus Antinous spake, Eupitheus' son
 Telemachus' the Gods, methinks themselves
 Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce
 Thy matter fearless Ah forbid it, Jove^o
 That one so eloquent should with the weight
 Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,
 A realm, by claim hereditary, thine

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied
 Although my speech, Antinous, may, perchance,
 Provoke thee, know that I am not averse
 From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such

^o There is in the Original an evident stress laid on the word Νέποινοι, which is used in both places It was a sort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them, and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property

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Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd
 By men above all others? trust me, no
 There is no ill in royalty; the man
 So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain
 Riches and honour But I grant that Kings
 Of the Achaians may no few be found
 In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old,
 Of whom since great Ulysses is no more,
 Reign whoso may, but King, myself, I am
 In my own house, and over all my own
 Domestics, by Ulysses gained for me

495

~To whom Eurymachus replied, the son
 Of Polybus What Grecian Chief shall reign
 In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd
 To the Gods' will, Telemachus! meantime
 Thou hast unquestionable right to keep
 Thy own, and to command in thy own house
 May never that man on her shores arrive,
 While an inhabitant shall yet be left
 In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest
 Thine from thee But permit me, noble Sir!

505

To ask thee of thy guest Whence came the man?
 What country claims him? Where are to be found
 His kindred and his patrimonial fields?
 Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach
 Homeward? or came he to receive a debt
 Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd!
 No opportunity to know him gave
 To those who wish'd it, for his face and air
 Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure

515

Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discreet
 Eurymachus! my father comes no more
 I can no longer, now, tidings believe,
 If such arrive, nor heed I more the song
 Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult
 But this my guest hath known in other days
 My father, and he came from Taphos, son
 Of brave Anchialus, Mentes by name,
 And Chief of the sea-practised Taphian race

520

So spake Telemachus, but in his heart
 Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies

525

Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,
And dusky evening found them joyous still
Then each, to his own house retiring, sought
Needful repose Meantime Telemachus
To his own lofty chamber, built in view
Of the wide hall, retired, but with a heart
In various musings occupied intense
Sage Euryklea, bearing in each hand
A torch, preceded him, her sire was Ops,
Pisenor's son, and in her early prime,
At his own cost Laertes made her his,
Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.
Nor in less honour than his spotless wife
He held her ever, but his consort's wrath
Feaing, at no time call'd her to his bed
She bore the torches, and with truer heart
Loved him than any of the female train,
For she had nursed him in his infant years
He opened his broad chamber-valves, and sat
On his couch-side, then, putting off his vest
Of softest texture, placed it in the hands
Of the attendant dame, discreet, who first
Folding it with exactest care, beside
His bed suspended it, and going forth,
Drew by its silver ring the portal close,
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool
Reposed, contemplating all night his course
Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylian shore

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BOOK II

ARGUMENT.

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

AURORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,
Now tinged the East, when, habited again,
Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed
Athwart his back his faulchion keen he slung,
His sandals bound to his unsullied feet, 5
And, Godlike, issued from his chamber-door
At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoin'd
To call the Greeks to council, they aloud
Gave forth the summons, and the throng began
When all were gathered, and the assembly full, 10
Himself, his hand armed with a brazen spear,
Went also, nor alone he went, his hounds
Fleet-footed follow'd him a faithful pair
O'er all his form Minerva largely shed
Majestic grace divine, and, as he went, 15
The whole admiring concourse gazed on him
The seniors gave him place, and down he sat
On his paternal Throne. Then grave arose
The Hero, old Ægyptius, bow'd with age
Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd 20
His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,
On board his fleet to steed-famed Ilium gone,
The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave
The savage Cyclops slew, and on his flesh
At evening made obscene his last regale 25
Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,

Eurynomus, the other two, employ
 Found constant managing their Sire's concerns
 Yet he forgot not, father as he was
 Of these, his absent eldest whom he mourn'd
 Ceaseless, and thus his speech, weeping, began

30

Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!
 Nor council here nor session hath been held
 Since great Ulysses left his native shore
 Who now convenes us? what especial need
 Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,
 Or of our senators by age matured?
 Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,
 Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught
 Of public import on a different theme?

35

I deem him, whomsoe'er he be, a man
 Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe
 The full performance of his chief desire!

40

He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced
 In that good omen Ardent to begin,
 He sat not long, but moving to the midst,
 Received the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,
 His prudent herald, and addressing, next,
 The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began

45

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself
 Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,
 Who hath convened this council I, am He
 I am in chief the sufferer Tidings none
 Of the returning host I have received,
 Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught
 Of public import on a different theme,
 But my own trouble, on my own house fallen,
 And two-fold fallen One is, that I have lost
 A noble father, who, as fathers rule
 Benign then children, govern'd once yourselves,
 The other, and the more alarming ill,
 With ruin threatens my whole house, and all
 My patrimony with immediate waste
 Suitors, (their children who in this our isle
 Hold highest rank,) importunate besiege
 My mother, though desirous not to wed,
 And rather than resort to her own Sire

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Icarus, who might give his daughter dower,
 And portion her to whom he most approves,
 (A course which, only named, moves their disgust,) 70
 They choose, assembling all within my gates
 Daily to make my beeves, my sheep, my goats
 Their banquet, and to drink without restraint
 My wine, whence ruin threatens us and ours,
 For I have no Ulysses to relieve 75
 Me and my family from this abuse
 Ourselves are not sufficient, we, alas!
 Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn
 How best to use the little force we own,
 Else, had I power, I would, myself, redress 80
 The evil, for it now surpasses far
 All sufficience, now they ravage uncontroll'd,
 Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more
 Oh be¹ ashamed yourselves, blush at the thought
 Of such reproach as ye shall sue incur 85
 From all our neighbour states, and fear beside
 The wrath of the Immortals, lest they call
 Yourselves one day to a severe account
 I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her
 Whose voice convenes all councils, and again 90
 Dissolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye cease,
 That ye permit me, oh my friends¹ to wear
 My days in solitary grief away,
 Unless Ulysses, my illustrious Sire,
 Hath in his anger any Grecian wrong'd 95
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,
 Inciting these to plague me Better far
 Were my condition, if yourselves consumed
 My substance and my revenue, from you
 I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends 100
 Hereafter, you I might with vehement suit
 O'ercome, from house to house pleading aloud
 For recompense, till I at last prevail'd,
 But now, with darts of anguish ye transfix
 My inmost soul, and I have no redress 105

¹ The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down
 His sceptre, weeping Pity at the sight
 Seized all the people, mute the assembly sat
 Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus
 With answer rough, till of them all, at last,
 Antinous, sole arising, thus replied

110

Telemachus, intemperate in harangue,
 High-sounding orator! it is thy drift
 To make us all odious, but the offence
 Lies not with us the suitors, she alone
 Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,
 And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame
 It is already the third year, and soon
 Shall be the fourth, since with delusive art
 Practising on their minds, she hath deceived
 The Grecians, message after message sent
 Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair,
 But she, meantime, far otherwise intends
 Her other arts exhausted all, she framed
 This stratagem, a web of amplest size
 And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake
 Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief
 Ulysses is no more, press not as yet
 My nuptials, wait till I shall finish, first,
 A funeral robe (lest all my threads decay),
 Which for the ancient Hero I prepare,
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest.
 Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud
 So spake the Queen, and unsuspecting, we
 With her request complied Thenceforth, all day
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night
 Three years by such contrivance she deceived
 The Grecians, but when (three whole years elapsed)
 The fourth arrived, then conscious of the fraud,
 A damsel of her train told all the truth,
 And her we found ravelling the beauteous work
 Thus, through necessity she hath, at length,
 Perform'd the task, and in her own despite

115

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Now therefore, for the information clear
 Of thee thyself, and of the other Greeks,
 We answer Send thy mother hence, with charge
 That him she wed, on whom her father's choice 150
 Shall fall, and whom she shall herself approve
 But if by long procrastination still
 She persevere, wearing our patience out,
 Attentive only to display the gifts
 By Pallas so profusely dealt to her, 155
 Works of surpassing skill, ingenious thought,
 And subtle shifts, such as no beauteous Greek
 (For aught that we have heard) in ancient times
 E'er practised, Tyro, or Alcmena fair,
 O fair Mycene, of whom none in art 160
 E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield
 To this her last invention little praise,
 Then know, that these her suitors will consume
 So long thy patrimony and thy goods,
 As she her present purpose shall indulge, 165
 With which the Gods inspire her Great renown
 She to herself insures, but equal woe
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee,
 For neither to our proper works at home
 Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere, 170
 Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines
 Him prudent, then, answer'd Telemachus
 Antinous ! it is not possible
 That I should thrust her forth against her will,
 Who both produced and rear'd me Be he dead, 175
 Or still alive, my Sire is far remote ,
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss
 My mother to Icarus, I must much
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me
 So doing, I should also wrath incur 180
 From my offended Sire, and from the Gods
 Still more , for she, departing, would invoke
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach
 Beside would follow me from all mankind
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce 185
 No , if ye judge your treatment at her hands
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,

Your feasts , consume your own , alternate feed
 Each at the other's cost But if it seem
 Wisest in your account and best to eat
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods
 Of one man, rendering no account of all,
 Bite to the roots , but know that I will cry
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods in hope
 That Jove in retribution of the wrong,
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account

So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,
 The Thunderer from a lofty mountain-top
 Turn'd off two eagles , on the winds, awhile,
 With outspread pinions ample side by side
 They floated , but, ere long, hovering aloft,
 Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs
 They wheel'd around, clang'd all their numerous plumes, 205
 And with a downward look eyeing the throng,
 Death boded, ominous , then rending each
 The other's face and neck, they sprang at once
 Toward the right, and darted through the town
 Amazement universal, at that sight, 210
 Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought
 Each scann'd the future , amidst whom arose
 The Hero Halithenses, ancient Seer,
 Offspring of Mastor , for in judgment he
 Of portents augural, and in forecast 215
 Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,
 And prudent thus the multitude bespeak

Ye men of Ithaca, give ear' hear all'
 Though chief my speech shall to the suitors look
 For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe.
 Ulysses shall not from his friends, henceforth,
 Live absent long, but, hastening to his home,
 Comes even now, and as he comes, designs
 A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes
 No few shall share, inhabitants with us
 Of pleasant Ithaca , but let us frame
 Effectual means maturely to suppress
 Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves
 Repentant cease , and soonest shall be best

Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak
 The future, and the accomplishment announce
 Of all which when Ulysses with the Greeks
 Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold
 I said that, after many woes, and loss
 Of all his people, in the twentieth year,
 Unknown to all, he should regain his home,
 And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd

230

Hum, then, Eurymachus thus answer'd rough
 The son of Polybus Hence to thy house,
 Thou hoary dotaïd ! there, prophetic, teach
 Thy children to escape woes else to come
 Birds numerous flutter in the beams of day,
 Not all predictive Death, far hence remote
 Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heaven
 That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too
 Thou hadst not then run o'er with prophecy
 As now, nor provocation to the wrath
 Given of Telemachus, in hope to win,
 Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands
 But I to *thee* foretell, skill'd as thou art
 In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain,) 245
 That if by artifice thou move to wrath
 A younger than thyself, no matter whom,
 Woe first the heavier on himself shall fall,
 Nor shalt thou profit him by thy attempt ,
 And we will charge thee also with a mullet,
 Which thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear
 The burthen of it with an aching heart

240

245

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255

As for Telemachus, I him advise,
 Myself, and press the measure on his choice
 Earnestly, that he send his mother hence
 To her own father's house, who shall, himself,
 Set forth her nuptial rights, and shall endow
 His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought
 For this expensive wooing, as I judge,
 Till then shall never cease , since we regard
 No man—no—not Telemachus, although
 In words exuberant , neither fear we aught
 Thy vain prognostics, venerable sir !
 But only hate thee for their sake the more

260

265

270

Waste will continue and disorder foul
 Unremedied, so long as she shall hold
 The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,
 Our emulation goads us to the strife,
 Nor shall we, going hence, seek to espouse
 Each his own consort suitable elsewhere

275

To whom, discreet, Telemachus replied
 Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train
 Illustrious I have spoken, ye shall hear
 No more this supplication urged by me
 The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth
 But give me instantly a gallant bark
 With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win
 To whatsoever haven, for I go

280

To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence
 To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain
 Of my long-absent sire, or from the lips
 Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed
 Himself, best source of notice to mankind
 It, there inform'd that still my father lives,
 I hope conceive of his return, although
 Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year
 But should I learn, haply, that he survives
 No longer, then returning, I will raise
 At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform
 His funeral rites, as his great name demands,
 And give my mother's hand to whom I may

290

This said, he sat, and after him arose
 Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,
 To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd
 All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule
 His family, and keep the whole secure
 Arising, thus the senior, sage, began

295

Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King
 Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd
 With such paternal gentleness and love,
 Remembers the divine Ulysses more!
 That the imperious suitors thus should weave

305

310

The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,
 I grudge not, since at hazard of their heads
 They make Ulysses' property a prey,
 Persuaded that the Hero comes no more
 But much the people move me, how ye sit
 All mute, and though a multitude, yourselves,
 Opposed to few, risk not a single word
 To check the licence of these bold intrudeis !

315

Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's son
 Injurious Mentor ! headlong orator !
 How darest thou move the populace against
 The suitors ? Trust me they should find it hard,
 Numerous as they are, to cope with us,
 A feast the prize Or should the King himself
 Of Ithaca, returning, undertake

320

To expel the jovial suitors from his house,
 Much as Penelope his absence mourns,
 His presence should afford her little joy ,
 For fighting sole with many, he should meet
 A dreadful death Thou, therefore, speak'st amiss
 As for Telemachus, let Mentor him
 And Halytherses furnish forth, the friends
 Long valued of his Sire, with all dispatch ,
 Though him I judge far likelier to remain
 Long time contented an enquirer here,
 Than to perform the voyage now proposed

330

335

Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste
 The council, and the scatter'd concourse sought
 Their several homes, while all the suitors flock'd
 Thence to the palace of their absent King
 Meantime, Telemachus from all resort
 Retiring, in the surf of the grey Deep
 First laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd

340

O Goddess ! who wast yesterday a guest
 Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then
 A voyage o'er the sable Deep in quest
 Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire !
 Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but most
 The haughty suitors, obstinate impede,
 Now hear my suit and gracious interpose !

345

Such prayer he made, then Pallas, in the form,

350

And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,
 In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespeak
 Telemachus' thou shalt hereafter prove 355
 Nor base, nor poor in talents If, in truth,
 Thou have received from heaven thy father's force
 Instill'd into thee, and resemblest him
 In promptness both of action and of speech,
 Thy voyage shall not useless be, or vain 360
 But if Penelope produced thee not
 His son, I, then, hope not for good effect
 Of this design which, ardent, thou pursuest
 Few sons their fathers equal, most appear
 Degenerate, but we find, though rare, sometimes 365
 A son superior even to his Sire
 And since thyself shalt neither base be found
 Nor spiritless, nor altogether void
 Of talents, such as grace thy royal Sire,
 I therefore hope success of thy attempt 370
 Heed not the suitors' projects, neither wise
 Are they, nor just, nor aught suspect the doom
 Which now approaches them, and in one day
 Shall overwhelm them all No long suspense
 Shall hold thy purposed enterprize in doubt, 375
 Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,
 Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd
 Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth
 But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide,
 In separate vessels stow'd, all needful stores, 380
 Wine in thy jars, and flour, the strength of man,
 In skins close-seam'd I will, meantime, select
 Such as shall voluntary share thy toils
 In sea-girt Ithaca, new ships and old
 Abound, and I will choose, myself, for thee 385
 The prime of all, which without more delay
 We will launch out into the spacious Deep
 Thus Pallas spake, daughter of Jove, nor long,
 So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd
 Telemachus, but to his palace went 390
 Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there
 Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine
 Roasting, when with a laugh Antinous flew

To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said
 Telemachus, in eloquence sublime,
 And of a spirit not to be control'd!
 Give harbour in thy breast on no account
 To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,
 Far rather, cheerfully as heretofore,
 And freely drink, committing all thy cares
 To the Achaians, who shall furnish forth
 A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,
 That thou may'st hence to Pilus with all speed,
 Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire

395

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 Antinous, I have no heart to feast
 With guests so insolent, nor can indulge
 The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you
 Is't not enough, suitors, that ye have used
 My noble patrimony as you! own
 While I was yet a child? now, grown mature,
 And competent to understand the speech
 Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind
 Within me conscious of augmented powers,
 I will attempt your ruin, be assured,
 Whether at Pylus, or continuing here
 I go, indeed, (nor shall my voyage prove
 Of which I speak, bootless or vain,) I go
 An humble passenger, who neither bark
 Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied
 That honour (so ye judged it best) by you

410

He said, and from Antinous' hand his own
 Drew sudden Then their delicate repast
 The busy suitors on all sides prepared,
 Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech
 Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth,
 Arrogant as his fellows, thus began

420

I see it plain, Telemachus intends
 Our slaughterer, either he will aids procure
 From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd
 From Sparta, such is his tremendous drift
 Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,
 He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb
 Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all

425

430

To whom some haughty suitor thus replied
Who knows but that himself, wandering the sea
From all his friends and kindred far remote,
May perish like Ulysses ? Whence to us
Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge
To parcel out his wealth would then devolve
And to endow his mother with the house
For his abode whom she should chance to wed

435

So sported they , but he, ascending, sought
His father's lofty chamber, where his heaps
He kept of brass and gold, garments in chests,
And oils of fragrant scent, a copious stoe
There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd
The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall
Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hou
(Should e'er such hou arrive) when, after woes
Numerous, Ulysses should regain his home
Secure that chamber was with folding doors
Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,
Within it ancient Euryklea dwelt,
Guardian discreet of all the treasures there,
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd

445

Nurse ! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,
Delicious next to that which thou reservest
For our poor wanderei , if escaping death
At last, divine Ulysses e'er return
Fill twelve, and stop them close , pour also meal
Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins
Close-seam'd, and mention what thou dost to none
Place them together , for at even-tide
I will convey them hence, soon as the Queen,
Returning to her couch, shall seek repose

450

For hence to Sparta will I take my course,
And sandy Pylus, tidings there to hear
(If hear I may) of my loved Sire's return.

455

He ceased , then wept his gentle nurse that sound
Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied

460

My child ! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash
Possess'd thee ? whither, only and beloved,
Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas !
To distant climes ? Ulysses is no more ,

465

470

475

Dead lies the hero in some land unknown,
 And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these
 Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth
 No, stay with us who love thee Need is none
 That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress
 Encounter, roaming without hope or end

480

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus
 Take courage, nurse ! for not without consent
 Of the Immortals I have thus resolved
 But swear, that till eleven days be past,
 Or twelve, or till enquiry made, she learn
 Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart
 Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,
 Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd

485

He ended, and the ancient matron swore
 Solemnly by the Gods , which done, she fill'd
 With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,
 And he, returning, join'd the throng below

490

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts
 Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged
 In semblance of Telemachus, each man
 Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek
 The gallant ship, and from Noemon, son
 Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,
 Which soon as ask'd, he promised to supply

495

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,
 When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,
 He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms
 And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,
 Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay
 Meantime, his mariners in haste repair'd
 Down to the shore, for Pallas urged them on
 And now, on other purposes intent,
 The Goddess sought the palace, where with dews
 Of slumber drenching every suitor's eye,
 She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd
 The goblets from their idle hands away
 They through the city reel'd, happy to leave
 The dull carousal, when the slumberous weight
 Oppressive on their eyelids once had fallen
 Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form

500

505

510

515

And with the voice of Mento, summoning
Telemachus abroad, him thus bespeakē

Telemachus ! already at their oars
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait 520
Thy coming, linge not, but haste away

This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he
With nimble steps follow'd, and, on the shōre
Arrived, found all his marmers prepared,
Whom thus the princely voyager address'd 525

Haste, my companions ! bring we down the stores
Already sorted, and set forth, but nought
My mother knows, or any of her tain
Of this design, one mation sole except

He spake, and led them , they obedient, brought 530
All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,
Within the gallant bark the chāige bestow'd

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on boāid,
Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,
And at her side Telemachus The crew 535
Cast loose the hawseis, and embarking, fill'd
The benches Blue eyed Pallas from the West
Call'd forth propitious breezes , fresh they curl'd
The sable Deep, and, sounding, swept the waves
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade 540

Hand, brisk, the tackle , they, obedient, reared
The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep
They lodged, then strain'd the cordage, and with long³
Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft

A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood 545
Roar'd as she went against the steady bark
That ran with even course her liquid way
The rigging, thus, of all the galley set,
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail d

The ever-living Gods, but above all 550
Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove
Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood

BOOK III

ARGUMENT

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses
 Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians
 since their departure from the siege of Troy, but not being able to give
 him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus At
 evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going
 Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus
 sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by
 Nestor's son Pisistratus

THE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,
 Ascended now the brazen vault with light
 For the inhabitants of earth and heaven,
 When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,
 City of Neleus On the shore they found 5
 The people sacrificing , bulls they slew
 Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd
 On ranges nine of seats they sat , each range
 Received five hundred, and to each they made
 Allotment equal of nine sable bulls 10
 The feast was now begun these eating sat
 The entrails, those stood offering to the God
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithaeans
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the suls,
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd 15
 Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd
 Telemachus ! there is no longer room
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood
 With purpose to enquire what land conceals 20
 Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him
 Advance at once to the equestrian Chief
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,
 Advice well worthy of thy search , entreat
 Himself, that he will tell thee only truth,
 Who will not he, for he is passing wise 25

To whom Telemachus discreet replied
 Ah Mento! how can I advance, how greet
 A Chief like him, unpractised as I am
 In managed phrase? Shame bids the youth beware 30
 How he accosts the man of many years

But him the Goddess answer'd azure-eyed
 Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself
 Fit speech devise, and Heaven will give the rest,
 For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd 35
 To manhood, under unpropitious Powers

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he
 With nimble steps attending, soon arrived
 Among the multitude There Nestor sat,
 And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast 40
 Tending, his numerous followers roasted some
 The viands, some transfir'd them with the spits.
 They seeing guests arrived, together all
 Advanced, and, grasping courteously their hands,
 Invited them to sit, but first, the son 45
 Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,
 Who, fastening on the hands of both, beside
 The banquet placed them, where the beach was spred
 With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat
 His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire 50
 To each, a portion of the inner parts
 He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,
 Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore
 Of Jove the Thunderer, and her thus bespake

Oh guest! the King of Ocean now adore!
 For ye have chanced on Neptune's festival,
 And, when thou hast, thyself, libation made
 Duly and prayer, deliver to thy friend 55
 The generous juice, that he may also make
 Libation, for he, doubtless, seeks in prayer
 The immortals, of whose favour all have need
 But, since he younger is, and with myself
 Coeval, first I give the cup to thee

He ceased, and to her hand consign'd the cup,
 Which Pallas gladly from a youth received
 So just and wise, who to herself had first 65
 The golden cup presented, and in prayer

Fervent the Sovereign of the Seas adored
 Hear, earth-encircler Neptune ! O vouchsafe
 To us thy suppliants the desired effect
 Of this our voyage , glory, first, bestow
 On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant
 To all the Pylians such a gracious boon
 As shall requite their noble offering well
 Grant also to Telemachus and me
 To voyage hence, possess'd of what we sought
 When hither in our sable bark we came

70

So Pallas pray'd, and her own prayer herself
 Accomplish'd To Telemachus she gave
 The splendid goblet next, and in his turn
 Like prayer Ulysses' son also prefer'd
 And now (the banquet from the spits withdrew.)
 They next distributed sufficient share
 To each, and all were sumptuously regaled
 At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst)
 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.

80

Now with more seemliness we may enquire,
 After repast, what guests we have received
 Our guests ! who are ye ? Whence have ye the waves
 Plough'd hither ? Come ye to transact concerns
 Commercial, or at random roain the Deep
 Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe
 To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves ?

90

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discreet,
 Telemachus for Pallas had his heart
 With manly courage aim'd, that he might ask
 From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,
 And win himself distinction and renown

95

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece !
 Thou askest whence we are I tell thee whence
 From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods
 Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,
 Not public, urged, we come My errand is
 To seek intelligence of the renown'd
 Ulysses , of my noble father, praised
 For dauntless courage, whom report proclaims
 Conqueror, with thine aid, of sacred Troy
 We have already learn'd where other Chiefs

100

105

Who fought at Ilium, died, but Jove conceals Even the death of my illustrious Sire In dull obscurity, for none hath heard Or confident can answer, where he died, Whether he on the continent hath fallen By hostile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep	110
For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg That thou would'st tell me his disastrous end, If either thou beheld'st that dread event Thyself, or from some wanderer of the Greeks Hast heard it, for my father at his birth Was, sure, predestined to no common woes Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect Flatter me, but explicit all relate	115
Which thou hast witness'd If my noble Sire E'er gratified thee by performance just Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell So numerous slain in fight, oh, recollect Now his fidelity, and tell me true	120
Then Nestor thus Gerenian Hero old Young friend! since thou remind'st me, speaking thus, Of all the woes which indefatigable We sons of the Achaians there sustain'd, Both those which wandering on the Deep we bore	125
Wherever by Achilles led in quest Of booty, and the many woes beside Which under royal Priam's spacious walls We suffer'd, know, that there our bravest fell. There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son,	130
There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves In council, and my son beloved there, Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight, Antilochus Nor are these sorrows all, What tongue of mortal man could all relate?	135
Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ Or six enquiring of the woes endured By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd The whole, thou wouldst depart, tired of the tale For we, nine years, stratagems of all kinds	140
Devised against them, and Saturnian Jove	145

Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last. 150
 There no competitor in wiles well-plann'd
 Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd
 In shrewd invention by thy noble Sire—
 If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,
 Whose sight breeds wonders in me, and thy speech 155
 His speech resembles more than might be deem'd
 Within the scope of years so green as thine
 There, never in opinion, or in voice
 Illustrious Ulysses and myself
 Divided were, but one in heart, contrived 160
 As best we might, the benefit of all
 But after Priam's lofty city sack'd,
 And the departure of the Greeks on board
 Their barks, and when the Gods had scatter'd them,
 Then Jove imagined for the Argive host 165
 A sorrowful return, for neither just
 Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found
 A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire
 Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons
 Of Atreus sharp contention interposed. 170
 They both, irregularly, and against
 Just order, summoning by night the Greeks
 To council, of whom many came with wine
 Oppress'd, promulgated the cause for which
 They had convened the people Then it was 175
 That Menelaus bade the general host
 Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the sacred Deep,
 Which Agamemnon in no sort approved
 His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,
 That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath 180
 Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and prayer.
 Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed
 That fond attempt, for, once provoked, the Gods
 Are not with ease conciliated again
 Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot 185
 Maintaining, till at length uprose the Greeks
 With deafening clamours, and with differing minds
 We slept the night, but teeming with disgust
 Mutual, for Jove great woe prepared for all
 At dawn of day we drew our gallies down 190

Into the sea, and hasty put on board
 The spoils and female captives Half the host,
 With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stay'd
 Supreme commander, and embarking half
 Push'd forth Swift course we made, for Neptune smooth'd 195
 The waves before us of the monstrous Deep
 At Tenedos arrived, we there perform'd
 Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach
 Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,
 Not yet designing our arrival there, 200
 Involved us in dissension fierce again
 For all the crews, followers of the King,
 Thy noble sue, to gratify our Chief,
 The son of Atreus, chose a different course,
 And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy 205
 But I, assured that evil from the Gods
 Impended, gathering all my gallant fleet,
 Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede
 Exhorting his attendants, also fled
 At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd 210
 Our fleets at Lesbos, there he found us held
 In deep deliberation on the length
 Of way before us, whether we should steer
 Above the craggy Chios to the isle
 Psyria, that island holding on our left, 215
 Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights
 Of Mimas Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,
 And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut
 The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,
 So soonest to escape the threaten'd harm 220
 Shrill sang the rising gale, and with swift prows
 Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night
 Geraëstus, where arrived, we burn'd the thighs
 Of numerous bulls to Neptune, who had safe
 Conducted us through all our perilous course 225
 The fleet of Diomede in safety moor'd
 On the fourth day at Argos, but myself
 Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind
 One moment thwarted us, or died away,
 When Jove had once commanded it to blow 230
 Thus, uniform'd, I have arrived, my son'

Nor of the Grecians, who are saved have heard,
 Or who have perish'd , but what news soe'er
 I have obtain'd since my return, with truth
 I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee

235

The spear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived ,
 Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd
 Of Pæas and Idomeneus at Crete

240

Hath landed all his followers who survive
 The bloody war, the waves have swallow'd none
 Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,
 Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,

245

And how Ægisthus cruelly contriv'd
 For him a bloody welcome, but himself
 Hath with his own life paid the murderous deed
 Good is it therefore if a son survive

The slain, since Agamemnon's son hath well
 Avenged his father's death, slaying, himself,
 Ægisthus, foul assassin of his Sire

250

Young friend ! (for pleased thy vigorous youth I view,
 And just proportion,) be thou also bold,
 That thine like his may be a deathless name

255

Then, prudent, him answer'd Telemachus
 Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece !
 And righteous was that vengeance , *his* renown
 Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,

To future times transmitting it in song

Ah ! would that such ability the Gods
 Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds

260

Might punish of our suitors, whose excess

Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel

Continual, object of their subtle hate

But not for me such happiness the Gods

265

Have twined into my thread , no, not for me

Or for my father Patience is our part

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied

Young friend ! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)

Fame here reports that numerous suitors haunt

270

Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there

Much evil perpetrate in thy despite

But, say, endur'st thou willing their control Impenitent, or because the people sway'd By some response oracular, incline Against thee? But who knows? the time may come When to his home restored, either alone, Or aided by the force of all the Greeks, Ulysses may avenge the wrong, at least, Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erst At Troy the scene of our unnumber'd woes, She loved Ulysses, (for I have not known The Gods assisting so apparently A mortal man, as him Minerva there,))	275
Should Pallas view thee also with like love And kind solicitude, some few of those Should dream perchance of wedlock never more	280
Then answer thus Telemachus return'd That word's accomplishment I cannot hope, It promises too much, the thought alone O'erwhelms me, an event so fortunate Would, unexpected on my part, arrive, Although the Gods themselves should purpose it.	285
But Pallas him answer'd cœrulean-eyed Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd The ivory ¹ guard that should have fenced it in? A God, so willing, could with utmost ease Save any man, howe'er remote Myself, I had much rather, many woes endured, Revisit home at last happy and safe,	290
Than, sooner coming, die in my own house, As Agamemnon perish'd by the arts Of base Ægisthus and the subtle Queen Yet not the Gods themselves can save from death All-levelling, the man whom most they love, When Fate ordains him once to his last sleep	295
To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied Howe'er it interest us, let us leave This question, Mentor! He, I am assured	300

¹ Ερκος οδοντων Prior, alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

"When words like these in vocal breath
Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth"

Returns no more, but hath already found
A sad, sad fate by the decree of Heaven.
But I would now interrogate again
Nestor, and on a different theme, for him
In human rights I judge and laws expert,
And in all knowledge beyond other men ,
For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,
Three generations , therefore in my eyes
He wears the awful impress of a God
Oh Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true ,
What was the matter of Atrides' death, 310
Wide-ruling Agamemnon ? Tell me where
Was Menelaus ? By what means contrived
Ægisthus to inflict the fatal blow,
Slaying so much a nobler than himself ?
Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd
Achaian Argos yet, but, wandering still 315
In other climes, by his long absence gave
Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed ?
Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd
My son ! I will inform thee true , meantime
Thy own suspicions border on the fact
Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
Ægisthus found living at his return
From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks
Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and ravening fowls
Had torn him lying in the open field 325
Far from the town, nor him had woman wept
Of all in Greece, for he had foul transgress'd
But we in many an arduous task engaged,
Lay before Ilium , he, the while, secure
Within the green retreats of Argos, found 330
Occasion apt by flattery to delude
The spouse of Agamemnon , she, at first,
(The royal Clytemnestra) firm refused
The deed dishonourable , (for she bore
A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard 345
Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy
Departing, had appointed to the charge)
But when the Gods had purposed to ensnare
Ægisthus, then dismissing far remote
350

The baird into a desert isle, he there
 Abandon'd him to ravening fowls a prey,
 And to his own home, willing as himself
 Led Clytemnestra. Numerous thighs he burn'd 355
 On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods,
 And hung with tapestry, images, and gold
 Their shrines, his great exploit past hope achieved.
 We (Menelaus and myself) had sailed
 From Troy together, but when we approach'd
 Sunium, headland of the Athenian shore, 360
 There Phœbus, sudden, with his gentle shafts
 Slew Menelaus' pilot while he steer'd
 The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,
 A mariner oast all expert, whom none
 In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd 365
 Here therefore Menelaus was detain'd,
 Giving his friend due burial, and his rites
 Funereal celebrating, though in haste
 Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet
 The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length 370
 Maleas lofty foreland in his course,
 Rougl passage, then, and perilous he found
 Shrill blasts the Thunderer pour'd into his sails,
 And wld waves sent him mountainous. His ships
 There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast 375
 Of Crte he push'd, near where the Jardan flows
 Besidethe confines of Gortyna stands,
 Amid tie gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep
 Towar the sea, against whose leftward point,
 Phæstus by name, the South wind rolls the surge 380
 Amain,which yet the rock, though small, repels
 Hither vith part he came, and scarce the crews
 Themseves escaped, while the huge billows broke
 Their shps against the rocks , yet five he saved,
 Which vnds and waves drove to the Egyptian shore 385

Thus ie, provision gathering as he went
 And gol abundant, roam'd to distant lands
 And natns of another tongue Meantime,
 Ægisthu, these enormities at home
 Devising slew Atrides, and supreme 390
 Ruled th subjected land , seven years he reign'd

In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth From Athens brought renown'd Orestes home For his destruction, who of life bereaved	395
Ægisthus, base assassin of his Sire Orestes, therefore, the funereal rites Performing to his shameless mother's shade	
And to her lustful paramour, a feast Gave to the Aigives, on which self-same day	
The warlike Menelaus, with his ships All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived	400
And thou, young friend! from thy forsaken home Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left	
At mercy of those proud, lest they divide And waste the whole, rendering thy voyage vain	405
But hence to Menelaus is the course To which I counsele thee, for he hath come	
Of late from distant lands, whence to escape No man could hope, whom tempests first had driven	410
Devious into so wide a sea, from which Themselves the birds of heaven could not arrive	
In a whole year, so vast is the expanse Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more	
The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want Nor chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides	415
To noble Lacedemon, the abode Of Menelaus, ask from him the truth,	
Who will not lie, for he is passing wise	
While thus he spake, the sun declined and night Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interposed.	420
Oh ancient King! well hast thou spoken all But now delay not. Cut ² ye forth the tongues,	
And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked With due libation, and the other Gods)	
We may repair to rest, for even now The sun is sunk, and it becomes us not	425
Long to protract a banquet to the Gods Devote, but in fit season to depart	

² It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods, in particular who presided over conversation.

So spake Jove's daughter, they obedient heard.
 The heralds then pour'd water on their hands, 430
 And the attendant youths, filling the cups,
 Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues
 They cast into the fire, and every guest
 Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods
 Libation made, and all with wine sufficed,
 Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both
 Would have return'd incontinent on board,
 But Nestor urged them still to be his guests

Forbid it, Jove, and all the Powers of heaven!
 That ye should leave me to repair on board 440
 Your vessel, as I were some needy wretch
 Cloakless and destitute of fleecy stores
 Wherewith to spread the couch soft for myself,
 Or for my guests No I have garments warm
 An ample store, and rugs of richest dye,
 And never shall Ulysses' son beloved, 445
 My friend's own son, sleep on a galley's plank
 While I draw vital air, grant also, Heaven,
 That, dying, I may leave behind me sons
 Glad to accommodate whatever guest! 450

Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed
 Old Chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids
 Telemachus thy kind commands obey
 Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep
 Beneath thy roof, but I return on board 455
 Myself to instruct my people, and to give
 All needful orders, for among them none
 Is old as I, but they are youths alike,
 Coevals of Telemachus, with whom
 They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone. 460
 I therefore will repose myself on board
 This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms
 Will sail to-morrow to demand arrears
 Long time unpaid, and of no small amount
 But, since he has become thy guest, afford 465
 My friend a chariot, and a son of thine
 Who shall direct his way, nor let him want
 Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best
 So saying, the blue-eyed Goddess as upborne

On eagles' wings, vanish'd amazement seized
The whole assembly, and the ancient King
O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that sight, the hand
Grasp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus bespake 470

 My friend! I prophecy that thou shalt prove
Nor base, nor dastard, whom, so young, the Gods
Already take in charge, for of the Powers
Inhabitants of Heaven, none else was this
Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among
The Grecians honour'd most thy generous Sire.
But thou, O Queen! compassionate us all,
Myself, my sons, my consort, give to each 475
A glorious name, and I to thee will give
For sacrifice an heifer of the year,
Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne
The yoke, and will incase her horns with gold 480

 So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.
Then the Gerenian warrior old, before
His sons and sons in-law, to his abode
Magnificent proceeded, they (arrived
Within the splendid palace of the King) 490
On thrones and couches sat in order ranged,
Whom Nestor welcomed, charging high the cup
With wine of richest sort, which she who kept
That treasure, now in the eleventh year
First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice. 495

 With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,
And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Pouring libation, offer'd fervent prayer
When all had made libation, and no wish
Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired,
And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old 500
Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch
Beneath the sounding portico prepared
Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,
Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole
Unwedded in his house of all his sons.
Himself in the interior palace lay, 505
Where couch and covering for her ancient spouse
The consort Queen had diligent prepared
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 510

Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,
 Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat
 Before his palace-gate on the white stones
 Resplendent as with oil, on which of old
 His father Neleus had been wont to sit,
 In council like a God, but he had sought,
 By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades
 On those stones therefore now, Nestor himself,
 Achaia's guardian, sat, sceptre in hand,
 Where soon his numerous sons, leaving betimes
 The place of their repose, also appeared,
 Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Thrasymedes,
 Aretus and Pisistratus They placed
 Godlike Telemachus at Nestor's side,
 And the Gerenian Hero thus began.

515

Sons, be ye quick,—execute with dispatch
 My purpose, that I may propitiate first
 Of all the Gods Minerva, who herself
 Hath honour'd manifest our hallowed feast.
 Haste, one, into the field, to order thence
 An ox, and let the herdsman drive it home
 Another, hastening to the sable bark
 Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all
 His friends, save two, and let a third command
 Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold
 The victim's horns Abide ye here, the rest,
 And bid my female train (for I intend
 A banquet,) with all diligence provide
 Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock

520

He said, whom instant all obey'd The ox
 Came from the field, and from the gallant ship
 The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus,
 Next, charged with all his implements of art,
 His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith
 To give the horns their gilding, also came
 Pallas herself to her own sacred rites
 Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,
 Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around
 The victim's horns, that seeing him attired
 So costly, Pallas might the more be pleased
 Stratius and brave Echephron introduced

525

530

535

540

545

550

The victim by his horns, Aretus brought
 A laver, in one hand, with flowers emboss'd,
 And in his other hand a basket stored
 With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd 555
 With his long-hafted axe, prepared to smite
 The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood
 The hoary Nestor consecrated first
 Both cakes and water, and with earnest prayer
 To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames 560

When all had woishipp'd, and the broken cakes
 Sprinkled, then godlike Thrasymedes drew
 Close to the ox, and smote him Deep the edge
 Enter'd, and senseless on the floor he fell
 Then Nestor's daughters, and the consorts all 565
 Of Nestor's sons, with his own consort, chaste
 Eurydice, the daughter eldest-born
 Of Clymenus, in one shrill orison
 Vociferous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,
 Held him supported firmly, and the prince 570
 Of men, Pisistratus, his gullet pierced
 Soon as the sable blood had ceased, and life
 Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,
 With nice address they parted at the joint
 His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double caul, 575
 Which with crude slices thin they overspread
 Nestor burn'd incense, and libation pou'd
 Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
 Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
 Train'd to the task The thighs consumed, each took 580
 His portion of the maw, then, slashing well
 The remnant, they transpiiced it with the spits
 Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire
 Meantime the youngest of the daughters fair
 Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste, laved, 585
 Anointed, and in vest and tunic clothed
 Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth
 From the bright laver graceful as a God,
 And took his seat at ancient Nestor's side
 The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn, 590
 They sat to share the feast, and princely youths
 Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold

When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd
Unsated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake

My sons, arise ! lead forth the sprightly steeds,
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go

So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons,
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,
And the intendant matron of the stores

Disposed meantime within the chariot, bread
And wine, with dainties, such as princes eat
Telemachus into the chariot first

Ascended, and beside him, next, his place
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,

Then seized the reins, and lash'd the coursers on
They, nothing loth, into the open plain

Flew leaving lofty Pylus soon afar

Thus, journeying, they shook on either side
The yoke all day, and now the setting sun

To dusky evening had resign'd the roads,
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode

Reach'd of Diocles, whose illustrious Sire
Orsilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,

And there, with kindness entertain'd, they slept

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy from the East, yoking the steeds,

They in their sumptuous chariot sat again
The son of Nestor plied the lash, and forth

Through vestibule and sounding portico
The royal coursers, not unwilling, flew

A corn-invested land received them next,
And there they brought their journey to a close,
So rapidly they moved, and now the sun
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

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BOOK IV

A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some flesh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told, on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope, being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

IN hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale
 Arriving, to the house they drove direct
 Of royal Menelaus, him they found
 In his own palace, all his numerous friends
 Regaling at a nuptial banquet given 5
 Both for his daughter and the prince his son
 His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir
 He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged
 To give her, and the Gods now made her his
 With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth 10
 To the illustrious city where the prince,
 Achilles' offspring, ruled the Myrmidons
 But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,
 Alecto's daughter, from an handmaid sprang
 That son to Menelaus in his age, 15
 Brave Megapenthes, for the Gods no child
 To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her
 Who vied in perfect loveliness of form
 With golden Venus' self, Hermione
 Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends 20
 Of noble Menelaus, feasting sat
 Within his spacious palace, among whom
 A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,
 While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground
 With measured steps responsive to his song. 25

And now the Heroes, Nestor's noble son
 And young Telemachus, arrived within

The vestibule, whom issuing from the hall, The noble Eteoneus of the train Of Menelaus, saw, at once he ran Across the palace to report the news To his Lord's ear, and standing at his side, In accents wing'd with haste thus greeted him.	30
Oh Menelaus! Heaven-descended Chief! Two guests arrive, both strangers, but the race Of Jove supreme resembling each in form. Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds, Or hence dismiss them to some other host?	35
But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd, Indignant answer'd him Boethe's son! Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore, A babbler, who now pratest as a child We have ourselves arrived indebted much To hospitality of other men, If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once, Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast	40
He said, and issuing, Eteoneus call'd The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom He loosed their foaming coursers from the yoke Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall. Theyselfs he, next, into the royal house Conducted, who survey'd, wondering, the abode Of the heaven-favour'd King, for on all sides As with the splendour of the sun or moon The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed	45
Satiate, at length, with wonder at that sight, They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and clothed again With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests, Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side And now a maiden charged with golden ewer, And with an argent laver, pouring first Pure water on their hands, supplied them next,	50
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¹ Hesychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

With a bright table, which the maiden, chief
In office, furnish'd plenteously with bread
And dainties, remnants of the last regale
Then came the sewer, who with delicious meats 70
Dish after dish served them, and placed beside
The chargers cups magnificent of gold,
When Menelaus grasp'd their hands, and said
 Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared
Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, enquire 75
Who are ye both, for, certain, not from those
Whose generation perishes are ye,
But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs
Heaven-born, the base have never sons like you
 So saying, he from the board lifted his own
Distinguish'd portion, and the fatted chine 80
Gave to his guests, the savoury viands they
With outstretch'd hands assail'd, and when the force
No longer now of appetite they felt,
Telemachus, inclining close his head 85
To Nestor's son, lest otheis should his speech
Witness, in whisper'd words him thus address'd.
 Dearest Pisistratus, observe, my friend!
How all the echoing palace with the light
Of beaming brass, of gold and amber shines 90
Silver and ivory! for radiance such
The interior mansion of Olympian Jove
I deem What wealth, how various, how immense
Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight!
 But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his speech 95
O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied
 My children! let no mortal man pretend
Comparison with Jove, for Jove's abode
And all his stores are incorruptible
But whether mortal man with me may vie 100
In the display of wealth, or whether not,
This know, that after many toils endured,
And perilous wanderings wide, in the eighth year
I brought my treasures home Remote I roved
To Cyprus, to Phœnix, to the shores 105
Of Egypt, Æthiopia's land I reach'd,
Th' Erembi, the Sidomians, and the coasts

Of Libya, where the lambs their foreheads show
 At once with horns defended, soon as yean'd
 There, thence within the year the flocks produce,
 Nor master, there, nor shepherd e'er feels
 A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk
 Delicious, drawn from udders never dry
 While, thus, commodities on various coasts
 Gathering I roam'd, another, by the arts
 Of his pernicious spouse aided, of life
 Bereaved my brother privily, and when least
 He fear'd to lose it Therefore little joy
 To me results from all that I possess
 Your fathers (be those fathers who they may,) 120
 These things have doubtless told you , for immense
 Have been my sufferings, and I have destroy'd
 A palace well inhabited and stored
 With precious furniture of every kind
 Such, that I would to heaven ! I own'd at home
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy
 Far from steed-pastured Argos, still survived
 Yet while, sequester'd here, I frequent mourn
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I soothe my soul
 With tears shed for them, and by turns again
 I cease , for grief soon satiates free indulged
 But of them all, although I all bewail,
 None mourn I so as one, whom calling back
 To memory, I both sleep and food abhor
 For, of Achaia's sons none ever toil'd
 Strenuous as Ulysses , but his lot
 Was woe, and unremitting sorrow mine
 For his long absence, who, if still he live
 We know not aught, or be already dead
 Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him
 Discreet Penelope, no less his son
 Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd
 So saying, he kindled in him strong desire
 To mourn his father , at his father's name
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes ,
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat

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If he should leave him leisure for his tears,
Or question him, and tell him all at large

150

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august
As Dian, goddess of the golden bow
Adiasta, for her use, set forth a throne,
Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it,
And Philo brought her silver basket, gift
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,
Whose mansion in Egyptian Thebes is rich
In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths
To Menelaus, with two splendid tripods,
Beside the noble gifts which, at the hand
Of his illustrious spouse, Helen received,
A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,
Itself of silver, and its lip of gold

155

That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed
At beauteous Helen's side, charged to the brim
With slender threads, on which the spindle lay
With wool of purple lustre wrapp'd around.
Approaching, on her foot-stool'd throne she sat,
And, instant, of her royal spouse enquired

160

Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove !
These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived ?
Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must,

165

In man or woman never have I seen
Such likeness to another, (wonder-fixt
I gaze,) 'as in this stranger to the son
Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left
New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)
For my unworthy sake the Grecians sail'd

170

To Ilium with fierce rage of battle fired

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd
I also such resemblance find in him
As thou , such feet, such hands, the cast² of eye
Similar, and the head and flowing locks
And even now, when I Ulysses named,
And his great sufferings mention'd, in my cause,
The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad

175

² Οφθαλμῶν τε βολαι

Befoie his eyes his purple cloak he spiead.
 To whom the son of Nestor thus replied. 190
 Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!
 He is in truth his son, as thou hast said,
 But he is modest, and would much himself
 Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,
 He should loquacious seem and bold to thee, 195
 To whom we listen, captived by thy voice,
 As if some God had spoken. As for me,
 Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief
 Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd
 To see thee, promising himself from thee 200
 The benefit of some kind word or deed
 For, destitute of other aid, he much
 His father's tedious absence mourns at home
 So fares Telemachus, his father strays
 Remote, and in his stead, no friend hath he 205
 Who might avert the mischiefs that he feels
 To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied
 Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend
 Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endur'd
 Arduous conflicts numerous for my sake, 210
 And much I purposed, had Olympian Jove
 Vouchsafed us prosperous passage o'er the Deep,
 To have received him with such friendship here
 As none beside. In Argos I had then
 Founded a city for him, and had raised 215
 A palace for himself, I would have brought
 The Hero hither, and his son, with all
 His people, and with all his wealth, some town
 Evacuating for his sake, of those
 Ruled by myself, and neighbouring close my own
 Thus situate, we had often interchanged 220
 Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last
 Our friendship terminated or our joys,
 Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me
 But such delights could only envy move
 Even in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks, 225
 Amerced *him* only of his wish'd return
 So saying, he kindled the desire to weep
 In every bosom Argive Helen wept

Abundant, Jove's own daughter, wept as fast Telemachus and Menelaus both,	230
No! Nestor's son with tearless eyes remain'd Calling to mind Antilochus ³ by the son ⁴	
Illustrious of the bright Aurora slain, Remembering whom, in accents wing'd he said	235
Atrides ¹ ancient Nestor, when of late Conversing with him, we remember'd thee,	
Pronounc'd thee wise beyond all human-kind Now therefore, let not even my advice	
Displease thee It affords me no delight	240
To intermingle tears with my repast, And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,	
Will tinge the orient Not that I account Due lamentation of a friend deceased	
Blameworthy, since, to shear the locks and weep,	245
Is all we can for the unhappy dead	
I also have my grief, call'd to lament One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons,	
My brother, him I cannot but suppose To thee well-known, although unknown to me	250
Who saw him never ⁵ , but report proclaims Antilochus superior to the most,	
In speed superior, and in feats of arms	
To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks	
O friend beloved ¹ since nought which thou hast said	255
O! recommended now, would have disgraced A man of years mature ¹ far than thine,	
(For wise thy father is, and such art thou, And easy is it to discern the son	
Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove	260
In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd To great felicity, for he hath given	
To Nestor gradually to sink at home Into old age, and while he lives, to see	
His sons past others wise, and skill'd in aims,) 265	
The sorrow into which we sudden fell Shall pause. Come—now remember we the feast,	

³ Antilochus was his brother

⁴ The son of Aurora, who slew Antilochus, was Meleagron

⁵ Because Pisistratus was born after Antilochus had sailed to Troy

Pour water on our hands, for we shall find
(Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes
For mutual converse when the day shall dawn

270

He ended, then, Asphalion, at his word,
Servant of glorious Menelaus, pour'd
Pure water on their hands, and they the feast
Before them with keen appetite assail'd
But Jove-born Helen otherwise, meantime,
Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank
A drug infused, antidote to the pains
Of grief and anger, a most potent charm
For ills of every name Whoe'er his wine
So medicated drinks, he shall not pour

280

All day the tears down his wan cheek, although
His father and his mother both were dead,
Nor even though his brother or his son
Had fallen in battle, and before his eyes
Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with skill prepared,
And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone,
Egyptian Polydamna, given her
For Egypt teems with drugs, yielding no few
Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many
Of baneful juice, and enemies to life
There every man in skill medicinal
Excels, for they are sons of Paeon all
That drug infused, she bade her servant pour
The beverage forth, and thus her speech resumed

290

Atides! Menelaus! dear to Jove!
These also are the sons of Chiefs renown'd,
(For Jove, as pleases him, to each assigns
Or good or evil, whom all things obey,)
Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,
Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while,
Will matter seasonable interpose

300

I cannot all rehearse, nor even name
(Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits
Of brave Ulysses, but with what address
Successful, one achievement he perform'd
At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endured
Such hardship, will I speak Inflicting
Dishonorable on himself, he took

111

A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man Enter'd the spacious city of your foes So veil'd, some mendicant he seem'd, although No Grecian less deserved that name than he In such disguise he enter'd all alike Misdeem'd him, me alone he not deceived Who challenged him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away At length, however, when I had myself Bathed him, anointed, cloth'd him, and had sworn Not to declare him openly in Troy	310
Till he should reach again the camp and fleet, He told me the whole purpose of the Greeks Then, (many a Trojan slaughter'd,) he regain'd The camp, and much intelligence he bore	315
To the Achaians Oh, what wailing then Was heard of Trojan women ! but my heart Exulted, alter'd now, and wishing home , For now my crime committed under force	320
Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time She led me to a country far remote, A wanderer from the matrimonial bed,	325
From my own child, and from my rightful Lord Alike unblemish'd both in form and mind	330
Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd Helen ! thou hast well spoken All is true I have the talents fathom'd and the minds	335
Of numerous Heroes, and have travell'd far, Yet never saw I with these eyes in man Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd ,	340
None such as in the wooden horse he proved, Where all our bravest sat, designing woe And bloody havoc for the sons of Troy	345
Thou thither camest, impell'd, as it should seem, By some divinity inclined to give Victory to our foes, and with thee came	350
Godlike Deiphobus Thrice round about The hollow ambush, striking with thy hand	355
Its sides thou went'st, and by his name didst call Each prince of Greece, feigning his consort's voice.	360
Myself with Diomede, and with divine	365

Heard plain and loud, we (Diomede and I) 350
 With ardour burn'd either to quit the horse
 So summon'd, or to answer from within
 But, all impatient as we were, Ulysses
 Control'd the rash design, so there the sons
 Of the Achaians silent sat and mute, 355
 And of us all Anticlus would alone
 Have answer'd, but Ulysses, with both hands
 Compressing close his lips, saved us, nor ceased
 Till Pallas thence conducted thee again

Then thus, discreet, Telemachus replied 360
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!
 Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities
 Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart
 Been iron, had he 'scaped his cruel doom
 But haste, dismiss us hence, that on our beds 365
 Reposed, we may enjoy sleep, needful now

He ceased, then Argive Helen gave command
 To her attendant maidens to prepare
 Beds in the portico with purple rugs
 Resplendent, and with arras, overspread, 370
 And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.
 Foith went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
 And spread the couches, next, the herald them
 Led forth, and in the vestibule the son
 Of Nestor and the youthful hero slept, 375
 Telemachus, but in the interior house
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose 380
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired,
 His faulchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
 And like a God issuing, at the side
 Sat of Telemachus, to whom he spake 385

Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?
 Public concern or private? Tell me true
 To whom Telemachus discreet replied 390

Atrides ! Menelaus ! prince renown'd !
 News seeking of my Sire, I have arriv'd
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields
 Lie desolated, and my palace fill'd
 With enemies who while they mutual wage 395
 Proud competition for my mother's love,
 My flocks continual slaughter, and my beeves
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg
 That thou wouldest tell me his disastrous end,
 If either thou beheld'st with thine own eyes 400
 His death, or from some wand'rer of the Greeks
 Hast heard it, for no common woes, alas !
 Was he ordain'd to share even from the womb
 Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate 405
 Which thou hast witness'd If my noble Sire
 E'er gratified thee by performance just
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell
 So numerous slain in fight, oh recollect
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true ! 410

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied
 Gods ! their ambition is to reach the bed
 Of a brave man, however base themselves
 But as it chances, when the hart hath laid
 Her fawns new-yean'd and sucklings yet, to rest 415
 Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,
 She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales
 Feeds heedless, till the lion, to his lair
 Return'd, destroys her and her little-ones,
 So them thy Sire shall terribly destroy 420
 Jove, Pallas and Apollo ! oh that such
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove
 With Philomelides, and threw him flat,
 A sight at which Achaia's sons rejoiced,
 Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all ! 425
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs
 But thy enquiries neither indirect
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,
 But all that from the Ancient⁶ of the Deep
 I have received will utter, hiding nought 430

⁶ Proteus.

As yet the Gods on Egypt's shore detain d
 Me wishing home, angry at my neglect
 To heap their altars with slain hecatombs
 For they exacted from us evermore
 Strict reverence of their laws There is an isle 45
 Amid the billowy flood, Phaios by name,
 In front of Egypt, distant from her shore
 Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale
 Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day
 The haven there is good, and many a ship 410
 Finds watering there from rivulets on the coast
 There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze
 Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,
 And usher to her home the flying bark
 And now had our provision, all consumed, 415
 Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph
 Pitying saved me Daughter fair was she
 Of mighty Proteus, Ancient of the Deep,
 Idothea named, her most my sorrows moved,
 She found me from my followers all apart 450
 Wandering, (for they around the isle, with hooks
 The fishes snaring roam'd, by famine urged)
 And standing at my side, me thus bespake
 Stranger! thou must be idiot born, or weak
 At least in intellect, or thy delight 455
 Is in distress and misery, who delay'st
 To leave this island, and no egress hence
 Canst find, although thy famish'd people faint
 So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied
 I tell thee, whosoever of the Powers 500
 Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here
 Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, sinned
 Against the deathless tenants of the skies
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know)
 What God detains me, and my course forbids 535
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep'
 So I, to whom the Goddess all divine
 Stranger! I will inform thee true. A seer
 Oracular, the Ancient of the Deep,
 Immortal Proteus, the Egyptian, haunts 570
 These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulfs,

And Neptune's subject He is by report
 My father , him if thou art able once
 To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course
 With all its measured distances, by which 175
 Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores
 He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,
 Thou favour'd of the skies ! what good, what ill
 Hath in thine house befallen, while absent thou
 Thy voyage difficult perform'st and long 480

She spake, and I replied,—Thyself reveal
 By what effectual bands I may secure
 The ancient Deity marine, lest, warn'd
 Of my approach, he shun me and escape
 Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God ! 485

Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine
 I will inform thee true Soon as the sun
 Hath climb'd the middle heavens, the prophet old,
 Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,
 And cover'd with the scum of ocean, seeks 490
 His spacious cove, in which outstretch'd he lies
 The phocæ' also, rising from the waves,
 Offspring of beauteous Halosydna, sleep
 Around him, numerous, and the fishy scent
 Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood 495
 Thither conducting thee at peep of day
 I will dispose thee in some safe recess,
 But from among thy followers thou shalt choose
 The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet
 And now the artifices understand 500
 Of the old prophet of the sea The sum
 Of all his phocæ numbering duly first,
 He will pass through them, and when all by fives
 He counted hath, will in the midst repose
 Content, as sleeps the shepherd with his flock 505
 When ye shall see him stretch'd, then call to mind
 That moment all your prowess, and prevent,
 Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape
 All changes trying, he will take the form
 Of every reptile on the earth, will seem 510
 A river now, and now devouring fire ;

But hold him ye, and grasp him still the more
 And when himself shall question you, restored
 To his own form in which ye found him first
 Reposing, then from farther force abstain ,
 Then, Hero ! loose the Ancient of the Deep,
 And ask him, of the Gods who checks thy course
 Hence to thy country o'er the fishy flood

515

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste
 I then, in various musings lost, my ships
 Along the sea-beach station'd sought again,
 And when I reach'd my galley on the shoie
 We supp'd, and sacred night falling from heaven,
 Slept all extended on the ocean-side

520

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, pensive beside the shore
 I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods
 Praying devout, then chose the fittest three
 For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust
 Meantime the Goddess from the bosom wide
 Of Ocean rising, brought us thence four skins
 Of phocæ, and all newly-script, a snare
 Contriving subtle to deceive her Sire

525

Four cradles in the sand she scoop'd, then sat
 Expecting us, who in due time approach'd ,
 She lodged us side by side, and over each
 A raw skin cast Horrible to ourselves
 Proved that disguise, whom the pernicious scent
 Of the sea nourish'd phocæ sore annoy d ,
 For who would lay him down at a whale's side ?
 But she a potent remedy devised

530

Herself to save us, who the nostrils soothed
 Of each with pure ambrosia thither brought
 Odorous, which the fishy scent subdued
 All morning, patient watchers, there we lay ,
 And now the numerous phocæ from the Deep
 Emerging, slept along the shore, and he
 At noon came also, and perceiving there
 His fatted monsters, through the flock his course
 Took regular, and summ d them , with the first
 He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud
 Conceivng, then couch'd also We, at once,

540

545

550

Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms
 Constrain'd him fast, nor the sea-prophet old
 Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind.

55

First he became a long-maned lion grim,
 Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,
 A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree
 We peiseveiring held him, till at length
 The Ancient of the Deep, skill'd as he is

560

In wiles, yet weary, question'd me, and said

Oh Atreus' son, by what confederate God
 Instructed liest thou in wait for me,
 To seize and hold me ? what is thy desire ?

So He , to whom thus answer I return'd
 Old Seer ! thou know st , why, fraudulent, shouldst thou ask ?
 It is because I have been prison'd long
 Within this isle, whence I have sought in vain
 Deliverance, till my wonted courage fails
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know,) 570
 What God detains me, and my course forbids
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep ?

So I , when thus the old one of the waves
 *But thy plain duty was to have adored
 Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods,
 That then embarking, by propitious gales 575
 Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon :
 For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again
 Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,
 Till thou have seen once more the hallow'd flood
 Of Egypt, and with hecatombs adored 580
 Devout the deathless tenants of the skies
 Then will they speed thee whither thou desir'est

He ended, and my heart broke at his words,
 Which bade me pass again the gloomy gulf
 To Egypt , tedious course, and hard to achieve !
 Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus replied

Old prophet ! I will all thy will perform
 But tell me, and the truth simply reveal ,

⁸ From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

*Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nos^ras
 Egit adire domos ?*

Have the Achaians with their ships arrived
All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy ?
Or of the Chiefs have any in their baiks,
Or in their followers' arms found a dire death
Unlook'd for, since that city's siege we closed ?

590

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd
Atides, why these questions ? need is none
That thou should'st all my secrets learn, which once
Reveal'd, thou wouldest not long dry-eyed remain
Of those no few have died, and many live ,
But leaders, two alone, in their return
Have died, (thou also hast had war to wage,) 600
And one, still living, roams the boundless sea.

600

Ajax⁹, surrounded by his galleys, died
Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks
The Gyræ drove, but saved him from the Deep ,
No! had he perish'd, hated as he was
By Pallas, but for his own impious boast
In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape
The billows, even in the Gods' despite.

605

Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd
His t'ident, and the huge Gyræan rock
Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away ,
Part stood, and part, on which the boaster sat
When, first, the brainsick fury seized him, fell,
Bearing him with it down into the gulfs
Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died
But thy own brother in his barks escaped
That fate, by Juno saved , yet when, at length,
He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,
Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew
With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep
To the land s utmost point, where once his home
Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son
Dwelt then, Ægisthus Easy lay his course
And open thence, and as it pleased the Gods,
The shifted wind soon bore them to their home
He high in exultation, trod the shore
That gave him birth, kiss'd it, and at the sight.
The welcome sight of Greece, shed many a tear

610

615

620

625

Yet not unseen he landed, for a spy,
One whom the shrewd Aegisthus had seduced
By promise of two golden talents, mark'd
His coming from a rock where he had watch'd
The year complete, lest passing unperceived,
The King should recover his right in arms
Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,
And He, incontinent, this project framed
Insidious Twenty men, the boldest hearts
Of all the people, from the rest he chose,
Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged
Diligent to prepare the festal board
With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove
Full-fraught with mischief, and conducting home
The unsuspecting King, amid the feast
Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox
No! of thy brother's train, nor of his train
Who slew thy brother, one survived, but all,
Weltering in blood together, there expired

He ended, and his words beat on my heart
As they would break it On the sands I sat
Weeping, nor life nor light desiring more
But when I had in dust roll'd me, and wept
To full satiety, mine ear again
The oracle of Ocean thus address'd

Sit not, O son of Atreus! weeping here
Longer, for remedy can none be found,
But quick arising, trial make, how best
Thou shalt, and soonest, reach thy home again.
For either him still living thou shalt find,
Or ere thou come, Orestes shall have slain
The traitor, and thine eyes shall see his tomb

He ceased, and I, afflicted as I was,
Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd

Of these I am inform'd, but name the third
Who dead or living, on the boundless Deep
Is still detain'd, I dread, yet wish to hear.

So I, to whom thus Proteus in return.
Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—
Him in an island weeping I beheld,

630

635

640

645

650

655

660

665

670

Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint
 Her guest, and from his native land withheld
 By sad necessity, for ships well-oar'd,
 Or faithful followers hath he none, whose aid
 Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood
 But, Menelaus deai to Jove ! thy fate
 Ordains not thee the stroke of death to meet
 In steed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods
 Will send thee to Elysium, and the earth's
 Extremest bounds, (there Rhadamanthus dwells,) 675
 The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind
 Enjoy the easiest life, no snow is there,
 No biting winter, and no drenching shower,
 But zephyr always gently from the sea
 Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race,) 680
 For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands
 Thy own, and thou art son-in-law of Jove
 So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.
 I then, with my brave comiades to the fleet
 Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad. 690
 No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside
 The ocean, and we all had supped, than night
 From heaven fell on us, and at ease repos'd
 Along the margin of the sea, we slept
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 695
 Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down
 Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again
 The mast, unfulld the sail, and to our seats
 On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood
 Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream 700
 Of Egypt mooring, on the shore I slew
 Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus
 Of the Immortal Gods appeased,) I rear'd
 To Agamemnon's never-dying fame
 A tomb, and finishing it sail'd again 705
 With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent
 My ships swift scudding to the shores of Greece
 But come—eleven days wait here or twelve
 A guest with me, when I will send thee hence
 Nobly and honour'd with illustrious gifts, 710
 With polish'd chariot, with three princely steed,

And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods
Libation pouring ever while thou livest
From that same cup, thou mayst remember me.

Him, prudent, then answered Telemachus

715

Atrides seek not to detain me here

Long time, for though contented I could sit

The year beside thee, nor regret my home

Or parents (so delightful thy discourse

Sounds in my ear,) yet, even now, I know,

720

That my attendants to the Pylian shore

Wish my return, whom thou thus long detain'st

What boon soe'er thou givest me, be it such

As I may treasured keep, but horses none

Take I to Ithaca, them rather far

725

Keep thou, for thy own glory Thou art Lord

Of an extended plain, where copious springs

The lotus, herbage of all savours, wheat,

Pulse, and white barley of luxuriant growth

But Ithaca no level champaign owns,

730

A nursery of goats, and yet a land

Fairer than even pastures to the eye

No sea-encircled isle of ours affords

Smooth course commodious, and expanse of meads,

But my own Ithaca transcends them all!

735

He said, the Hero Menelaus smiled,

And stroking tenderly his cheek, replied

Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood

I can with ease supply thee from within

With what shall suit thee better, and the gift

740

Of all that I possess which most excels

In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine

I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup

Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold

It is the work of Vulcan, which to me

The Hero Phædimus imparted, King

Of the Sidonians, when on my return

His house received me That shall be thy own

Thus they conferr'd, and now the busy train

Of ¹⁰menials culinary at the gate

750

¹⁰ Δαιτυμων—generally signifies the founder of a feast, but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons em-

Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd,
They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,
While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,
Came charged with bread. Thus busy they prepared
A banquet in the mansion of the King

755

Meantime, before Ulysses' palace gate
The suitors sported with the quoit and spear
On the smooth area, customary scene
Of all their strife and angry clamour loud
There sat Antinous, and the godlike youth
Eurymachus, superior to the rest
And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son
Noemon drawing nigh, with anxious mien
Question'd Antinous, and thus began

760

Know we, Antinous ! or know we not,
When to expect Telemachus at home
Again from Pylus ? In my ship he went,
Which now I need, that I may cross the sea
To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed
Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet
Unbroken, but of which I purpose one
To ferry thence, and break him into use

770

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard, for him
They deem'd not to Neleian Pylus gone,
But haply into his own fields, his flocks
To visit, or the steward of his swine
Then thus Eupitheus' son, Antinous, spake

775

Say true When sail d he forth' of all our youth,
Whom chose he for his followers ? his own train
Of slaves and hirelings ? hath he power to effect
This also ? Tell me too, for I would learn—
Took he perforce thy sable bark away,
Or gavest it to him at his first demand ?

780

To whom Noemon, Phronius' son, replied.
I gave it voluntary, what could'st thou,
Should such a prince petition for thy bark
In such distress ? Hard were it to refuse
Brave youths (our bravest youths except yourselves),
Attend him forth, and with them I observed
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all,
Or, if not him, a God, for such he seem'd

790

But this much moves my wonder Yester-morn
 I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,
 Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before

He ceased, and to his father's house return'd,
 They, hearing, sat aghast Then games meantime
 Finish'd, the suitors on their seats repos'd,
 To whom Eupitheus' son, Antinous, next,
 Much troubled spake, a black storm overcharged
 His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire

795

Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here achieved,
 This voyage of Telemachus, by us
 Pronounced impracticable, yet the boy,
 In downright opposition to us all,
 Hath headlong launch'd a ship, and with a band
 Selected from our bravest youth, is gone
 He soon will prove more mischievous, whose power
 Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects !
 But give me a swift bark with twenty rowers,
 That, watching his return within the straits
 Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,
 I may surprise him, so shall he have sail'd
 To seek his sue, fatally for himself

805

He ceased, and loud applause heard in reply,
 With warm encouragement Then, rising all,
 Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd
 Nor was Penelope left uninform'd
 Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,
 For herald Medon told her all, whose ear
 Then councils caught while in the outer-court
 He stood, and they that project framed within
 Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,
 Who as he pass'd the gate him thus address'd

815

For what cause, herald ! have the suitors sent
 Thee foremost ? Would they that my maidens lay
 Their tasks aside, and diess the board for them ?
 Here end their wooing ! may they hence depart
 Never, and may the banquet now prepared,
 This banquet prove your ¹¹ last ! who in such throngs

820

¹¹ This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is,

Here meeting, waste the patrimony fair
Of brave Telemachus, ye never, since,
When children, heard how gracious and how good
Ulysses dwelt among your parents, none
Of all his people, or in word or deed
Injuring as great princes oft are wont,
By favour influenced now, now by disgust.
He no man wrong'd at any time, but plain
Your wicked purpose in your deeds appears,
Who sense have none of benefits conferr'd

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd
Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worst
But greater far and heavier ills than this
The sutoris plan, whose counsels Jove confound!
Their base desire and purpose are to slay
Telemachus on his return, for he,
To gather tidings of his Sire, is gone
To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine

He said, and where she stood, her trembling knees
Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went
Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes,
And inarticulate in its passage died
Her utterance, till at last with pain she spake

Herald! why went my son? he hath no need
On board swift ships to ride, which are to man
His steeds that bear him over seas remote
Went he, that, with himself, his very name
Might perish from among mankind for ever?

Then answer, thus, Medon the wise return'd
I know not whether him some God impell'd
Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear
News of his Sire's return, or by what fate
At least he died, if he return no more

He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,
Departed, she, with heart-consuming woe
O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take
Repose on any of her numerous seats,
But on the threshold of her chamber-door
Lamenting sat, while all her female train
Around her moan'd, the ancient and the young,
Whom, sobbing, thus Penelope bespake

Hear me, ye maidens! for of women born
 Coeval with me, none hath e'er received
 Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,
 Who first my noble husband lost, endued
 With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks
 The Chief with every virtue most adorn'd,
 A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused.

875

And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd
 Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not

880

Ah, treacherous servants! conscious as ye were
 Of his design, not one of you the thought
 Conceived to wake me when he went on board.

For had but the report once reach'd my ear,

885

He either had not gone (how much soe'er
 He wish'd to leave me,) or had left me dead
 But haste ye,—bid my ancient servant come,
 Dolon (whom when I left my father's house
 He gave me, and whose office is to attend

My numerous garden-plants,) that he may seek

890

At once Laertes, and may tell him all,
 Who may contrive some remedy, perchance,
 O fit expedient, and shall come abroad
 To weep before the men who wish to slay
 Even the prince, godlike Ulysses' son

895

Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,
 Nurse of Telemachus Alas! my Queen!
 Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,
 I will confess the truth I knew it all
 I gave him all that he required from me,
 Both wine and bread, and at his bidding, swore
 To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,
 Or till, enquiry made, thou should'st thyself
 Learn his departure, lest thou should'st impair
 Thy lovely features with excess of grief
 But lave thyself, and fresh attired, ascend
 To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,
 To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,
 Thy son from death, what ills soe'er he meet
 Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes
 Of the old King, for I believe not yet

900

905

910

Aicesias' race entirely by the Gods
 Renounced, but trust that there shall still be found
 Among them, who shall dwell in royal state,
 And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote

915

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes
 No longer stream'd Then, bathed and fresh attired,
 Penelope ascended with her train
 The upper palace, and a basket stord
 With hallow'd cakes offering, to Pallas pray'd

920

Hear, matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd !
 If ever wise Ulysses offer'd here
 The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,
 Now mindful of his piety, preserve
 His darling son, and frustrate with a frown
 The cruelty of these imperious guests '

925

She said, and wept aloud, whose earnest suit
 Pallas received And now the spacious hall
 And gloomy passages with tumult rang
 And clamour of that throng, when thus a youth,
 Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak

930

Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares
 To choose another mate¹², and nought suspects
 The bloody death to which her son is doom'd

So he , but they, meantime, themselves remain'd
 Untaught, what course the dread concern elsewhere
 Had taken, whom Antinous thus address'd

935

Sirs, one and all, I counsel you, beware
 Of such bold boasting unadvised , lest one
 O'erhearing you, report your words within
 No—rather thus, in silence, let us move
 To an exploit so pleasant to us all

940

He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,
 W th whom he sought the galley on the shore,
 Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed
 The mast and sails on board, and fitting, next,
 Each oar in order to its proper groove,
 Unfurl'd and spread their canvas to the gale
 Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,
 And soon as in deep water they had moor'd

945

¹² Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining that she sang —Vide Barnes *in loco*

The ship, themselves embarking, supp'd on board,
And watch'd impatient for the dusk of eve

But when Penelope, the palace stairs
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,
There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine, 955
She laid her down, her noble son the theme
Of all her thoughts, whether he should escape
His haughty foes, or perish by their hands
Numerous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,
Not without fear, a multitude with toils 960
Encircling him around, such numerous thoughts
Her bosom occupied, till sleep at length
Invading her, she sank in soft repose

Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,
Set forth an airy phantom in the form 965
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave
Icarus, and Eumelus' wedded wife
In Phœnæ Shaped like her the dream she sent
Into the mansion of the godlike Chief
Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate 970
The sighs and tears of sad Penelope
Entering the chamber-por'tal, where the bolt
Secured it, at her head the image stood,
And thus, in terms compassionate, began

Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods, 975
Happy in everlasting rest themselves,
Forbid thy sorrows Thou shalt yet behold
Thy son again, who hath by no offence
Incur'd at any time the wrath of heaven

To whom, sweet-slumbering in the shadowy gate 980
By which dreams pass, Penelope replied

What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen
Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?
And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too
From sorrows numerous, and which, fretting, wear 985
My heart continual, first, my spouse I lost,
With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince
All-excellent, whose never-dying praise
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused,
And now my only son, new to the toils 990

The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone
 Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more
 Than for his Sire himself, and even shake
 With terror, lest he perish by their hands
 To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep,
 For numerous are his foes, and all intent
 To slay him, ere he reach his home again

995

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd
 Take courage, suffer not excessive dread
 To overwhelm thee, such a guide he hath
 And guardian, one whom many wish their friend,
 And ever at their side, knowing her power,
 Minerva, she compassionates thy griefs,
 And I am here, her harbinger, who speak
 As thou hast heard by her own kind command.

1000

Then thus Penelope the wise replied
 Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard
 A Goddess' voice, relate to me the lot
 Of that unhappy one, if yet he live
 Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,
 Or if, already dead, he dwell below

1005

Whom answer'd thus the fleeting shadow vain.
 I will not now inform thee if thy Lord
 Live, or live not Vain words are best unspoken

1010

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt
 She made, and melted into air Uppsiang
 From sleep Icarus' daughter, and her heart
 Felt heal'd within her, by that dream distinct
 Visited in the noiseless night serene

1015

Meantime the suitors urged their watery way,
 To instant death devoting in their hearts
 Telemachus There is a rocky isle
 In the mid sea, Samos the rude between
 And Ithaca, not large, named Asteris
 It hath commodious havens into which
 A passage clear opens on either side,
 And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

1025

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience, and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island, is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate
 Tithonus now arose, light to dispense
 Through earth and heaven, when the assembled Gods
 In council sat, o'er whom high-thundering Jove
 Presided, mightiest of the powers above 5
 Amid them, Pallas on the numerous woes
 Descanted of Ulysses, whom she saw
 With grief, still prison'd in Calypso's isle
 Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Powers
 Who live for ever, hear! Be never King 10
 Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,
 Or righteous, but let every scepted hand
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,
 Since none of all his people whom he sway'd
 With such paternal gentleness and love 15
 Remembers, now, divine Ulysses more
 He in yon distant isle a sufferer lies
 Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest
 Still of the nymph Calypso, without means
 Or power to reach his native shores again, 20
 Ahke of gallant barks and friends deprived,
 Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine
 To slay his son ere yet he can return
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn 25
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied
 What wold hath pass'd thy lips, daughter beloved?
 Hast thou not purposed that arriving soon
 At home, Ulysses shall destroy his foes?
 Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canst,) 30
 That he may reach secure his native coast,
 And that the suitors baffled may return

He ceased, and thus to Hermes spake, his son
 Hermes' (for thou art herald of our will 35
 At all times,) to yon bright-hair'd nymph convey
 Our fixt resolve, that brave Ulysses thence
 Depart, unaccompanied by God or man
 Borne on a corded raft, and suffering woe
 Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach, 40
 Not sooner, Scherie the deep-soil'd, possess'd
 By the Phœacians, kinsmen of the Gods
 They as a God shall reverence the Chief,
 And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence
 To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold 45
 And raiment giving him, to an amount
 Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,
 He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil
 Thus fate appoints Ulysses to regain
 His country, his own palace, and his friends 50

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,
 Messenger of the skies, his sandals fair,
 Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,
 Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,
 Bear him, and o'er the illimitable earth, 55
 Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes
 He closes soft, or opes them wide again
 So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide
 Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd
 To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd 60
 In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays
 Tremendous of the barren Deep her food
 Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing
 In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,
 But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook 65
 The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,
 Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arrived,

Found her within A fire on all the health
 Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent
 Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress wood 70
 Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle
 She, busied at the loom, and plying fast
 Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice
 Sat chaunting there , a grove on either side,
 Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch 75
 Wide-spread of Cypress, skirted dark the cave.
 There many a bird of broadest pinion built
 Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw
 Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores
 A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides 80
 Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung
 Profuse , four fountains of serenest lymph
 Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,
 Stray'd all around, and every where appear'd
 Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er 85
 With violets , it was a scene to fill
 A God from heaven with wonder and delight
 Hermes, Heaven's messenger, admiring stood
 That sight, and having all survey'd, at length
 Enter'd the grotto , nor the lovely nymph 90
 Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown
 Each to the other the Immortals are,
 How far soever separate their abodes
 Yet found he not within the mighty Chief
 Ulysses , he sat weeping on the shore, 95
 Forlorn, for there his custom was with groans
 Of sad regret to afflict his breaking heart,
 Looking continual o'er the barren Deep
 Then thus Calypso, nymph divine, the God
 Question'd, from her resplendent throne august 100
 Hermes' possessor of the potent rod !
 Who, though by me much reverenced and beloved,
 So seldom comest, say, wherefore comest now ?
 Speak thy desire , I grant it, if thou ask
 Things possible, and possible to me 105
 Stay not, but entering farther, at my board
 Due rites of hospitality receive
 So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food

Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice
 Nectareous charged the cup Then ate and drank 110
 The Argicide and herald of the skies,
 And in his soul with that repast divine
 Refresh'd, his message to the nymph declared
 Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God ?
 I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand 115
 Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come
 For who would, voluntary, such a breadth
 Enormous measure of the salt expanse,
 Where city none is seen in which the Gods
 Are served with chosen hecatombs and prayer ? 120
 But no divinity may the designs
 Elude, or controvert, of Jove supreme
 He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distrest
 Of all those waiois who nine years assail'd
 The city of Piiam, and, (that city sack'd,) 125
 Departed in the tenth , but, going thence,
 Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds
 Opposed their voyage, and with boisterous waves
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
 Billows and storms drove hither , Jove commands 130
 That thou dismiss him hence without delay,
 For fate ordains him not to perish here
 From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd
 To see them yet again, and to arrive
 At his own palace in his native land 135

He said , divine Calypso at the sound
 Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus rephed
 Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past
 All others, grudging if a Goddess take
 A mortal man openly to her arms ! 140
 So, when the 10sy-finger'd Morning chose
 Oion, though ye live yourselves at ease,
 Yet ye all envied her, until the chaste
 Diana from her golden throne dispatch'd
 A silent shaft, which slew him in Ortygia 145
 So, when the golden-tressed Ceres, urged
 By passion, took Iasion to her arms
 In a thrice-labou'd fallow, not untaught

Indignant, slew him with his cendent bolt. 150
 So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me
 The mortal man, my consort Him I saved
 Myself, while solitary on his keel
 He rode, for with his sulphurous arrow Jove
 Had cleft his bark amid the sable Deep 155
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him
 Billows and storms drove hither, whom I loved
 Sincere, and fondly destined to a life
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay
 But since no Deity may the designs 160
 Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,
 Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if such
 The Sovereign's will, and such his stern command
 But undismiss'd he goes by me, who ships
 Myself well-oar'd and mariners have none 165
 To send with him athwart the spacious flood ,
 Yet freely, readily, my best advice
 I will afford him, that, escaping all
 Danger, he may regain his native shore
 Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heaven 170
 Act as thou say'st, fearing the frown of Jove,
 Lest, if provoked, he spare not even thee
 So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,
 And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-gracious went, 175
 Seeking the brave Ulysses , on the shore
 She found him seated , tears succeeding tears
 Deluged his eyes, while, hopeless of return,
 Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave
 Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more
 Yet, cold as she was amorous, still he pass'd 180
 His nights beside her in the hollow grot,
 Constrain'd, and day by day the rocks among
 Which lined the shore heart-broken sat, and oft
 While wistfully he eyed the barren Deep,
 Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again 185
 Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine
 Unhappy ! weep not here, nor life consume
 In anguish , go , thou hast my glad consent
 Arise to labour , hewing down the trunks
 Of lofty trees, fashion them with the axe 190

To a broad raft, which closely floor'd above,
Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep
Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice
Myself will put on board, which shall preserve
Thy life from famine, I will also give
New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch
Winds after thee to waft thee home unharmed,
If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell
In yonder boundless heaven, superior far
To me, in knowledge and in skill to judge

She ceased, but horror at that sound the heart
Chill'd of Ulysses, and in accents wing'd
With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied

Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return
Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass
The perilous gulf of Ocean on a raft,
That wild expanse terrible, which even ships
Pass not, though form'd to cleave then way with ease,
And joyful in propitious winds from Jove
No,—let me never, in despite of thee,
Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,
Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,
That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said, Calypso, beauteous Goddess, smiled,
And, while she spake, stroking his cheek, replied 213

Thou dost aspeise me rudely, and excuse
Of ignorance hast none, far bettei taught,
What words were these? How could'st thou thus reply?
Now hear me, Earth, and the wide Heaven above'
Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stieam 220
Under the earth, (by which the blessed Gods
Swear trembling, and ievere the awful oath!)
That future mischief I intend thee none
No, my designs concerning thee are such
As, in an exigence resembling thine, 225
Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive
I have a mind more equal, not of steel
My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace
Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued
Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,

The Goddess and the man , on the same thione
 Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had assen,
 And viands of all kinds, such as sustain
 The life of mortal man, Calypso placed
 Before him, both for beverage and for food.

235

She opposite to the illustrious Chief
 Reposed, by her attendant maidens served
 With nectar and ambrosia They their hands
 Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast,
 And when nor hunger more noi thirst remain'd
 Unsated, thus the beauteous nymph began

240

Laertes' noble son, for wisdom famed
 And artifice ! oh canst thou thus resolve
 To seek, incontinent, thy native shores ?
 I pardon thee Farewell ! but could'st thou guess
 The woes which fate ordains thee to endure
 Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content
 Here to inhabit, thou would'st keep my giot
 And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife
 Engage thy every wish day after day.
 Yet can I not in stature or in form
 Myself suspect inferior aught to her,
 Since competition cannot be between
 Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine

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To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
 Awful Divinity ! be not incensed
 I know that my Penelope in form
 And stature altogether yields to thee,
 For she is mortal, and immortal thou,
 From age exempt , yet not the less I wish
 My home, and languish daily to return
 But should some God amid the sable Deep
 Dash me again into a wreck, my soul
 Shall bear *that* also , for, by practice taught,
 I have learn'd patience, having much endur'd
 By tempest and in battle both Come then
 This evil also ! I am well prepared

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He ended, and the sun sinking, resign'd
 The earth to darkness Then in a recess
 Interior of the cavern, side by side
 Reposed, they took their amorous delight.

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But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste
 Put on his vest and mantle, and the nymph 275
 Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,
 Graceful, redundant, to her waist she bound
 Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,
 Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return
 She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe 280
 Of iron, ponderous, double edged, with haft
 Of olive-wood, inserted firm, and wrought
 With curious art Then, placing in his hand
 A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way
 To her isle's utmost verge, where tallest trees 285
 But dry long since and sapless stood, which best
 Might serve his purposes, as buoyant most,
 The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.
 To that tall grove she led and left him there,
 Seeking her grot again Then slept not he, 290
 But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task
 Soon finish'd, trees full twenty to the ground
 He cast, which, dexterous, with his adze he smooth'd,
 The knotted surface chipping by a line
 Meantime the lovely Goddess to his aid 295
 Sharp auger brought, with which he bored the beams,
 Then, side by side placing them, fitted each
 To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.
 Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,
 The bottom of a ship of burden spreads, 300
 Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd
 He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne
 On massy beams, He made the mast, to which
 He added suitable the yard, he framed
 Rudder and helm to regulate her course, 305
 With wicker-work he border'd all her length
 For safety, and much ballast stow'd within
 Meantime, Calypso brought him for a sail
 Fittest materials, which he also shaped,
 And to his sail due furniture annex'd 310
 Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,
 Then heaved her down with leveis to the Deep.
 He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,

And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,
 Dismiss'd him from her isle, but laved him first,
 And cloth'd him in sweet-scented garments new
 Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,
 One charged with crimson wine, and ampler one
 With water, nor a bag with food replete
 Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste,
 Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale
 And manageable, which Ulysses spread,
 Exulting, all his canvas to receive
 Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,
 No sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd
 Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline
 Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks
 Direct toward Orion, and alone

Of these sinks never to the briny Deep
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold
 Continual on his left through all his course
 Ten days and seven, he, navigating, cleaved
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,
 The shadowy mountains of Phœacia's land
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat

But Neptune, now returning from the land
 Of Ethiopia, mark'd him on his raft
 Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops
 Of distant Solyma¹ With tenfold wrath
 Inflamed that sight he view'd, his brows he shook,
 And thus within himself, indignant, spake

So then—new counsels in the skies, it seems,
 Propitious to Ulysses, have prevail'd
 Since Ethiopia hath been my abode
 He sees Phœacia nigh, where he must leap
 The boundary of his woes, but ere that hour
 Arrive, I will ensure him many a groan

So saying, he grasp'd his trident, gather'd dense
 The clouds and troubled ocean, every storm
 From every point he summon'd, earth and sea
 Darkening, and the night fell black from heaven

¹ The Solymi were the ancient inhabitants of Pisidia in Asia Minor

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The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,
And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once
His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood
All hope, all courage, in that moment lost,
The Hero thus within himself complain'd
Wretch that I am, what destiny at last
Attends me ! much I fear the Goddess' words
All true, which threaten'd me with numerous ills
On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home
Behold them all fulfill'd ! With what a storm
Jove hangs the heavens, and agitates the Deep !
The winds combined beat on me Now I sink'
Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons
At Ilum slain for the Atridæ' sake !
Ah, would to heaven that, dying, I had felt
That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead
Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears
Troy's furious host assail'd ! Funereal rites
I then had shared, and praise from every Greek,
Whom now the most inglorious death awaits

While thus he spake, a billow on his head
Bursting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around,
And dashing from his grasp the helm, himself
Plunged far remote Then came a sudden gust
Of mingling winds, that in the middle snapp'd
His mast, and hurried o'er the waves afar,
Both sail and sail-yard fell into the flood
Long time submerged he lay, nor could with ease
The violence of that dread shock surmount,
Or rise to air again, so buithensome
His drench'd apparel proved, but, at the last
He rose, and rising, sputter'd from his lips
The brine that trickled copious from his brows
Nor, harass'd as he was, resign'd he yet
His raft, but buffetting the waves aside
With desperate efforts, seized it, and again
Fast seated on the middle deck, escaped
Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,
Wallowing unwieldy, toss'd from wave to wave.
As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain
Conglomerated thorns before him drives,

They, tangled, to each other close adhere,
So her the winds drove wild about the Deep
By turns the South consign'd her to be sport
For the rude North-wind, and by turns, the East
Yielded her to the worrying West a prey.
But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once,
Now named Leucothea) saw him, mortal erst
Was she, and trod the earth², but nymph become
Of Ocean since, in honours shares divine
She mark'd his anguish, and, while toss'd he roam'd,
Pitied Ulysses, from the flood, in form
A cormorant, she flew, and on the raft
Close-corded perching, thus the Chief address'd

Alas, unhappy! how hast thou incensed
So terribly the Shaker of the shores,
That he pursues thee with such numerous ills?
Sink thee he cannot, wish it as he may
Thus do, (for I account thee not unwise,)
Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft
As the winds will, then swimming, strive to reach
Phœacia, where thy doom is to escape
Take this This ribbon bind beneath thy breast,
Celestial texture Thenceforth every fear
Of death dismiss, and laying once thy hands
On the firm continent, unbind the zone,
Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore
Into the Deep, turning thy face away

So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand
The wondrous zone, and cormorant in form,
Plunging herself into the waves again
Headlong, was hidden by the closing flood
But still Ulysses sat perplex'd, and thus
The toil-enduring Hero reason'd sad

Alas! I tremble lest some God design
To ensnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.
But let me well beware how I obey
Too soon that precept, for I saw the land
Of my foretold deliverance far remote
Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears

² The translator finding himself free to choose between *αὐδῆσσα* and *αὐδηέσσα*, has preferred the latter

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My wiser course So long as yet the planks
 Mutual adhere, continuing on board 435
 My raft, I will endure whatever woes,
 But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,
 My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,
 Neptune a billow of enormous bulk
 Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch 440
 On high up-heaving, smote him As the wind
 Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,
 The arid straws dissipates every way,
 So flew the timbers He, a single beam
 Bestriding, oar'd it onward with his feet, 445
 As he had urged an horse. His raiment, then,
 Gift of Calypso, putting off, he bound
 His girdle on, and prone into the sea
 With wide-spread palms prepared for swimming, fell
 Shore-shaker Neptune noted him, he shook 450
 His awful brows, and in his heart he said
 Thus, suffering many miseries, roam the flood,
 Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men,
 Heaven's special favourites, yet even theie
 Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light 455
 He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived
 At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands
 But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd
 Jove's daughter, every wind binding beside,
 She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep, 460
 But roused swift Boreas, and the billows broke
 Before Ulysses, that, delivered safe
 From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix
 With maritime Phœacia's sons renown'd
 Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood 465
 Tempestuous, death expecting every hour,
 But when Aurora, radiant-hair'd, had brought
 The third day to a close, then ceased the wind,
 And breathless came a calm, he nigh at hand
 The shore beheld, darting acute his sight 470
 Toward it, from a billow's towering top
 Precious as to his children seems the life
 Of some fond father through disease long-time
 And pain stretch'd languid on his couch, the prey

Of some vindictive Power, but now, at last,
By gracious heaven to ease and health restored,
So grateful to Ulysses' sight appear'd
Forests and hills Impatient with his feet
To press the shore, he swam , but when within
Such distance as a shout may fly, he came,
The thunder of the sea against the rocks
Then smote his ear , for hoarse the billows roar'd
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,
And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view
For neither port for ships nor sheltering cove
Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff
Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge
Then, hope and strength exhausted both, deep-groan'd
The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd
Alas ! though Jove hath given me to behold,
Unhoped the land again, and I have pass'd,
Furrowing my way, these numerous waves, there seems
No egress from the hoary flood for me
Sharp stones hem in the waters , wild the surge
Raves everywhere , and smooth the rocks arise ,
Deep also is the shore on which my feet
No standing gain, or chance of safe escape
What if some billow catch me from the Deep
Emerging, and against the pointed rocks
Dash me conflicting with its force in vain ?
But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search
Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,
I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again
By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,
Or lest some monster of the flood receive
Command to seize me, of the many such
By the illustrious Amphitrite bred ,
For that the mighty Shaker of the shores
Hates me implacable, too well I know
While such discourse within himself he held,
A huge wave heaved him on the rugged coast,
Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones
Broken together, but for the infused
Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed
With both hands suddenly he seized the rock,

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And groaning, clench'd it till the billow pass'd
 So baffled he that wave, but yet again
 The refluent flood rush'd on him, and with force
 Resistless dash'd him far into the sea
 As pebbles to the hollow polypus 520
 Extracted from his stony bed, adhere,
 So he, the rough rocks clasping, stripp'd his hands
 Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again
 Then had the hapless Hero premature
 Perish'd, but for sagacity inspired 525
 By Pallas azure-eyed Forth from the waves
 Emerging, where the surf burst on the rocks,
 He coasted (looking landward as he swam)
 The shore, with hope of port or level beach
 But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came 530
 Of a smooth sliding river, there he deem'd
 Safest the ascent, for it was undeform'd
 By rocks, and shelter'd close from every wind
 He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd
 Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sovereign who rulest 535
 This river! at whose mouth from all the threats
 Of Neptune 'scaped, with rapture I arrive
 Even the immortal Gods the wanderer's prayer
 Respect, and such am I, who reach, at length,
 Thy stream, and clasp thy knees, after long toil 540
 I am thy suppliant Oh King! pity me
 He said, the river God at once repress'd
 His current, and it ceased, smooth he prepared
 The way before Ulysses, and the land
 Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth 545
 There once again he bent for ease his limbs,
 Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods
 Exhausted, swoln his body was all o'er,
 And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine.
 Breathless and speechless, and of life well nigh 550
 Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense
 But when, revived, his dissipated powers
 He recollect'd, loosing from beneath
 His breast the zone divine, he cast it far
 Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave 555
 Returning bore it downward to the sea,

Where Ino caught it Then, the river's brink
 Abandoning among the rushes prone
 He lay, kiss'd oft the soil, and sighing, said,

Ah me! what sufferings must I now sustain,
 What doom, at last, awaits me? If I watch
 This woeful night, here, at the river's side,
 What hope but that the frost and copious dews,
 Weak as I am, my remnant small of life
 Shall quite extinguish, and the chilly air
 Breathed from the river at the dawn of day?
 But if, ascending this declivity,
 I gain the woods, and in some thicket sleep,
 (If sleep indeed can find me overtoil'd
 And cold-benumb'd,) then I have cause to fear
 Lest I be torn by wild beast and devour'd.

Long time he mused, but at the last his course
 Bent to the woods, which not remote he saw
 From the sea-brink, conspicuous on a hill
 Arrived, between two neighbour shrubs he crept,
 Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild,
 A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist
 Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
 Smite through it, or unceasing showers pervade,
 So thick a roof the ample branches form'd
 Close interwoven, under these the Chief
 Retiring, with industrious hands a bed
 Collected broad of leaves, which there he found
 Abundant strew'd, such store as had sufficed
 Two travellers or three for covering warm,
 Though winter's roughest blasts had raged the while.
 That bed with joy the suffering Chief renown'd
 Contemplated, and occupying soon
 The middle space, hillock'd it high with leaves
 As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch
 Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme
 Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,
 He saves a seed or two of future flame
 Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,
 So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread
 His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd
 The balm of sleep copious, that he might taste
 Repose again, after long toil severe.

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BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinous and Ulysses, admonishes her in a dream to carry down her clothes to the river, that she may wash them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That task performed, the Princess and her train amuse themselves with play, by accident they awake Ulysses, he comes forth from the wood, and applies himself with much address to Nausicaa, who compassionating his distressed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, interests herself in his favour, and conducts him to the city

THERE then the noble sufferer lay, by sleep Oppress'd and labour, meantime, Pallas sought The populous city of Phæacia's sons. They, in old time, in Hyperea dwelt The spacious, neighbours of a giant race,	5
The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with power Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs Godlike Nausithous then arose, who thence To Scheria led them, from all nations versed In arts of cultivated life, remote ,	10
With bulwarks strong their city he enclosed, Built houses for them, temples to the Gods, And gave to each a portion of the soil But he already by decree of fate Had journey'd to the shades, and in his stead	15
Alcinous, by the Gods instructed, reign'd To his abode Minerva azure-eyed Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form	20
And feature perfect as the Gods, the young Nausicaa, daughter of the King, reposed Fast by the pillars of the portal lay Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd By all the Graces, and the doors were shut	25

Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward
 The royal virgin's couch, and at her head
 Standing, address'd her Daughter she appear'd
 Of Dymas famed for maritime exploits,
 Her friend and her coeval, so disguised
 Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thus began

30

Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne
 A child so negligent? Thy garments share,
 Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.
 Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide
 Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train
 Thy fame on these concerns and honour stand,
 These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice
 The dawn appearing, let us to the place
 Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be
 For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon
 The days of thy virginity shall end,
 For thou art woo'd already by the prime
 Of all Phœacia, country of thy birth
 Come then, solicit at the dawn of day
 Thy royal father, that he send thee forth
 With mules and carriage for conveyance hence
 Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones
 Thus more commodiously thou shalt perform
 The journey, for the cisterns lie remote

35

So saying, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,
 Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
 Eternal of the Gods, which never storms:
 Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
 The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day
 There the inhabitants divine rejoice
 For ever, and (her admonition given)
 Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thither flew

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Now came Aurora bright enthroned, whose rays
 Awaken'd fair Nausicaa, she her dream
 Remember'd wondering, and her parents sought,
 Anxious to tell them Them she found within.
 Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,
 Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed
 Among her menial maidens, but she met
 Her father, whom the Nobles of the land

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Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join
The illustrious Chiefs in council. At his side
She stood, and thus her filial suit preferi'd

Sir¹! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains

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A sumpter-carriage? for I wish to bear
My costly clothes, but sullied and unfit
For use, at present, to the river-side
It is but seemly that thou should'st repair
Thyself to consultation with the Chiefs
Of all Phœacia, clad in pure attire,
And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,
Are all desirous, when they dance, to wear
Raiment new bleach'd, all which is my concern

75

So spake Nausicaa, for she dared not name
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
That thou canst ask beside Go, and my train
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size

85

So saying, he issued his command, whom quick
His grooms obey'd They in the court prepared
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules
And now the virgin from her chamber, chaig'd
With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,
And in the carriage-chest, meantime, the Queen,
Her mother, viands of all kinds disposed,
And fill'd a skin with wine Nausicaa rose
Into her seat, but, ere she went, received
A golden cruse of oil from the Queen's hand
For unction of herself and of her maids
Then, seizing scourge and reins, she lash'd the mules
They trampled loud the soil, straining to draw
Herself with all her vesture, nor alone
She went, but follow'd by her virgin train
At the delightful rivulet arrived
Where those perennial cisterns were prepared

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¹ In the Original, she calls him *papa*¹ a more natural style of address, and more endearing. But ancient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the Translator feared to hazard it

With purest crystal of the fountain fed
Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,
Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browze
On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood
The carriage, next, lightening, they bore in hand
The garments down to the unsullied wave,
And thrust them heaped into the pools, their task
Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.
When they had all purified, and no spot
Could now be seen or blemish more, they spread
The raiment orderly along the beach
Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,
And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil
Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,
They took repast, leaving the garments, stretch'd
In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry
Their hunger satisfied, at once arose
The mistress and her train, and putting off
Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,
The princess singing to her maids the while
Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills,
Taygetus sky-capt, or Erymanth,
The wild boar chasing, or fleet-footed hind,
All joy, the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,
Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults,
She high her graceful head above the rest
And features lifts divine, though all be fair,
With ease distinguishable from them all,
So all her train she, virgin pure, surpass'd
But when the hour of her departure thence
Approach'd, (the mules now yoked again, and all
Her elegant apparel folded neat,) 135
Minerva azure-eyed mused how to wake
Ulysses, that he might behold the fair
Virgin, his destined guide into the town.
The Princess, then, casting the ball toward
A maiden of her train, erroneous threw,
And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.
All shriek'd, Ulysses at the sound awoke,
And, sitting, meditated thus the cause
Ah me ! what mortal race inhabit here ? 145

Rude are they, contumacious and unjust ?
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ?
 So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs
 Fills all the air around, such as frequent
 The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads 150
 Is this a neighbourhood of men endued
 With voice articulate ? But what avails
 To ask ? I will myself go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath
 His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood 155
 A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd
 A decent screen effectual, held before
 So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
 The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,
 Whom winds have vexed and rains , fire fills his eyes, 160
 And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer
 He find, he rends them, and adust for blood,
 Abstains not even from the guarded fold,
 Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,
 All naked as he was, left his retreat, 165
 Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd
 Him foul with sea-foam horror-struck they view'd,
 And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed
 Nausicaa alone fled not , for her
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs, 170
 By power divine, all tremor took away
 Firm she expected him , he doubtful stood,
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees
 Embracing, or, aloof standing, to ask
 In gentle terms discreet the gift of clothes, 175
 And guidance to the city where she dwelt
 Him so deliberating, most, at length,
 This counsel pleased , in suppliant terms aloof
 To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,
 The virgin should that bolder course resent 180
 Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake

Oh Queen ! thy earnest suppliant I approach
 Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race ?
 For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,
 Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove 185
 I deem thee most, for such as hers appear

Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine
 But if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,
 Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,
 And happy thrice thy brethren Ah! the joy 190
 Which always for thy sake their bosoms fills,
 When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,
 Entering majestic on the graceful dance
 But him beyond all others blest I deem,
 The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers, 195
 Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home.
 For never with these eyes a mortal form
 Beheld I comparable aught to thine,
 In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.
 Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm 200
 Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,
 And growing still, (for thither too I sail'd,
 And numerous were my followers in a voyage
 Ordain'd my ruin,) and as I then view'd
 That palm long time amazed, for never grew 205
 So straight a shaft, so lovely from the ground,
 So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,
 Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe
 Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,
 For I am one on whom much woe hath fallen. 210
 Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day
 Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep,
 For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms
 Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle
 Ogygia, till at length the will of heaven 215
 Cast me, that I might also here sustain
 Affliction on your shore, for rest, I think,
 Is not for me. No The immortal Gods
 Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive
 But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long 220
 Calamities endured, of all who live
 Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside
 Of the inhabitants of all the land
 Shew me your city, give me, although coarse,
 Some covering, (if coarse covering *thou* canst give,) 225
 And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,
 House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts

Of heaven, more precious none I deem, than peace
 'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved,
 Envy torments their enemies, but joy 230
 Fills every virtuous breast, and most their own
 To whom Nausicaa the fair replied
 Since, stranger! neither base by birth thou seem'st,
 Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King
 Olympian, gives to good and bad alike 235
 Prosperity according to his will,
 And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear,)
 Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,
 Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside
 Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn 240
 I will both show thee where our city stands,
 And who dwell here Phœacia's sons possess
 This land, but I am daughter of their King,
 The brave Alcinous, on whose sway depends
 For strength and wealth the whole Phœacian race 245
 She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave
 Instant commandment —My attendants, stay!
 Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight
 Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes
 Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not, 250
 Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come
 An enemy to the Phœacian shores,
 So dear to the immortal Gods are we
 Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold
 Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind, 255
 And free from mixture with a foreign race
 This man a miserable wanderer comes,
 Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor
 And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts
 To such are welcome Bring ye therefore food 260
 And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,
 And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most
 She spake, they stood, and by each other's words
 Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank
 O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade, 265
 Daughter of King Alcinous the renown'd
 Apparel also at his side they spread,
 Mantle and vest, and next, the limpid oil

Presenting to him in the golden cruse,
Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream
Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake

270

Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,
Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,
And give them oil which they have wanted long
But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed
To show myself unclothed to female eyes

275

He said, they went, and to Nausicaa told
His answer, then the Hero in the stream
His shoulders laved, and loins incrusted rough
With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum
Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd
Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,
He put the garments on Nausicaa's gift
Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form
Dilated more, and from his head diffused
His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.

280

As when some artist, by Minerva made
And Vulcan wise to execute all tasks
Ingenious, binding with a golden verge
Bright silver, finishes a graceful work,
Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows
Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace
And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,
The virgin Princess with amazement mark'd
His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake

285

My white-arm'd maidens, listen to my voice!
Not hated, sure, by all above, this man
Among Phaeacia's godlike sons arrives
At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort
Dishonourable, but he now assumes
A near resemblance to the Gods above
Ah! would to heaven it were my lot to call
Husband some native of our land like him
Accomplish'd, and content to inhabit here!
Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine

290

She ended, they, obedient to her will,
Both wine and food, dispatchful, placed, and glad,
Before Ulysses, he rapacious ate,

305

Toil-suffering Chief, and drank, for he had lived
From taste of aliment long time estranged 310

On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge
Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed
Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,
And to her seat herself ascending call'd
Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake 315

Up, stranger! seek the city I will lead
Thy steps toward my royal Father's house,
Where all Phœacia's Nobles thou shalt see
But thou (for I account thee not unwise,) 320

This course pursue While through the fields we pass,
And labours of the rural hind, so long
With my attendants follow fast the mules
And sumpter-carriage I will be thy guide 325

But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built
Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,
And laved on both sides by its pleasant poit
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks 330

Line all the road, each station'd in her place,
And where, adjoining close the splendid fane
Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones
From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong, 335

In which the rigging of their barks they keep,
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make smooth their oars ,
(For bow and quivei the Phœacian race
Heed not, but masts and oars, and ships well poised, 340

With which exulting they divide the flood,) Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts
Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass ,
For of the meaner people some are coarse 345

In the extreme, and it may chance that one,
The basest there, seeing us, shall exclaim,—
What handsome stranger of athletic form
Attends the Princess? Where had she the chance
To find him? We shall see them wedded soon
Either she hath received some vagrant guest
From distant lands, (for no land neighbours ours,) 350

Or by her prayers incessant won, some God
Hath left the heavens to be for ever hers
'Tis well if she have found, by her own search,

An husband for herself, since she accounts
 The nobles of Phæacia, who her hand
 Solicit numerous worthy to be scorn'd —
 Thus will they speak injurious I should blame
 A virgin guilty of such conduct much,
 Myself, who reckless of her parents' will,
 Should so familiar with a man consort,
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites.

But mark me, stranger! following my advice,
 Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands
 Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home
 Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove

Of poplar skirts the road, which we shall reach
 Ere long, within that grove a fountain flows,
 And meads encircle it, my father's farm

Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot,
 A shout might reach it from the city-walls
 There wait, till in the town arrived, we gain
 My father's palace, and when reason bids
 Suppose us there, then entering thou the town,
 Ask where Alcinous dwells, my valiant Sue
 Well known is his abode, so that with ease
 A child might lead thee to it, for in nought
 The other houses of our land the house

Resemble, in which dwells the Hero, King
 Alcinous. Once within the court received
 Pause not, but, with swift pace advancing, seek
 My mother, she beside a column sits
 In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads
 Tinged with sea-purple, bright, magnificent,
 With all her maidens orderly behind.

There also stands my father's throne, on which
 Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God
 Pass that, then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,
 So shalt thou quickly win a glad return
 To thy own home, however far remote
 Her favour once, and her kind aid secured,
 Thenceforth thou may'st expect thy friends to see,
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again

So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules
 Lash'd onward They (the strea soon left behind,) 390

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With even footsteps graceful smote the ground ;
But so she ruled them, managing with art
The scourge, as not to leave afar, although
Following on foot, Ulysses and her train
The sun had now declined, when in that grove
Renown'd, to Pallas sacred, they arrived,
In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus
Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd
Daughter invincible of Jove supreme ! 400
Oh, hear me ! hear me now, because when erst
The mighty Shaker of the shores incensed
Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not
Grant me among Phœacia's sons to find
Benevolence and pity of my woes ! 405
He spake, whose prayer well-pleased the Goddess heard,
But reverencing the brother² of her sire,
Appear'd not to Ulysses yet, whom he
Pursued with fury to his native shores

² Neptune

BOOK VII

A R G U M E N T.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows He halts by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters He is well received by Alcinous and his Queen, and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinous the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest

SUCH prayer Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd,
To Pallas made, meantime the virgin, drawn
By her stout mules, Phœacia's city reach'd,
And, at her father's house arrived, the car
Stay'd in the vestibule, her brothers five,
All godlike youths, assembling quick around,
Released the mules, and bore the raiment in
Meantime, to her own chamber she return'd,
Where, soon as she arrived, an ancient dame
Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge

5

Attendant on that service, kindled fire
Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought
Long since, and to Alcinous she had fallen
By public gift, for that he ruled, supreme,
Phœacia, and as oft as he harangued

10

The multitude, was reverenced as a God
She waited on the fair Nausicaa, she
Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared
And now Ulysses from his seat arose

15

To seek the city, around whom, his guard
Benevolent, Minerva, cast a cloud,
Lest, haply, some Phœacian should presume
To insult the Chief, and question whence he came
But ere he enter'd yet the pleasant town,
Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form

20

A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth

25

She stood before him, and the noble Chief
Ulysses, of the Goddess thus enquired

Daughter! wilt thou direct me to the house
Of brave Alcinous, whom this land obeys?
For I have here arrived, after long toil,
And from a country far remote, a guest
To all who in Phœacia dwell, unknown

To whom the Goddess of the azure-eyes
The mansion of thy search, stranger rever'd!
Myself will shew thee, for not distant dwells
Alcinous from my father's own abode
But hush! be silent—I will lead the way,
Mark no man, question no man, for the sight
Of strangers is unusual here, and cold
The welcome by this people shown to such
They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant
Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne
As if on wings, or with the speed of thought

So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace
Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued
But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd
Perceived him not, Minerva, Goddess dread,
That sight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd
With darkness shed miraculous around
Her favourite Chief Ulysses, wondering, mark'd
Their port, their ships their forum, the resort
Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime
Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show!
But when the King's august abode he reach'd,
Minerva azure-eyed, then thus began.

My father! thou behold'st the house to which
Thou badest me lead thee. Thou shalt find our Chiefs
And high-born Princes banqueting within
But enter fearing nought, for boldest men
Speed ever best, come whencesoe'er they may
First thou shalt find the Queen, known by her name
Aëta, lineal in descent from those
Who gave Alcinous birth, her royal spouse
Neptune begat Nausithous, at the first,
On Peiræa, loveliest of her sex,
Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,

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Heroic King of the proud giant race,
 Who, losing all his impious people, shared
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune loved,
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince
 Nausithous, in his day King of the land
 Nausithous himself two sons begat,
 Rhexenor and Alcinous Phœbus slew
 Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet,
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,
 Areta, wedded to Alcinous now,
 And whom the Sovereign in such honour holds,
 As woman none enjoys of all on earth
 Existing, subjects of an husband's power.
 Like veneration she from all receives
 Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himself
 Alcinous, and from all Phœacia's race,
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town,
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,
 Arbitress of such contests as arise
 Between her favourites, and decides aright
 Her countenance once and her kind aid secured,
 Thou may'st thenceforth expect thy friends to see,
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again
 So Pallas spake, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,
 And o'er the untillable and barren Deep
 Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,
 Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next,
 She pass'd into Erectheus' fair abode
 Ulysses, then, toward the palace moved
 Of King Alcinous, but immersed in thought
 Stood, first, and paused, ere with his foot he press'd
 The brazen threshold, for a light he saw
 As of the sun or moon illumining clear
 The palace of Phœacia's mighty King
 Walls plated bright with brass, on either side
 Stretch'd from the portal to the interior house,
 With azure cornice crown'd, the doors were gold
 Which shut the palace fast, silver the posts
 Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,
 The lintels, silver, architraved with gold.

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105

Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lined the approach
On either side, by art celestial framed
Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinous gate
For ever, unobnoxious to decay
Sheer from the threshold to the inner house
Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,
With mantles overspread of subtlest warp
Transparent, work of many a female hand
On these the princes of Phœacia sat,
Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths
On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands
With burning torches charged, which, night by night,
Shed radiance over all the festive throng
Full fifty female maidens served the King
In household offices, the rapid mills
These turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,
Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece
Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves
Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze,
¹Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone
Far as Phœacian maidens all else
Sui pass, the swift ship urging through the floods,
So far in tissue-work the women pass
All others, by Minerva's self endow'd
With richest fancy and superior skill
Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd
A spacious garden lay, fenced all around
Secure, four acres measuring complete
There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,
Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,
The horned fig, and unctuous olive smooth
Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat
Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang
Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes
Gently on all, enlarging these, and those
Maturing genial, in an endless course
Pears after pears to full dimensions swell,

¹ Καιροσεων δ' οθουεων ἀπολείβεται ύγρον ἔλαιον

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators, the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

Figs follow figs, grapes clustering grow again
 Where clusters grew, and (every apple stiupt)
 The boughs soon tempt the gatherer as before
 There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,
 His vineyard grows, part, wide-extended, basks 150
 In the sun's beams, the and level glows,
 In part they gather, and in part they tread
 The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes
 Here put their blossom forth, there, gather fast
 Their blackness On the garden's verge extreme 155
 Flowers of all hues smile all the year, arranged
 With neatest art judicious, and amid
 The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,
 One visits, into every part diffused,
 The garden-ground, the other soft beneath 160
 The threshold steals into the palace-court,
 Whence every citizen his vase supplies
 Such were the ample blessings on the house
 Of King Alcinous by the Gods bestow'd
 Ulysses wondering stood, and when, at length,
 Silent he had the whole fair scene admired,
 With rapid step enter'd the royal gate 165
 The chiefs he found and Senators within
 Libation pouring to the vigilant spy
 Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last
 Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest 170
 Ulysses, toil-worn Hero, through the house
 Pass'd undelaying, by Mineiva thick
 With darkness circumfused, till he arrived
 Where King Alcinous and Aieta sat
 Around Areta's knees his arms he cast, 175
 And in that moment, broken clear away
 The cloud all went, shed on him from above
 Dumb sat the guests, seeing the unknown Chief,
 And wondering gazed He thus his suit prefer'd
 Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince 180
 Rhexenor! suppliant at thy knees I fall,
 Thy royal spouse imploring, and thyself,
 (After ten thousand toils), and these your guests,
 To whom heaven grant felicity, and to leave 185
 Then treasures to their babes, with all the rights

And honours, by the people's suffrage, theirs !
 But oh vouchsafe me, who have wanted long
 And ardent wish'd my home, without delay
 Safe conduct to my native shores again !

100

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat
 At the hearth-side, they mute long time remain'd,
 Till, at the last, the ancient Hero spake
 Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,
 With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd,
 Rich in traditional lore, and wise
 In all, who thus, benevolent, began

105

Not honourable to thyself, O King !
 Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground
 At the hearth-side seated, and in the dust
 Meantime, thy guests, expecting thy command,
 Move not thou, therefore, raising by his hand
 The stranger, lead him to a throne, and bid
 The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour
 To thunder-bearing Jove, the suppliant's friend
 Then let the cateress for thy guest produce
 Supply, a supper from the last regale

200

Soon as those words Alcinous heard, the King,
 Upraising by his hand the prudent Chief
 Ulysses from the heath, he made him sit
 On a bright throne, displacing for his sake
 Laodamas his son, the virtuous youth
 Who sat beside him, and whom most he loved
 And now, a maiden charged with golden ewer
 And with an argent laver, pouring, first,
 Pure water on his hands, supplied him, next,
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste
 Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale
 Then ate the Hero toil inured, and drank,
 And to his herald thus Alcinous spake

210

Pontonous ! mingling wine, bear it around
 To every guest in turn, that we may pour
 To thunder-bearer Jove, the stranger's friend,
 And guardian of the suppliant's sacred rights

215

He said, Pontonous, as he bade, the wine
 Mingled delicious, and the cups dispensed

220

With distribution regular to all
 When each had made libation, and had drunk
 Sufficient, then Alcinous thus began. 230

Phœacian Chiefs and Senators, I speak
 The dictates of my mind, therefore attend !
 Ye all have feasted,—to your homes and sleep
 We will assemble at the dawn of day
 More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain 235
 The stranger here, and to the Gods perform
 Due sacrifice , the convoy that he asks
 Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain
 And from vexation, by our friendly aid
 He may revisit, joyful and with speed, 240
 His native shore, however far remote
 No inconvenience let him feel or harm,
 Ere his arrival , but, arrived, thenceforth
 He must endure whatever lot the Fates
 Spun for him in the moment of his birth 245
 But should he prove some Deity from heaven
 Descended, then the Immortals have in view
 Designs not yet apparent, for the Gods
 Have ever from of old reveal'd themselves
 At our solemnities, have on our seats 250
 Sat with us evident, and shared the feast ,
 And even if a single traveller
 Of the Phœaciens meet them, all reserve
 They lay aside , for with the Gods we boast
 As near affinity as do themselves 255
 The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane ²

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
 Alcinous ! think not so Resemblance none
 In figure or in lineaments I bear
 To the immortal tenants of the skies, 260
 But to the sons of earth , if ye have known
 A man afflicted with a weight of woe
 Peculiar, let me be with him compared ,

² The Scholiast explains the passage thus —We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety But in this sense of it there is something intricate, and contrary to Homer's manner We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation

Woes even passing his could I relate,
And all inflicted on me by the Gods
But let me eat, comfortless as I am,
Uninterrupted, for no call is loud
As that of hunger in the ears of man ,
Importunate, unreasonable, it constrains
His notice, more than all his woes beside. 265

So, I much sorrow feel, yet not the less
Heal I the blatant appetite demand
Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns
Even all my sufferings, till itself be fill'd
But expedite ye at the dawn of day 270
My safe return into my native land,
After much misery , and let life itself
Forsake me, may I but once more behold
All that is mine, in my own lofty abode

He spake, whom all applauded, and advised, 280
Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,
Who had so fitly spoken When at length,
All had libation made and were sufficed,
Departing to his house, each sought repose
But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd, 285
Where, godlike King, Alcinous at his side
Sat, and Arete , the attendants clear'd
Meantime the boar'd, and thus the Queen white arm'd
(Marking the vest and mantle which he wore,
And which her maidens and herself had made) 290
In accents wing'd with eager haste began
Stranger ! the first enquiry shall be mine ,
Who art, and whence ? From whom received'st thou these ?
Saidst not—I came a wandeier o'er the Deep ?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 295
Oh Queen ! the task were difficult to unfold
In all its length the story of my woes,
For I have numerous from the Gods received ,
But I will answer thee as best I may
There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed 300
Far distant in the Deep , there dwells, by man
Alike unvisited and by the Gods,
Calypso, beauteous nymph, but deeply skill'd

In artifice, and terrible in power,
 Daughter of Atlas Me alone my fate
 Her miserable inmate made, when Jove
 Had niven asunder with his cendent bolt
 My bark in the mid-sea There perish'd all
 The valiant partners of my toils, and I
 My vessel's keel embracing day and night
 With folded arms, nine days was borne along
 But on the tenth dark night, as pleased the Gods,
 They drove me to Ogygia, where resides
 Calypso, beauteous nymph, dreadful in power,
 She rescued, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish
 Was to confer on me immortal life,
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age
 But me her offer'd boon sway'd not Seven years
 I there abode continual, with my tears
 Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes,
 Calypso's gift divine, but when, at length,
 (Seven years elapsed) the circling eighth arrived,
 She then, herself, my quick departure thence
 Advised, by Jove's own mandate overawed,
 Which even her had influenced to a change
 On a well-corded raft she sent me forth
 With numerous presents, bread she put and wine
 On board, and clothed me in immortal robes,
 She sent before me also a fair wind
 Fresh-blown, but not dangerous Seventeen days
 I sail'd the flood continual, and descried,
 On the eighteenth, your shadowy mountains tall,
 When my exulting heart sprang at the sight,
 All wretched as I was and still ordain'd
 To strive with difficulties many and hard
 From adverse Neptune, he the stormy winds
 Exciting opposite, my watery way
 Impeded, and the waves heaved to a bulk
 Immeasurable, such as robb'd me soon
 Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope,
 For her the tempest scatter'd, and myself
 This ocean measured swimming, till the winds
 And mighty waters cast me on your shore.

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Me there emerging, the huge waves had dash'd
 Full on the land, where, incommodious most,
 The shore presented only roughest rocks,
 But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,
 Till now, at last, a river's gentle stream
 Received me, by no rocks deform'd, and where
 No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd
 I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,
 Needing repose, ambrosial night came on,
 When from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,
 I in a thicket laid me down on leaves
 Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods
 O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep
 There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept
 All the long night, the morning, and the noon,
 But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,
 Broke from me, then, your daughter's train I heard
 Sporting, with whom she also spoilt, fair
 And graceful as the Gods To her I kneel'd
 She, following the dictates of a mind
 Ingenuous, pass'd in her behaviour all
 Which even ye could frown an age like hers
 Have hoped, for youth is ever indiscreet
 She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine
 Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,
 And clothed me as thou seest, thus, though a prey
 To many sorrows, I have told thee truth 365
 To whom Alcinous answer'd
 My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been
 In this erroneous, that she led thee not
 Hither at once, with her attendant train,
 For thy first suit was to herself alone 370
 Thus then Ulysses, wary Chief, replied
 Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause,
 Thy faultless child, she bade me follow them,
 But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,
 Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight
 Thyself, for we are all, in every clime,
 Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone 380
 So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King

I bear not, stranger ! in my breast an heart
 Causeless irascible , for at all times 385
 A temperate equanimity is best
 And oh, I would to heaven, that, being such
 As now thou art, and of one mind with me,
 Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become
 My son-in-law, and dwell contented here ! 390
 House would I give thee, and possessions too,
 Were such thy choice , else, if thou choose it not,
 No man in all Phœacia shall by force
 Detain thee Jupiter himself forbid !
 For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence 395
 To-morrow , and while thou by sleep subdued
 Shalt on thy bed repose, they with their oars
 Shall brush the placid flood, till thou arrive
 At home, or at what place soe'er thou would'st,
 Though far more distant than Eubœa lies, 400
 Remotest isle from us, by the report
 Of ours, who saw it wren they thither bore
 Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,
 To visit earth-born Tityus To that isle
 They went , they reach'd it, and they brought him thence 405
 Back to Phœacia, in one day, with ease
 Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast
 Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews
 Excel, upturning with their oars the brine
 He ceased , Ulysses toil-inured his words 410
 Exulting heard, and praying, thus replied
 Eternal Father ! may the King perform
 His whole kind promise ! grant him in all lands
 A never-dying name, and grant to me
 To visit safe my native shores again ! 415
 Thus they conferr'd , and now Areta bade
 Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch
 Under the portico, with purple rugs
 Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,
 And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile 420
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,
 And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch
 Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave

Ulvsses welcome summons to repose
Stranger! thy couch is spread. Hence to thy rest. 425
So they—Thrice grateful to his soul the thought
Seem'd of repose There slept Ulysses then,
On his carved couch, beneath the portico,
But in the inner-house Alcinous found
His place of rest, and hers with royal state 430
Prepared, the Queen, his consort, at his side

BOOK VIII

A R G U M E N T

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses Preparation is made for his departure Alcinous entertains them at his table Games follow the entertainment Demodocus the bard sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinous, whence and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

BUT when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Blush'd in the East, then from his bed arose
The sacred might of the Phæacian King
Then arose also, city-waster Chief,
Ulysses, whom the King Alcinous
Led forth to council at the ships convened
There, side by side, on polish'd stones they sat
Frequent, meantime, Mineiva in the form
Of King Alcinous' herald ranged the town,
With purpose to accelerate the return
Of brave Ulysses to his native home,
And thus to every Chief the Goddess spake

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away !
Haste all to council on the stranger held,
Who hath of late beneath Alcinous' roof
Our King arrived, a wanderer o'er the Deep,
But in his form majestic as a God

So saying, she roused the people, and at once
The seats of all the senate-court were fill'd
With fast-assembling throngs, no few of whom
Had mark'd Ulysses with admiring eyes
Then Pallas o'er his head and shoulders broad
Diffusing grace celestial, his whole form
Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,
That worthier of all reverence he might seem
To the Phæacians, and might many afeat

5

10

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20

25

Achieve, with which they should assay his force

When, therefore, the assembly now was full,
Alcinous, them addressing, thus began

Phœacian Chiefs and Senators! I speak 30

The dictates of my mind, therefore attend

This guest unknown to me, hath, wandering, found

My palace, either from the East arrived,

Or from some nation on our western side

Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent

Here wishes ratified, whose quick return

Be it our part, as usual, to promote,

Fo^r at no time the stranger, from what coast

Soe^eei, who hath resorted to our doors,

Hath long complained of his detention here

Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep

A vessel of pime speed, and from among

The people, fifty and two youths select,

Approved the best, then lashing fast the oars,

Leave her, that at my palace ye may make

Short feast, fo^r which myself will all provide

Thus I enjoin the crew, but as for those

O^t sceptred rank, I bid them all alike

To my own boaird, that here we may regale

The stranger nobly, and let none refuse

Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,

To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest

With powers of song delectable, unmatch'd

By any, when his genius once is fired

He ceased, and led the way, whom follow'd all 55

The sceptred senators, while to the house

An herald hasted of the bard divine

Then, fifty mariners and two, from all

The rest selected, to the coast repair'd,

And, from her station on the sea-bank, launched

The galley down into the sacred Deep

They placed the canvas and the mast on board,

Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,

And leaving her in depth of water moor'd,

All sought the palace of Alcinous

There soon the portico, the court, the hall

Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,

60

65

For whose regale the mighty monarch slew
Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted brawns.
They flay'd them first, then busily their task
Administering, prepared the joyous feast
And now the herald came, leading with care
The tuneful bard, dear to the muse was he,
Who yet appointed him both good and ill,
Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine
For him Pontoncus in the midst disposed
An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
Above his head, and taught him where it hung
He sat before him, next, a polish'd board
And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine
For his own use, and at his own command.
Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,
And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing
Exploits of men renown'd, it was a song,
In that day to the highest heaven extoll'd.
He sang of a dispute kindled between
The son of Peleus, and Laertes' ¹ son,
Both seated at a feast held to the Gods
That contest Agamemnon, King of men,
Between the noblest of Achaia's host
Hearing, rejoiced, for when in Pytho erst
He pass'd the marble threshold to consult
The oracle of Apollo, such dispute
The voice divine had to his ear announced,
For then it was that, first, the storm of war
Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict
Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove
So sang the bard illustrious, then his robe
Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head
Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds
Veiling his face, through fear to be observed

¹ Agemnon having inquired at Delphos at what time the war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.

By the Phœaciens weeping at the song,
And ever as the bard harmonious ceased,
He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows
The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods. 105

But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard
Those sounds,) solicited again the bard,
And he renew'd the strain, then covering close
His countenance, as before, Ulysses wept 110

Thus, unperceived by all, the Hero mourn'd,
Save by Alcinous, he alone his tears
(Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs
O'erhearing, the Phœaciens thus bespeak 115

Phœacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend'
We have regaled sufficient, and the harp
Heard to satiety, companion sweet
And seasonable of the festive hour
Now go we forth for honourable proof 120
Of our address in games of every kind,
That this our guest may to his friends report,
At home arrived, that none like us have learn'd
To leap, to box, to wiestle, and to run

So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests
All follow'd, and the herald hanging high
The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard
Demodocus, whom he the self-same way
Conducted forth by which the Chiefs had gone
Themselves, for that great spectacle peepared 130

They sought the forum, countless swarm'd the throng
Behind them as they went, and many a youth
Strong and courageous to the strife arose
Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom 135

Anchialus with Anabeesineus
Arose, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,
Amphalius and Thoon Then arose,
In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,
Euryalus, and for his graceful form 140
(After Laodamas) distinguish'd most
Of all Phœacia's sons, Nauboldes
Three also from Alcinous sprung, arose,
Laodamas, his eldest, Halius, next,

His second-born , and godlike Clytoneus.
 Of these, some started for the runner's prize
²They gave the race its limits All at once
 Along the dusty champaign swift they flew
 But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd
 All competition , far as mules surpass
 Slow o'er furrowing the fallow ground,
 So far before all others he arrived
 Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood
 Some tried the wiestler's toil severe, in which
 Euryalus superior proved to all.
 In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ,
 Elateus most successful haul'd the quoit,
 And at the cestus³, last, the noble son
 Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd
 When thus with contemplation of the games
 All had been gratified, Alcinous' son
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd
 Friends' ask we now the stranger, if he boast
 Proficiency in aught His figure seems
 Not ill , in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck , nor youth
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears
 With numerous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea
 Then answer thus Euryalus return'd
 Thou hast well said, Laodamas , thyself
 Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth
 Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,
 Advancing from his seat, amid them all
 He stood, and to Ulysses thus began
 Stand forth, oh guest, thou also prove thy skill
 (If any such thou boast) in games like ours,
 Which likeliest thou hast learn'd , for greater praise

² Τοισι δ' απο νυσσης τεταρτο δρομος—This expression is by the commentator generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, καρπαλιμως επετοντο will be tautologous

³ In boxing

Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know
His feet to exercise and hands aight 180
Come then, make trial, scatter wide thy cares,
We will not hold thee long, the ship is launch'd
Already, and the crew stand all prepared

To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd 185
Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd
Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?
No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,
And with far other struggles worn, here sit
Desirous only of conveyance home,
For which both King and people I implore 190

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd
I well believed it, friend! in thee the guise
I see not of a man expert in feats
Athletic, of which various are perform'd 195
In every land, thou rather seem'st with ships
Familiar, one accustom'd to control
Some crew of trading mariners, well-learn'd
In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired
By rapine, but of no gymnastic powers 200

To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied
Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man
Regardless whom he wrongs Therefore the Gods
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,
Of body, mind, and utterance, all to one 205
This man in figure less excels, yet Jove
Crowns him with eloquence, his hearers charm'd
Behold him, while with modest confidence
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,
And in the streets is gazed on as a God! 210

Another, in his form the Powers above
Resembles, but no grace around his words
Twines itself elegant So, thou in form
Hast excellence to boast, a God employ'd
To make a master-piece in human shape, 215
Could but produce proportions just as thine,
Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect
Thou much hast moved me, thy unhandsome phisae
Hath roused my wrath, I am not, as thou say'st,
A novice in these sports, but took the lead 220

In all, while youth and strength were on my side
 But I am now in bands of sorrow held,
 And of misfortune, having much endured
 In war, and buffeting the boisterous waves
 Yet, though with misery worn, I will essay
 My strength among you, for thy words had teeth
 Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the pioof

225

He said, and mantled as he was, a quoit
 Upstarting, seized, in bulk and weight all those
 Transcending far, by the Phœacians used
 Swiftly he swung, and from his vigorous hand
 Sent it Loud sang the stone, and as it flew
 The maritime Phœacians low inclined
 Their heads beneath it, over all the marks,
 And far beyond them, sped the flying rock
 Minerva in a human form, the cast
 Prodigious measured, and aloud exclaim'd

230

Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands
 Feel out the 'vantage here Thy quoit disdains
 Fellowship with a crowd, borne far beyond
 Fear not a losing game, Phœacian none
 Will reach thy measure, much less overcast

235

She ceased, Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced
 That in the circus he had found a judge
 So favourable, and with brisker tone,
 As less in wrath, the multitude address'd

245

Young men, teach this, and I will quickly heave
 Another such, or yet a heavier quoit
 Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth
 To box, to wrestle with me, or to run,
 For ye have chafed me much, and I decline
 No strife with any here, but challenge all
 Phœacia, save Laodamas alone

250

He is mine host Who combats with his friend?
 To call to proof of hardiment the man
 Who entertains him in a foreign land,
 Would but evince the challenger a fool,
 Who, so, should cripple his own interest there
 As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,
 But wish for trial of you, and to match
 In opposition fair my force with yours.

255

260

There is no game athletic in the use
 Of all mankind, too difficult for me ,
 I handle well the polish'd bow, and first
 Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark,265
 Although a throng of warriors at my side
 Imbattled, speed then shafts at the same time
 Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy
 Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me
 Was Philoctetes , I resign it else270

To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth
 Yet mean I no comparison of myself
 With men of ancient times, with Hercules,
 Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,
 The Gods themselves in archery he defied275
 Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet
 Old age he reach'd , him, angry to be call'd
 To proof of archership, Apollo slew
 But, if ye name the spear, mine flies a length
 By no man s arrow reach'd , I fear no foil280
 From the Phœaciens, save in speed alone ,
 For I have suffer d hardships, dash'd and drench'd
 By many a wave, nor had I food on board
 At all times, therefore am I much unstrung

He spake, and silent the Phœaciens sat,285
 Of whom alone Alcinous thus replied

Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,
 Who hast but vindicated in our ears
 Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth
 Reproach d thee in the presence of us all,290
 That no man qualified to give his voice
 In public might affront thy courage more ,
 Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,
 While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,
 Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land295

Even of our proficiency in arts
 By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days
 We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet
 The wrestler's , but light-footed in the race
 Are we, and navigators well inform'd300
 Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,
 Garments for change , the tepid bath , the bed.

THE ODYSSEY

Come, ye Phaeacians, beyond others skill'd
 To tread the circus with harmonious steps,
 Come, play before us, that our guest, arrived
 In his own country, may inform his friends
 How far in seamanship we all excel,
 In running, in the dance, and in the song.
 Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre
 Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home

305

So spake the godlike King, at whose command
 The herald to the palace quick return'd
 To seek the charming lyre Meantime arose
 Nine arbiters, appointed to intend
 The whole arrangement of the public games,
 To smooth the circus-floor, and give the ring
 Its compass, widening the attentive throng
 Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,
 With which Demodocus supplied, advanced
 Into the middle area, around whom

315

Stood blooming youths, all skilful in the dance
 With footsteps justly timed all smote at once
 The sacred floor, Ulysses wonder-fixt,
 The ceaseless play of twinkling⁴ feet admired

320

Then tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus
 A jocund strain began, his theme the loves
 Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd,
 How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath
 The roof of Vulcan, her, by many a gift
 Seduced, Mars won, and with adulterous lust

325

The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire
 The Sun, a witness of their amorous sport,
 Bore swift the tale to Vulcan, he, apprized
 Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,
 In secret darkness of his inmost soul

330

Contriving vengeance, to the stock he heaved
 His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare
 Of bands indissoluble, by no art

335

⁴ The translator is indebted to Mr Grey for an epithet more expressive of the original (*Μαρμαρυγας*) than any other, perhaps, in all our language See the Ode on the Progress of Poetry

“To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their *many-twinkling* feet”

To be untied, durance for ever firm
 The net prepared, he boie it, fiery-wioth,
 To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,
 Where stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd
 With those fine meshes all his bed around,
 And hung them numerous from the roof, diffused
 Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods
 Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils
 When thus he had encircled all his bed
 On every side, he feign'd a journey thence
 To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn
 The earth, the city that he favours most
 Nor kept the God of the resplendent reins
 Mars, drcwsy watch, but seeing that the famed
 Artificer of heaven had left his home,
 Flew to th^r house of Vulcan, hot to enjoy
 The Goddes with the wreath-encircled brows
 She, newly from her potent Sire return'd
 The son of Saturn, sat Mars, entering, seized
 Her hand, hung on it, and thus urged his suit
 To bed, my fair, and let us love' for lo'
 Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone,
 And to the Sintians, men of barbarous speech
 He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too
 Like him inclined, so then to bed they went,
 And as they laid them down, down stream'd the net
 Around them, labour exquisite of hands
 By ingenuity divine inform'd
 Small room they found, so prison'd, not a limb
 Could either lift, or move, but felt at once
 Entanglement from which was no escape
 And now the glorious artist, ere he yet
 Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd
 From his feign'd journey, for his spy the Sun
 Had tdd him all With aching heart he sought
 His home, and, standing in the vestibule,
 Fiant with indignation roar'd to heaven,
 And roar'd again, summoning all the Gods —

340

Oh .ove' and all ye powers for ever blest'
 Here 'hither look, that ye may view a sight
 Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,

315

350

375

360

365

370

375

How Venus always with dishonour loads
Her cripple spouse, doting on fiery Mars ! 380
And wherefore ? for that he is fair in form
And sound of foot, I ricket-boned, and weak
Whose fault is this ? Their fault, and theirs alone
Who gave me being , ill-employ'd were they 385
Begetting me, one better far unborn
See where they couch together on my bed
Lascivious ! ah, sight hateful to my eyes !
Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,
To press my bed hereafter , here to sleep 390
Will little please them fondly as they love.
But these my toils and tangles will suffice
To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back
Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts
Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake 395
His daughter, as incontinent as fair
He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode
Of Jove the Gods assembled Neptune came,
Earth-circling Power , came Hermes friend of man,
And regent of the far-commanding bow, 400
Apollo also came , but chaste reserve
Bashful kept all the Goddesses at home
The Gods by whose beneficence all live,
Stood in the portal , infinite arose
The laugh of heaven, all looking down intent 405
On that shiewd project of the smith divine,
And, turning to each other, thus they said
Bad works speed ill The slow o'ertakes the swift
So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft
Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far 410
Of all who dwell in heaven, and the light-heel'd
Must pay the adulterer's forfeit to the lame
So spake the Powers immortal , then the King
Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury
Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God 415
Would'st thou such stricture close of bands endure
For golden Venus lying at thy side ?
Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heaven
Archer divine ! yea, and with all my heart ,
And be the bands which wind us round about 420

Thrice these, innumerable, and let all
 The Gods and Goddesses in heaven look on,
 So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse the while.

He spake, then laugh'd the Immortal powers again
 But not so Neptune, he with earnest suit 425
 The glorious artist urged to the release
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.
 Loose him, accept my promise, he shall pay
 Full recompense in presence of us all

Then thus the limping smith far-famed replied
 Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request 430
 *Lame suitor, lame security What bands
 Could I devise for thee among the Gods,
 Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,
 Leaving both death and durance far behind ? 435

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight
 Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine
 To whom the glorious artist of the skies
 Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused 440

So saying, the might of Vulcan loosed the snare,
 And they, detain'd by those coercive bands
 No longer, from the couch upstarting flew,
 Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home
 The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves 445
 Her incense-breathing altar stands embower'd
 Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused
 O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add
 Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,
 And clothed her in the loveliest robes of heaven 450

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard
 Ulysses with delight that song, and all
 The maritime Phœacian concourse heard
 Alcinous, then, (for in the dance they pass'd
 All others), call'd his sons to dance alone, 455

* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to choose It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

Halius and Laodamas , they gave
 The purple ball into their hands, the work
 Exact of Polybus , one, re-supine,
 Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,
 The other springing into air, with ease
 Received it, ere he sank to earth again 460
 When thus they oft had sported with the ball
 Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange,
 They pass'd it to each other many a time,
 Footing the plain, while every youth of all
 The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath
 The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air 465

Then, turning to Alcinous, thus the wise
 Ulysses spake Alcinous ! mighty King !
 Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons ! 470
 Incomparable are ye in the dance,
 Even as thou said'st Amazement-fixt I stand !

So he, whom hearing, the imperial might
 Exulted of Alcinous, and aloud
 To his oar-skill'd Phæaciens thus he spake 175

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend !
 Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark
 In this our guest , good cause in my account,
 For which we should present him with a pledge
 Of hospitality and love The Chiefs 480
 Are twelve, who, highest in command, control
 The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I
 Bring each a golden talent, with a vest
 Well-bleach'd, and tunic , gratified with these,
 The stranger to our banquet shall repair 485
 Exulting , bring them all without delay ,
 And let Euryalus by word and gift
 Appease him, for his speech was unadvised

He ceased, whom all applauded, and at once
 Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts,
 When thus Euryalus his Sire address'd 490

Alcinous ! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme !
 I will appease our guest as thou command'st
 This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,
 The hilt of silver, and the unsulphur'd sheath
 Of ivory recent from the carver's hand 495

A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave
Into his grasp, and courteous, thus began

Hail, honour'd stranger ! and if word of mine
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds
Bear all remembrance of it swift away !
May the Gods give thee to behold again
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endur'd !

500

505

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,
Grant thee felicity, and may never want
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,
By whose kind phrase appeased my wrath subsides !

510

He ended, and athwart his shouldeis thiew
The weapon bright-emboss'd Now sank the sun,
And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house
Of King Alcinous the heralds bore,
Alcinous' sons received them, and beside
Their royal mother placed the precious charg^
The King then led the way, at whose abode
Arrived, again they press'd their lofty thrones,
And to Arete thus the monarch spake

515

Haste, bring a coffe , bring thy best, and store
A mantle and a sumptuous vest within ,
Warm for him, next a brazen bath, by which
Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed
The noble gifts by the Phœacian Loids
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song
I give him also this my golden cup
Splendid, elaborate , that, while he lives,
What time he pours libation forth to Jove
And all the Gods, he may remember me

525

530

He ended, at whose words Arete bade
Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire
A tripod ample-womb'd , obedient they
Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,
Water infused, and kindled wood beneath
The flames encircling bright the bellied vase,
Warm'd soon the flood within Meantime the queen

535

Producing from her chamber-stores a chest All-elegant, within it placed the gold And raiment, gifts of the Phœacian Chiefs, With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest, And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said	540
Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge , Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest loss Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance Shalt sleep secure on board the sable bark	541
Which when Ulysses heard, Hero renown'd, Adjusting close the lid, he cast a cord Around it, which with many a mazy knot He tied, by Circe taught him long before And now, the mistress of the household charge	542
Summon'd him to his bath , glad he beheld The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use E'er since his voyage from the isle of fan Calypso, although, while a guest with her,	543
Ever familiar with it, as a God Laved by attendant damsels, and with oil Refresh'd, he put his sumptuous tunic on And mantle, and proceeding from the bath	544
To the symposium, join'd the numerous guests , But, as he pass'd, the Princess all divine Beside the pillars of the portals lost In admiration of his graceful form,	545
Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus address'd	546
Hail, stranger ! at thy native home arrived Remember me, thy first deliverer here	547
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied Nausicaa ! daughter of the noble King Alcinous ! So may Jove, high-thundering mate	548
Of Juno, grant me to behold again My native land, and my delightful home, As, even there, I will present my vows	549
To thee, adoring thee as I adore The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live !	550
He said, and on his throne beside the King Alcinous sat And now they portion'd out The feast to all, and charged the cups with wine,	551
And introducing by his hand the bard	552

Phœacia's glory, at the column's side
The herald placed Demodocus again 580

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake
Ulysses—Herald ! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will soon embracie
In spite of sorrow, for respect is due 585

And veneration to the sacred baird
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe

He ended, and the herald bore his charge 590

To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand
Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,
And hunger now and thirst both satisfied,
Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake 595

Demodocus ! I give thee praise above
All mortals, for that either thee the muse
Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himself,
Apollo , since thou so record'st the fate.
With such clear method, of Achaea's host, 600

Their deeds heroic, and their numerous toils,
As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt
From others present there, the glorious tale
Come, then, proceed , that rare invention sing,
The hoise of wood, which by Minerva's aid 605

Epeus framed, and which Ulysses erst
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy
With warriors fill'd, who laid all Ilium waste
These things rehearse regular, and myself
Will, instant, publish in the ears of all 610

Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom
Apollo free imparts celestial song
He ended , then Apollo with full force
Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began
What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp, 615

Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.
Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band
Around Ulysses sat , for Ilium's sons
Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,

And there the mischief stood Then, strife arose 620
 Among the Trojans compassing the horse,
 And threefold was the doubt, whether to cleave
 The hollow trunk asunder, or updrawn
 Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,
 Or to permit the enormous image, kept 625
 Entire, to stand an offering to the Gods,
 Which was their destined course, for Fate had fix'd
 Their ruin sure, when once they had received
 Within their walls that engine huge, in which
 Sat all the bravest Grecians with the fate 630
 Of Ilium charged, and slaughter of her sons
 He sang, how, from the hoise effused, the Greeks
 Left their capacious ambush, and the town
 Made desolate To others, in his song,
 He gave the praise of wasting all beside, 635
 But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses join'd
 With godlike Menelaus, to the house
 Flew of Deiphobus, him there engaged
 In duest fight he sang, and through the aid
 Of glorious Pallas, conqueror over all 640

So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song
 Ulysses melted, and tear after tear
 Fell on his cheeks As when a woman weeps
 Her husband, who hath fallen in defence
 Of his own city and his babes before 645
 The gates, she, sinking, folds him in her arms,
 And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
 Shrieks at the sight, meantime, the enemy
 Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil
 Command her and to bondage far away, 650

And her cheek fades with horror at the sound,
 Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall
 The frequent tear Unnoticed by the rest
 Those drops, but not by King Alcinous, fell,
 Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs 655
 Remark'd, and the Phœaciens thus spake
 Phœacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!
 Now let Demodocus enjoin his harp
 Silence, for not alike grateful to all
 His music sounds . during our feast, and since 660

The baird divine began, continual flow
 The stranger's so'rows, by remembrance caused
 Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.
 Then let the baird suspend his song, that all
 (As most befits the occasion) may rejoice, 665
 Both guest and hosts together, since we make
 This voyage, and these gifts confer, in proof
 Of hospitality and unfeign'd love,
 Judging, with all wise men, the stranger-guest
 And suppliant worthy of a brother's place 670
 And thou conceal not, artfully reserved,
 What I shall ask, far better plain declared
 Than smother'd close, who art thou? speak thy name,
 The name by which thy father, mother, friends
 And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell 675
 Around thy native city, in times past
 Have known thee, for of all things human none
 Lives altogether nameless, whether good
 Or whether bad, but every man receives,
 Even in the moment of his birth, a name 680
 Thy country, people, city, tell, the mark
 At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,
 That they may bear thee thither, for our ships
 No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,
 But know, themselves, our purpose, know beside 685
 All cities, and all fruitful regions well
 Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involved
 Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearless of harm,
 (Whate'er betide) and of disastrous wreck
 Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard 690
 Nausithous speaking, Neptune, he would say,
 Is angry with us, for that safe we bear
 Strangers of every nation to their home,
 And he foretold a time when he would smite
 In vengeance some Phaeacian gallant bark 695
 Returning after convoy of her charge,
 And fix her in the sable flood, transform'd
 Into a mountain, right before the town
 So spake my hoary Sue, which let the God
 At his own pleasure do, or leave undone 700

Thy wanderings ? in what regions of the earth
Hast thou arrived ? what nations hast thou seen,
What cities ? say, how many hast thou found
Harsh, savage, and unjust ? how many, kind
To strangers, and disposed to fear the Gods ?
Say also, from what secret grief of heart
Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate
Of the Achaeans, or of Ilium sung ?

705

That fate the Gods prepared , they spin the thread
Of man's destruction, that in after-days
The bard may make the sad event his theme
Perish'd thy father or thy brother there ?
Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost
Father-in-law or son-in-law ? for such
Are next and dearest to us after those
Who share our own descent , or was the dead
Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own ?
For worthy as a brother of our love
The constant friend and the discreet I deem

710

715

720

BOOK IX

ARGUMENT

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phœaciens, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians, arrives among the Lotophagi, and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polyphemus in his cave, who devours six of his companions, intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

THEN answer, thus, Ulysses wise return'd
 Alcinous' King! illustrious above all
 Phœacia's sons! pleasant it is to hear
 A bard like this, sweet as the Gods in song
 The world, in my account, no sight affords
 More gratifying, than a people blest
 With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd
 With guests in order ranged, listening to sounds
 Melodious, and the steaming tables spread
 With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine
 From brimming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around
 No lovelier sight know I. But thou, it seems,
 Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,
 On whom the Gods have shower'd such various woes?
 Learn first my name, that even in this land
 Remote I may be known, and that escaped
 From all adversity, I may requite
 Hereafter this your hospitable care
 At my own home, however distant hence
 I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth,
 For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,
 The offspring of Laertes, my abode
 Is sun-burnt Ithaca, there waving stands
 The mountain Neritus his numerous boughs,

10

15

20

25

And it is neighbour'd close by clustering isles
 All populous, thence Samos is beheld,
 Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.

Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed

30

Toward the West, while, situate apart,

Her sister islands face the rising day,

Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons

Magnanimous, nor shall these eyes behold,

35

Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.

Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot

Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused,

Ææan Circe also, skill'd profound

In potent arts, within her palace long

Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused,

40

But never could they warp my constant mind

So much our parents and our native soil

Attract us most, even although our lot

Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.

But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove

45

Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate

From Troy the winds bore me to Ismarus,

City of the Ciconians, them I slew,

And laid their city waste, whence bringing forth

50

Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it

With equal hand, and each received a share

Next, I exhorted to immediate flight

My people, but in vain, they madly scorn'd

My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,

And sheep and beeves slew numerous on the shore

55

Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,

Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host

And braver, natives of the continent,

Expert, on horses mounted, to maintain

Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot

60

Numerous they came as leaves, or vernal flowers

At day-spring. Then by the decree of Jove,

Misfortune found us At the ships we stood

Piercing each other with the brazen spear,

And till the morning brighten'd into noon,

65

Few as we were, we yet withstood them all,

But when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks

Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd
 Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew
 Perish'd in that dread field , the rest escaped 70

Thus after loss of many we pursued
 Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,
 Went not till first we had invoked by name
 Our friends whom the Ciconians had destroy'd
 But cloud-assembler Jove assal'd us soon 75

With a tempestuous North-wind , earth alike
 And sea with storms he overhung, and night
 Fell fast from heaven Their heads deep plunging oft
 Our gallies flew, and rent, and rent again
 Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind 80

We, fearing instant death, within the barks
 Our canvas lodged, and toiling stenuous, reach'd
 At length the continent Two nights we lay
 Continual there, and two long days consumed
 With toil and grief, but when the beauteous morn 85

Bright-hair'd had brought the third day to a close,
 (Our masts erected, and white sails unfurl'd,)
 Again we sat on board , meantime, the winds
 Well managed by the steersman, urged us on
 And now, all danger pass'd, I had attam'd 90

My native shore, but, doubling in my course
 Malea, waves and currents and North-winds
 Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle
 Nine days by cruel storms thence was I borne
 Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth 95

Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd
 On sweetest fruit alone There quitting ship,
 We landed and drew water, and the crews
 Beside the vessels took their evening cheer
 When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd, 100

I order'd forth my people to inquire
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom
 I join'd an herald, third), what race of men
 Might there inhabit They, departing, mix'd
 With the Lotophagi , nor hostile aught 105

Or savage the Lotophagi devised
 Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste
 The lotus ; of which fruit what man soe'er

Once tasted, no desire felt he to come
 With tidings back, or seek his country more, 110
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce
 All thoughts of home Them, therefore, I constrain'd
 Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath
 The benches, bound him there Then, all in haste, 115
 I urged my people to ascend again
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home
 They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged
 In order, thresh'd with oars the foamy flood 120

Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd
 The land at length, where,¹ giant-sized and free
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell
 They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,
 But earth unsow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them 125
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the showers of Jove
 No councils they convene, no laws contrive,
 But in deep caveins dwell, found on the heads
 Of lofty mountains, judging each supreme 130
 His wife and children, heedless of the rest
 In front of the Cyclopean haven lies
 A level island, not adjoining close
 Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude
 There, wild goats breed numberless, by no foot 135
 Of man molested, never huntsman there,
 Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams
 The dreary woods, or mountain-tops sublime,
 No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,
 But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil, 140
 Year after year a wilderness by man
 Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies
 For no ships crimson-prow'd the Cyclops own,
 Nor naval artizan is there, whose toil
 Might furnish them with oary barks, by which 145
 Subsists all distant commerce, and which bear
 Man o'er the Deep to cities far remote
 Who might improve the peopled isle, that seems

¹ So the Scholium interprets in this place the word ὑπερφιαλος

Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,
In then due season, fruits of every kind. 150
 For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie
 Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail,
 Light is the land, and they might yearly reap
 The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe
 Safe is its haven also, where no need
 Of cable is or anchor, or to lash
 The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in
 His bark, the mannei might there abide
 Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.
 At bottom of the bay runs a clear stream 160
 Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around
 With poplars, down into that bay we steer'd
 Amid the darkness of the night, some God
 Conducting us, for all unseen it lay,
 Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon
 From heaven to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds
 Hence, none the isle descried, nor any saw
 The lofty surge roll'd on the strand, or ere
 Our vessels struck the ground, but when they struck,
 Then, lowering all our sails, we disembark'd, 170
 And on the sea-beach slept till dawn appear'd.
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes
 The isle survey'd, roaming it wide around
 Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats 175
 Bred on the mountains, to supply with food
 The partners of my toils, then, bringing forth
 Bows and long-pointed-javelins from the ships,
 Divided all into three separate bands
 We struck them, and the Gods gave us much prey
 Twelve ships attended me, and every ship 180
 Nine goats received by lot, myself alone
 Selected ten All day, till set of sun,
 We sat eating goat's flesh, and drinking wine
 Delicious without stint, for dearth was none
 Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd, 185
 With which my people had their jars supplied
 What time we sack'd Ciconian Ismaius
 Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land

Where dwell the Cyclops, rising smoke we saw,
And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks
Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)
We slept along the shore, but when again,
The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn
Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began

190

Companions of my course! here rest ye all,
Save my own crew, with whom I will explore
This people, whether wild they be, unjust,
And to contention given, or well-disposed
To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods

195

So speaking, I embark'd, and bade embark
My followers, throwing, quick, the hawsers loose.
They, entering at my word, the benches fill'd
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood
Attaining soon that neighbour-land, we found

200

At its extremity, fast by the sea,
A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above
With laurels, in that cavern slumbering lay
Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court
Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn,

205

With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.
Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote
His flocks fed solitary, converse none
Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust
Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form,

215

Resembling less a man by Ceres' gift
Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain-crag
Tufted with wood, and standing all alone
Enjoining, then, my people to abide

Fast by the ship which they should closely guard,

220

I went, but not without a goat-skin fill'd

With sable wine which I had erst received

From Maron, offspring of Evanthes, priest

Of Phœbus guardian god of Ismarus,

Because through reverence of him, we had saved

Himself, his wife and children, for he dwelt

Amid the grove umbrageous of his God

He gave me, therefore, noble gifts, from him

Seven talents I received of beaten gold,

A beaker, argent all, and after these

225

230

No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,
Rich, unadulterate, drink for Gods, nor knew
One servant, male or female, of that wine
In all his house, none knew it, save himself,
His wife, and the intendant of his stores
Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked
A single cup with twenty from the stream,
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad
A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,
Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain
Charged with an ample goat-skin of this wine
I went, and with a wallet well supplied,
But felt a sudden presage in my soul
That, haply, with terrific force endued,
Some savage would appear, strange to the laws
And privileges of the human race
Few steps convey'd us to his den, but him
We found not, he his flocks pastured abroad
His cavern entering, we with wonder gazed
Around on all, his strainers hung with cheese
Distended wide, with lambs and kids his pens
Close-throng'd we saw, and folded separate
The various charge, the eldest all apart,
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yean'd
Also apart His pails and bowls with whey
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd
Me then my friends first importuned to take
A portion of his cheeses, then to drive
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark
His kids and lambs, and plough the bine again
But me they moved not, happier had they moved!
I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,
Some pledge of hospitality at his hands,
Whose form was such, as should not much bespeak,
When he appear'd, our confidence or love
Then, kindling fire we offer'd to the Gods,
And of his cheeses eating, patient sat
Till home he trudged from pasture Charged he came
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,
Fuel by which to sup Loud crash'd the thorns
Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,

To whose interior nooks we trembling flew	
At once he drove into his spacious cave	
His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,	
But all the males, both rams and goats, he left	275
Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard	
Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge	
To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home That weight	
Not all the oxen from its place had moved	
Of twenty and two wains, with such a rock	280
Immense his den he closed Then down he sat,	
And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats	
All in their turns, her yeanling gave to each,	
Coagulating, then, with brisk dispatch,	
The half of his new milk, he thrust the curd	285
Into his wicker sieves, but stooed the rest	
In pans and bowls—his customary drink	
His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,	
His fuel, and discerning us, enquired,	
Who are ye, strangers? from what distant shore	290
Roam ye the waters? traffic ye? or bound	
To no one port, wander, as pirates use,	
At large the Deep, exposing life themselves,	
And enemies of all mankind beside?	
He ceased, we, dash'd with terror, heard the growl	295
Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,	
To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied	
Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilum home,	
Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport	300
For every wind, and driven from our course,	
Have here arrived, so stood the will of Jove	
We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,	
The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief	
Beyond all others under heaven renown'd,	
So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain	305
Such numerous foes, but since we reach, at last,	
Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,	
Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.	
Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us	
Thy suitors, suppliants are the care of Jove	
The hospitable, he their wrongs resents,	
And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.	310

I ceased, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd
 Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arrived
 Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods 315
 Lest they be wroth The Cyclops little heeds
 Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Powers of Heaven.
 Our race is mightier far, nor shall myself,
 Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain
 From thee or thine, unless my choice be such 320
 But tell me now Where touch'd thy gallant bark
 Our country, on thy first arrival here?
 Remote or nigh? for I would learn the truth
 So spake he, tempting me, but, artful, thus
 I answer'd, penetrating his intent 325
 My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores,
 At yonder utmost promontory dash'd
 In pieces, hurling her against the rocks
 With winds that blew right thither from the sea,
 And I, with these alone, escaped alive 330
 So I, to whom, relentless, answer none
 He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang
 Toward my people, of whom seizing two
 At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor
 He dash'd them, and then brains spread on the ground. 335
 These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepared,
 And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh
 Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones
 We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised
 Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost 340
 When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh
 Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd
 Much undiluted milk, among his flocks
 Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.
 Me, then, my courage prompted to approach 345
 The monster with my sword drawn from the sheath,
 And to transfix him where the vitals wrap
 The liver, but maturer thoughts forbade
 For so, we also had incur'd a death
 Tremendous, wanting power to thrust aside 350
 The rocky mass that closed his cavern-mouth
 By force of hand alone Thus many a sigh
 Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,

Aurora, day spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Look'd forth, then kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd 355
 In order, and her yeanling kid or lamb
 Thrust under each When thus he had perform'd
 His wonted task, two seizing, as before,
 He slew them for his next obscene regale.
 His dinner ended, from the cave he drove 360
 His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease
 That ponderous barrier, and replacing it
 As he had only closed a quiver's lid
 Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks
 Toward the mountain, and me left, the while, 365
 Deep ruminating how I best might take
 Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win
 Deathless renown This counsel pleased me most
 Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club
 Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock, 370
 Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.
 To us, considering it, that staff appear'd
 Tall as the mast of a huge trading bark,
 Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep
 Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk 375
 Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length)
 I gave my men that portion, with command
 To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,
 Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,
 Season'd it in the fire, then covering close 380
 The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,
 For much lay scatter'd on the cavern-floor.
 And now I bade my people cast the lot
 Who of us all should take the pointed brand,
 And grind it in his eye when next he slept 385
 The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those
 Whom most I wished, and I was chosen fifth
 At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks
 Pasturing homeward, and compell'd them all
 Into his cavern, leaving none abroad, 390
 Either through some surmise, or so inclined
 By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.
 The huge rock pull'd into his place again
 At the cave's mouth, he sitting, milk'd his sheep

And goats in order, and her kid or lamb
 Thrust under each, thus, all his work dispatch'd,
 Two more he seized, and to his supper fell
 I then approaching to him, thus address'd
 The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup
 Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine.

395

Lo, Cyclops! this is wine Take this and drink
 After thy meal of man's flesh Taste and learn
 What precious liquor our lost vessel bore
 I brought it hither, purposing to make
 Libation to thee, if to pity inclined
 Thou wouldest dismiss us home But, ah, thy rage
 Is insupportable! thou cruel one!
 Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth
 Will visit *thee* guilty of such excess?

405

I ceased He took and drank, and "hugely pleased
 With that delicious beverage, thus enquired

410

Give me again, and spare not Tell me, too,
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make
 Requital, gratifying also thee
 With somewhat to thy taste We Cyclops own
 A bounteous soil, which yields us also wine
 From clusters large, nourish'd by showers from Jove,
 But this—oh this is from above—a stream
 Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!

415

He ended, and received a second draught,
 Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,
 And, foolish, thrice he drank But when the fumes
 Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,
 With show of amity I thus replied

420

Cyclops! thou hast my noble name enquired,
 Which I will tell thee Give me, in return,
 Thy promised boon, some hospitable pledge.
 My name is Outis³, Outis I am call'd

425

² Αἰνως

³ Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated, and in a passage which he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as *ετιγ-τινος*, which signifies no man, but as *ετιγ-τινος*, making ε-ιν-

At home, abroad, wherever I am known
 So I , to whom he, savage, thus replied 430
 Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,
 Shall be my last regale Be that thy boon

He spake, and downward sway'd, fell resupine,
 With his huge neck aslant All-conquering sleep
 Soon seized him From his gullet gush'd the wine 435
 With human morsels mingled, many a blast
 Sonorous issuing from his glutton maw
 Then thrusting far the spike of olive-wood
 Into the embers glowing on the hearth,
 I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while, 440
 Lest any should, through fear, shrink from his part
 But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,
 Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,
 I bore it to his side Then all my aids
 Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused 445
 Heroic fortitude into our hearts
 They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,
 Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced
 To a superior stand, twirl'd it about
 As when a shipwright with his wimble bores 450
 Tough oaken timber, placed on either side
 Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins,
 So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,
 We twirl'd it in his eye , the bubbling blood 455
 Boil'd round about the brand , his pupil sent
 A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame
 As when the smith an hatchet or large axe
 Tempering with skill, plunges the hissing blade 460
 Deep in cold-water, (whence the strength of steel),
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,
 Fled terrified He, plucking forth the spike 465

in the accusative, consequently as a proper name It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common

From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast
 The implement all bloody far away
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name
 Of every Cyclops dwelling in the caves
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain tops , 470
 They at his cry flocking from every part,
 Circled his den, and of his ail enquired

What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme !
 Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear
 Of night, and break our slumbers ? Fear'st thou lest 475
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks ? or fear'st
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force ?

Them answer'd then, Polypheme from his cave
 Oh, friends ! I die, and Outis gives the blow
 To whom with accents wing'd his friends without 480
 If no man ⁴ harm thee, but thou art alone,
 And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,
 And thou must bear it , yet invoke for aid
 Thy father Neptune, Sovereign of the floods

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd
 That by the fiction only of a name,
 Slight stratagem ! I had deceived them all

Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,
 And, tumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock
 From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down 490
 Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop
 Our egress with his flocks a'load , so dull,
 It seems, he held me, and so ill advised
 I, pondering what means might fittest prove
 To save from instant death (if save I might) 495
 My people and myself, to every shift
 Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one
 Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand
 To me, thus meditating, this appear'd
 The likeliest course The rams well-thriuen were 500
 Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of sable hue
 These, silently, with osier twigs on which

⁴ Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it , but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren

The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,
 Three in one leash , the intermediate bars
 Bore each a man, whom the exterior two
 Preserved, concealing him on either side 505
 Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one
 I had reserved far statelyest of them all)
 Shipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands
 Enfolding fast in his exuberant fleece, 510
 Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine
 We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh
 The sacred dawn , but when, at length, arisen,
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd, 515
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks
 Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes the while
 Stood bleating, unrelieved from the distress
 Of udders overcharged Their master, rack'd
 With pain intolerable, handled yet 520
 The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood,
 But, gross of intellect, suspicion none
 Conceived of men beneath their bodies bound
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd
 With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself, 525
 Whom many a fear molested Polypheme
 The giant strok'd him as he sat, and said,
 My darling ram ! why, latest of the flock
 Comest thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep
 Could leave behind, but stalking at their head, 530
 Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,
 First to arrive at the clear stream, and first
 With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here
 At evening , but, thy practice changed, thou comest
 Now last of all Feel'st thou regret, my ram ! 535
 Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch
 Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,
 And by a crew of vagabonds accursed,
 Followers of Outis, whose escape from death
 Shall not be made to-day ? Ah ! that thy heart 540
 Were as my own, and that distinct as I
 Thou couldst articulate, so shouldst thou tell,

Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath
 Then dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain
 Should fly, and I should lighter feel my harm
 From Outis, wretch base-named and nothing-worth 545

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.
 When thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escaped
 Few paces from the cavern and the court,
 First, quitting my own ram, I loosed my friends, 550

Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship
 Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came
 From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook 555

My brows, by signs commanding them to lift
 The sheep on board, and instant plough the main
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat
 Well ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood ,
 But distant now such length as a loud voice 560

May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclops' ear
 Cyclops! when thou devouredst in thy cave
 With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dst
 The followers of no timid Chief, or base
 Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed 565

Atrocious Monster! who wast not afraid
 To eat the guest shelter'd beneath thy roof!
 Therefore the Gods have well requited thee

I ended, he, exasperate, raged the more,
 And rending from its hold a mountain-top, 570

Hurl'd it toward us, at our vessel's stern
 Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall
 The rudder's head The ocean, at the plunge
 Of that huge rock, high on his refluent flood
 Heaved, irresistible, the ship to land 575

I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,
 Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod
 In silence given, bid my companions ply
 Strenuous their oars, that so we might escape
⁵Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood 580

προπεσοντες

Cleaving⁶, we twice that distance had obtain'd,
Again I hail'd the Cyclops, but my friends
Earnest dissuaded me on every side

Ah, rash Ulysses! why with taunts provoke
The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd 595
A weapon, such as heaved the ship again
To land, where death seem'd certain to us all?
For had he heard a cry, or but the voice
Of one man speaking, he had all our heads
With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd 590
Together, such vast force is in his arm

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd
Unmoved, and thus again, incensed, I spake
Cyclops! should any mortal man inquire
To whom thy shameful loss of sight thou owest, 595
Say, to Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
Laertes' son, native of Ithaca

I ceased, and with a groan thus he replied
Ah me! an ancient oracle I feel
Accomplish'd Herc abode a prophet erst, 600
A man of noblest form, and in his art
Univall'd, Telemus Eurymedes
He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,
Giew old among us, and presaged my loss
Of sight, in future, by Ulysses' hand 605
I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,
Always, of some great Chief, for stature, bulk,
And beauty praised, and clothed with wonderous might
But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,
A shadow, overcame me first by wine, 610
Then quench'd my sight Come hither, O my guest!
Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer
Awaits thee, and my prayers I will prefer
To glorious Neptune for thy prosperous course,
For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God 615
Is proud to be my Sire, he, if he please,
And he alone can heal me, none beside
Of Powers Immortal, or of men below

⁶ The seeming incongruity of this line with line 560, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion See Clarke

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.
 I would that of my life and soul amerced,
 I could as sure dismiss thee down to Hell,
 As none shall heal thy eye—not even He

So I, then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sme
 With hands upraised toward the starry heaven
 Hear, Earth-encloser Neptune, azure-hau'd !

If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast
 Thyself my father, grant that never more
 Ulysses, leveller of hostile towers,
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,
 Behold his native home ! but if his fate
 Decree him yet to see his friends, his house,
 His native country, let him deep-distress'd
 Return and late, all his companions lost,
 Indebted for a ship to foreign aid,
 And let affliction meet him at his door

He spake, and Ocean's sovereign heard his prayer
 Then lifting from the shore a stone of size
 Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd
 The rock, and his immeasurable force
 Exerting all, dismiss'd it Close behind
 The ship, nor distant from the rudder's head,
 Down came the mass The ocean at the plunge
 Of such a weight, high on its refluent flood
 Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land

But when we reach'd the isle where we had left
 Our numerous barks, and where my people sat
 Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,
 We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,
 Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclops' sheep
 Gave equal share to all To me alone
 My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd
 In distribution, my peculiar need
 Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove
 I offer'd on the shore, burning his thighs
 In sacrifice, but Jove my hallow'd rites
 Reck'd not, destruction purposing to all
 My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep
 Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat

Till even-tide, and quaffing generous wine,
But when day fail'd, and night o'ershadow'd all, 660
Then on the shore we slept, and when again
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd
To climb their barks, and cast the hawsers loose
They, all obedient, took their seats on board 665
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.
Thus, 'scaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep
With aching hearts, and with diminish'd crews.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Aeolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last w^th much asperity. He next tells of h.s arrival among the Læstrigonians, bv whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the isla d of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercur, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the internal regions.

WE came to the Aeolian isle, there dwells
 Aeolus, son of Hippotas, beloved
 By the Immortals, in an isle afloat.
 A brazen wall impregnable on all sides
 Girds it, and smooth its rocky coast ascends 5
 His children in his own fair palace bo'n,
 Are twelve, six daughters, and six blooming sons
 He gave his daughters to his sons to wife,
 They with their father hold perpetual feast
 And with their royal mother, still supplied
 With dainties numberless, the sounding dome 10
 Is fill'd with savoury odours all the day,
 And with their consorts chaste at night they sleep
 On stateliest couches with rich arras spread
 Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd
 A month complete he, friendly, at his board 15
 Regaled me, and enquiry made minute
 Of Ilum's fall, of the Achaian fleet,
 And of our voyage thence I told him all
 But now, desirous to embark again, 20
 I ask'd dismission home, which he approved,

And well provided for my prosperous course
 He gave me, furnished by a bullock flay'd
 In his ninth year, a bag, every rude blast
 Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag 25
 Imprison'd held, for him Saturnian Jove
 Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,
 To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will
 He gave me them on board my bark, so bound
 With silver twine that not a breath escaped, 30
 Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill
 Our sails propitious Order vain, alas!
 So fatal proved the folly of my friends
 Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,
 And on the tenth my native land appear'd 35
 Not far remote my Ithacans I saw
 Fires kindling on the coast, but me with toil
 Worn, and with watching, gentle sleep subdued,
 For constant I had ruled the helm, nor given
 That charge to any, fearful of delay 40
 Then, in close conference combined, my crew
 Each other thus bespeak—He carries home
 Silver and gold from Æolus received,
 Offspring of Hippotas, illustrious Chief,
 And thus a mariner the rest harangued 55
 Ye Gods! what city or what land soe'er
 Ulysses visits, how he is beloved
 By all, and honour'd many precious spoils
 He homeward bears from Troy, but we return,
 (We who the self-same voyage have perform'd,) 60
 With empty hands Now also he hath gain'd
 This pledge of friendship from the Kings of winds
 But come—be quick—search we the bag and learn
 What stores of gold and silver it contains
 So he, whose mischievous advice prevail'd 55
 They loosed the bag, forth issued all the winds,
 And caught by tempests o'er the billowy waste,
 Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca
 I then, awaking, in my noble mind
 Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side 60
 Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm
 To endure my sorrows, and consent to live

I calm endured them, but around my head
Winding my mantle, laid me down below,
While adverse blasts boie all my fleet agan
To the Æolian isle, then groan'd my people

65

We disembarke d and drew flesh water there,
And my companions, at their galley's sides
All seated took repast, short meal we made,
When with an herald and a chosen friend

70

I sought once more the hall of Æolus
Him banqueting with all his sons we found,
And with his spouse, we, entering, on the floor
Of his wide portal sat, whom they amazed
Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired

75

Return'd? Ulysses! by what advise Power
Repulsed hast thou arrived? we sent thee hence
Well-fitted forth to reach thy native isle,
Thy palace, or what place soe'er thou would'st

80

So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied,
My worthless crew have wrong'd me, nor alone
My worthless crew, but sleep ill-timed, as much
Yet heal, O friends, my hurt, the power is yours!

So I their favour woo'd Mute sat the sons,
But thus their father answer'd Hence—begone—
Leave this our isle, thou most obnoxious wretch
Of all mankind I should, myself, transgress,
Receiving here, and giving conduct hence
To one detested by the Gods as thou
Away—for hated by the Gods thou comest

85

So saying, he sent me from his palace forth,
Groaning profound, thence, therefore, o'er the Deep
We still proceeded sorrowful, our force
Exhausting ceaseless at the toilsome oar,
And through our own imprudence, hopeless now
Of other furtherance to our native isle
Six days we navigated, day and night,
The briny flood, and on the seventh reach'd
The city erst by Lamus built sublime,
Proud Læstrigonia, with the distant gates

95

¹ The herdsman, there, driving his cattle home,

100

¹ It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gadflies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep

Summons the shepherd with his flocks abroad
 The sleepless there might double wages earn,
 Attending, now, the herds, now tending sheep,
 For the night-pastures, and the pastures grazed
 By day, close border, both, the city-walls
 To that illustrious port we came, by rocks
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side
 Of towering height, while prominent the shores
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth
 Leave narrow pass. We push'd our galleys in,
 Then moor'd them side by side, for never surge
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood
 Myself alone, staying my bark without,
 Secured her well with hawsers to a rock
 At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,
 And spying stood the country Labours none
 Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,
 Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth
 Smoke rising, therefore of my friends I sent
 Before me two, adding an herald third,
 To learn what race of men that country fed.
 Departing, they an even track pursued
 Made by the waggons bringing timber down
 From the high mountains to the town below
 Before the town a virgin bearing forth
 Her ewer they met, daughter of him who ruled
 The Læstrygonian race, Antiphatas
 Descending from the gate she sought the fount
 Aitacia, for their custom was to draw
 From that pure fountain for the city's use
 Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd
 What king reigned there, and over whom he reign'd
 She gave them soon to know where stood sublime
 The palace of her Sire, no sooner they
 The palace enter'd, than within they found,
 In size resembling an huge mountain-top,

a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn It is one of the few passages in Homer that must lie at the mercy of conjecture

A woman, whom they shudder'd to behold
 She forth from council summon'd quick her spouse 140
 Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts
 Of carnage, and arriving seized at once
 A Grecian, whom, next moment, he devoured
 With headlong terror the surviving two
 Fled to the ships Then sent Antiphatas 145
 His voice through all the town, and on all sides,
 Hearing that cry, the Laestrygonians flock'd
 Numberless, and in size resembling more
 The giants than mankind They from the rocks
 Cast down into our fleet enormous stones, 150
 A strong man's burden each, dire din arose
 Of shatter'd galleys and of dying men,
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,
 A loathsome prey While them within the port
 They slaughter'd, I (the faulchion at my side 155
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawser of my ship,
 And all my crew enjoin'd, with bosoms laid,
 Plone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine
 Together, and the galley from beneath 160
 Those 'beitling rocks into the open sea
 Shot gladly, but the rest all perish'd there
 Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,
 Glad hat we lived, but sorrowing for the slain
 We came to the *Ææan* isle, there dwelt 165
 The avful Circe, Goddess amber-hair'd,
 Deep kill'd in magic song, sister by birth
 Of the all-wise *Æætes*, them the Sun,
 Brightluminairy of the world, begat
 On Pese, daughter of Oceanus 170
 Our vesel therie, noiseless, we push'd to land
 Within a spacious haven, thither led
 By som celestial Power We disembark'd,
 And on the coast two days and nights entire
 Extend'd lay, worn with long toil, and each 175
 The victim of his heart-devouring woes
 Then wu my spear, and with my faulchion arm'd,
 I left the ship to climb with hasty steps

An airy height, thence hoping to espy
 Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice. 180

Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point
 I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld
 Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom
 Of trees and thickets rose That smoke discern'd,
 I ponder'd next if thither I should haste, 185

Seeking intelligence Long time I mused,
 But chose at last, as my discreeter course,
 To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,
 And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch
 Before me others, who should first enquire 190

But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,
 Some God with pity viewing me alone
 In that untrodden solitude, sent forth
 An antler'd stag full-sized into my path
 His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream, 195

For he was thirsty, and already parch'd
 By the sun's heat Him issuing from his haunt,
 Sheer through the back, beneath his middle spine,
 I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond
 Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired 200

Then treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd
 My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,
 I tore away the osiers with my hands
 And sallows green, and to a fathom's length
 Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band, 205

Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,
 And, sling ing him athwart my neck, repair'd
 Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,
 Which now to carry shoulder'd as before
 Surpass'd my power, so bulky was the load 210

Arriving at the ship, there I let fall
 My burthen, and with pleasant speech and kind,
 Man after man addressing, cheer'd my crew.
 My friends! we suffer much, but shall not seek
 The shades, ere yet our destined hour arrive. 215

Behold a feast! and we have wine on board,—
 Pine not with needless famine, rise and eat
 I spake, they readily obey'd, and each

The galley stood, admiring, as he lay, 220
 The stag, for of no common bulk was he
 At length, then eyes gratified to the full
 With that glad spectacle, they laved their hands,
 And preparation made of noble cheer
 That day complete, till set of sun, we spent 225
 Feasting deliciously without restraint,
 And quaffing generous wine but when the sun
 Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,
 Extended then on Ocean's bank we lay,
 And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 230
 Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew
 To council, I arose, and thus began
 My fellow-voyagers, however worn
 With numerous hardships, hear! for neither West 235
 Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets
 The all enlight'ning sun But let us think,
 If thought perchance may profit us, of which
 Small hope I see, for when I lately climb'd
 Yon craggy rock, plainly I could discern
 The land encompass'd by the boundless Deep 240
 The isle is flat, and in the midst I saw
 Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bower
 So I, whom hearing, they all courage lost,
 And at remembrance of Antiphatas
 The Laestrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds, 245
 Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man,
 Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail
 Then, numbering man by man, I parted them
 In equal portions, and assign'd a Chief
 To either band, myself to these, to those 250
 Godlike Eurylochus This done, we cast
 The lots into the helmet, and at once
 Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus
 He went, and with him of my people march'd
 Twenty and two, all weeping, nor ourselves 255
 Wept less, at separation from our friends
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built
 With hewn and polish'd stones, compass'd she dwelt
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves 260

Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious powers.
 Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends
 Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,
 Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail
 As, when from feast he rises, dogs around
 Their master fawn, accustom'd to receive
 The sop conciliatory from his hand,
 Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves
 And lions fawn'd They, terrified, that troop
 Of savage monsters horrible beheld.

265

And now before the Goddess' gates arrived,
 They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet
 Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove
 An ample web immoital, such a work
 Transparent, graceful, and of bright design
 As hands of Goddesses alone produce
 Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend
 Highest in my esteem, the rest bespeak

270

Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves
 An ample web within, and at her task
 So sweetly chaunts that all the marble floor
 Re-echoes, human be she or divine
 I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn

275

He ceased, they call'd, soon issuing at the sound,
 The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates,
 And bade them in, they, heedless, all complied,
 All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare.
 She, introducing them, conducted each
 To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,
 With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new,
 But medicated with her poisonous drugs
 Their food, that in oblivion they might lose
 The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—
 When smiting each with her enchanting wand,
 She shut them in her sties In head, in voice,
 In body, and in bristles they became
 All swine, yet intellected as before,
 And at her hand were dieted alone
 With acorns, chestnuts, and the cornel-fruit,
 Food grateful ever to the grovelling swine.

285

290

295

Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,

300

To tell the woful tale , struggling to speak
 Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfxt
 With anguish, and his eyes deluged with tears
 Me boding terrois occupied At length,
 When, gazing on him, all had oft inquired,
 He thus rehearsed to us the dreadful change

305

Renown'd Ulysses ! as thou badest, we went
 Through yonder oaks , there, bosom'd in a vale,
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome
 Within, some Goddess or some woman wove
 An ample web, carolling sweet the while
 They call'd aloud , she, issuing at the voice,
 Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide,
 And bade them in Heedless they enter'd, all,
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare
 Ere long the whole band vanish'd, none I saw
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd

310

He ended , I my studded faulchion huge
 Athwart my shouldei cast, and seized my bow,
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way
 Himself had gone , but with both hands my knees
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.

315

My King ! ah lead me not unwilling back,
 But leave me here , for confident I judge
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,
 Nor come thyself again Haste—fly we swift
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape

320

So he, to whom this answer I return'd
 Euiylochus ! abiding here, eat thou
 And drinck thy fill beside the sable bark ,
 I go , necessity forbids my stay

325

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.
 But ere that awful vale entering, I reach'd
 The palace of the sorceress, a God
 Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,
 Hermes He seem'd a stripling in his prime,
 His cheeks clothed only with their earliest down,
 For youth is then most graceful, fast he lock'd
 His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake

330

Unhappy ! whither, wandering o'er the hills,

335

Stranger to all this region, and alone,
 Goest thou? Thy people—they within the walls
 Are shut of Circe, where as swine close-pent
 She keeps them Comest thou to set them free?
 I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return
 Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest
 Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,
 And will preserve thee Take this precious drug, 345
 Possessing this, enter the Goddess' house
 Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm
 Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts
 Of Circe, learn them She will mix for thee
 A potion, and will also drug thy food 350
 With noxious herbs, but she shall not prevail
 By all her power to change thee, for the force
 Superior of this noble plant, my gift,
 Shall baffle her Hear still what I advise.
 When she shall smite thee with her slender rod, 360
 With faulchion drawn and with death-threatening locks
 Rush on her, she will bid thee to her bed
 Affrighted, then beware Decline not thou
 Her love, that she may both release thy friends,
 And may with kindness entertain thyself 365
 But force her swear the dreaded oath of Heaven
 That she will other mischief none devise
 Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,
 And quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile
 So spake the Argicide, and from the earth 370
 That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,
 Then taught me all its powers Black was the root,
 Milk-white the blossom, Moly is its name
 In heaven, not easily by mortal man
 Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods 375
 Then Hermes through the island-woods repair'd
 To heaven, and I to Circe's dread abode,
 In gloomy musings busied as I went
 Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt
 The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps 380
 I call'd aloud, she heard me, and at once
 Issuing, threw her splendid portals wide,
 And bade me in I follow'd, heart-distress'd

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Leading me by the hand to a bright th' one
 With ardent studs embellish'd, and beneath
 Foot-stool'd magnificent, she made me sit.
 Then mingling for me in a golden cup
 My beverage, she infused a drug, intent
 On mischief, but when I had drunk the draught
 Unchanged, she smote me with her wand, and said 385

Hence—seek the sty There wallow with thy friends
 She spake, I drawing from beside my thigh
 My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks
 Rush'd on her, she with a shrill scream of fe're
 Ran under my raised arm, seized fast my knees, 390
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began

Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare
 Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd,
 Yet unenchanted, never man before
 Once pass'd it through his lips, and lived the same,
 But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof 400
 Against all charms Come then—I know thee well
 Thou art Ulysses artifice-renown'd,
 Of whose arrival here in his return
 From Ilum, Hermes of the golden wand 405
 Was ever wont to tell me Sheath again
 Thy sword, and let us on my bed reclined,
 Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth
 Each other, without jealousy or fear

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied. 410
 O Circe! canst thou bid me meek become
 And gentle, who beneath thy roof dwelt i'st
 My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine?
 And fearing my escape, invitest thou me
 Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext 415
 Of love, that there enfeebling by thy arts
 My noble spirit, thou may'st make me vile?
 No—trust me—never will I share thy bed
 Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear
 That dread all-binding oath, that other harm 420
 Against myself thou wilt imagine none

I spake She swearing as I bade, renounced
 All evil purpose, and (her solemn oath
 Concluded,) I ascended next her bed

Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs
Attended on the service of the house, 425
Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,
And from the sacred streams that seek the sea
Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,
Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread ,
Another placed before the gorgeous seats 430
Bright tables, and set on baskets of gold
The third, an argent beaker filled with wine
Delicious, which in golden cups she served ,
The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within
An ample vase, and when the simmeing flood 435
Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,
And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse
Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs,
Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd
When she had bathed me, and with lmpid oil 440
Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest
And mantle, next she led me to a throne
Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,
And footstool'd soft beneath , then came a nymph
With golden ewer charged and silver bowl, 445
Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed
The polish'd board before me, which with food
Various, selected from her present stores,
The cateless spread, then, courteous, bade me eat
But me it pleased not , with far other thoughts 450
My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent
Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my seat
Fast-rooted, sullen, nor with outstretch'd hands
Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd,
And in wing'd accents suasive thus began 455
Why sits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thoughts
His only food ? loathes he the touch of meat,
And taste of wine ? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,
Some other snare, but idle is that fear,
For I have sworn the inviolable oath 460
She ceased, to whom this answer I return'd.
How can I eat ? what virtuous man and just,
O Circe ! could endure the taste of wine
Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends 465

Once more at liberty? If then thy wish
That I should eat and drink be true, produce
My captive people, let us meet again

So I, then Circe, bearing in her hand
Her potent rod, went forth, and opening wide
The door, drove out my people from the sty,
In bulk resembling brawns of the ninth year
They stood before me, she though all the herd
Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote

Anointed each, and at the wholesome touch
All shed the swinish bristles by the drug,
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced
Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd
More vigorous far, and sightlier than before
They knew me, and with grasp affectionate
Hung on my hand Tears follow'd, but of joy,
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang
Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,
Compassion, and, approaching me, began

Læertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Hence to the shoen, and to thy gallant bark,
First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all
Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come
Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends

So spake the Goddess, and my generous mind
Persuaded, thence repairing to the beach,
I sought my ship, arrived, I found my crew
Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks
With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side
As when the calves within some village rear'd
Behold, at eve, the herd returning home
From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,
No longer in the stalls contain'd, they rush
With many a fiisk abroad, and, blairng oft,
With one consent all dance their dams around,
So they, at sight of me, dissolved in tears
Of rapturous joy, and each his spirit felt
With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd
Just then his country, and his city seen,
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.

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Noble Ulysses ! thy appearance fills
Our soul with transports, such as we should feel
Arrived in safety on our native shore

Speak—say how perish'd our unhappy friends ?

510

So they , to whom this answer mild I gave
Hale we our vessel first ashore, and hide
In caverns all our treasures and our arms,
Then, hastening hence, follow me, and ere long
Ye shall behold your friends, beneath the roof
Of Circe banqueting and drinking wine
Abundant, for no dearth attends them there

515

So I , whom all with readiness obey'd,
All save Eurylochus , he sought alone
To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed

520

Ah, whither tend we, miserable men ?
Why covet ye this evil, to go down
To Circe's palace ? she will change us all
To lions, wolves, or swine, that we may guard
Her palace, by necessity constrain'd
So some were prisoners of the Cyclops erst,
When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends
Intruded needlessly into his cave,
And perish'd by the folly of their Chief

525

He spake, whom hearing, occupied I stood
In self-debate, whether, my faulchion keen
Forth-drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,
Although he were my kinsman in the bonds
Of close affinity , but all my friends,
As with one voice, thus gently interposed

530

Noble Ulysses ! we will leave him here
Our vessel's guard, if such be thy command,
But us lead thou to Circe's dread abode

535

So saying, they left the galley, and set forth
Climbing the coast, nor would Eurylochus
Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd
His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed
Meantime the Goddess, busily employ'd,
Bathed and refresh'd my friends with limpid oil,
And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all
Banqueting in the palace , there they met ,

540

545

These ask'd and those rehearsed the wondrous tale,
And the recital made, all wept aloud
Till the wide dome resounded Then approach'd
The graceful Goddess, and addressed me thus 550
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears
I am not ignorant, myself, how dread
Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep,
And on the land by force of hostile powers 555
But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so
Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye
Courageous grow again, as when ye left
The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home
For now, through recollection, day by day, 560
Of all your pains and toils, ye are become
Spirited, strengthless, and the taste forgot
Of pleasure, such have been your numerous woes
 She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd,
And won us to her will There then we dwelt
The year complete, fed with delicious fare
Day after day, and quaffing generous wine
But when (the year fulfill'd) the cycling hours
Then course resumed, and the successive months 570
With all their tedious days were spent, my friends,
Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me
 Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed
The fates ordain thee to revisit sate
That country, and thy own glorious abode 575
 So they, whose admonition I received
Well-pleased Then, all the day, regaled we sat
At Circe's board with savoury viands rare,
And quaffing richest wine, but when, the sun
Declining, darkness overshadow'd all, 580
Then, each within the dusky palace took
Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed
Magnificent ascending, there I urged
My earnest suit, which gracious she received,
And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake 585
 O Circe! let us prove thy promise true,
Dismiss us hence My own desires, at length,
Tend homeward vehement, and the desires

No less of all my friends, who with complaints
Unheard by thee, wear my sad heart away

590

So I , to whom the Goddess in return
Laertes' noble son, Ulysses famed
For deepest wisdom ! dwell not longer here,
Thou and thy followers, in my abode
Reluctant But your next must be a course
Far different , hence departing, ye must seek
The dreary house of Ades and of dread
Persephone, there to consult the Seer
Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest
With faculties which death itself hath spared
To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen
Gives still to prophecy, while others fit
Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were

595

She spake, and by her words dash'd from my soul
All courage , weeping on the bed I sat,
Reckless of life and of the light of day
But when, with tears and rolling to and fro
Satiate, I felt relief, thus I replied

600

O Circe ! with what guide shall I perform
This voyage, unperform'd by living man ?

610

I spake, to whom the Goddess quick replied
Brave Laetiades ! let not the fear
To want a guide distress thee Once on board,
Your mast erected, and your canvas white
Unful'd, sit thou , the breathing North shall waft
Thy vessel on But when ye shall have cross'd
The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach
The oozy shorè, where grow the poplai groves
And fruitless willows wan of Proseipine,
Push thither through the gulfy Deep thy bark,
And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode
There, into Acheron runs not alone
Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,
From Styx derived , there also stands a rock,
At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet
There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,
O Hero ! scoop the soil, opening a trench
Ell-broad on every side ; then pour around
Libation consecrate to all the dead,

615

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First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,	630
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all	
Next supplicate the unsubstantial forms,	
Feavently of the dead, vowed to slay,	
(Returnd to Ithaca) in thy own house,	
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best	635
Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile	
With delicacies such as please the shades,	
But, in peculiar, to Thesias vow	
A sable-ram, noblest of all thy flocks	
When thus thou hast propitiated with prayer	640
All the illustrious nations of the dead,	
Next thou shalt sacrifice to them a ram	
And sable ewe, turning the face of each	
Right toward Erebos, and look thyself,	
Meantime, askance toward the river's course	645
Souls numerous, soon, of the departed dead	
Will thither flock, then stentuous urge thy friends,	
Flaying the victims which thy ruthless steel	
Hath slain, to burn them, and to soothe by prayer	
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine	650
While thus 's done, thou seated at the foss,	
Faulchion in hand, chase thence the any forms	
Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,	
Till with Thesias thou have first conferr'd	
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shal himself	655
Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course	
Delineate, measuring from place to place	
Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood	
While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,	
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph	660
Next cloth'd herself, and girding to her waist	
With an embroidered zone her snowy robe	
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head	
Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused	
My followers, standing at the side of each—	665
Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,	
For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advised	
So I, whose early summons my brave friends	
With readiness obey'd Yet even thence	
I brought not all my crew There was a youth,	670

Youngest of all my train, Elpenor, one
Not much in estimation for desert
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,
Who, overcharged with wine, and covetous
Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof
Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest
Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,
And in his haste, forgetful where to find
The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outstretch'd he lay, his spirit sought the shades

Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward course,
But Circe points me to the drear abode
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer

I ended, and the hearts of all alike
Felt consternation, on the earth they sat
Disconsolate, and plucking each his han,
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found

But while we sought my galley on the beach,
With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,
Our cheeks, meantime the Goddess to the shore
Descending, bound within the bark a ram
And sable ewe, passing us unperceived
For who hath eyes that can discern a God
Going or coming, if he shun the view?

BOOK XI

A R G U M E N T.

Ulysses relates to Alcinous his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there

ARRIVING on the shore, and launching, first,
 Our bark into the sacred Deep, we set
 Our mast and sails, and stow'd secure on board
 The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts
 Sad and disconsolate, embark'd ourselves 5
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along 10
 All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep
 She flew, and when the sun at length declined,
 And twilight dim had shadow'd all the wavs
 Approach'd the boun' of Ocean's vast profound
 The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands 15
 With clouds and darkness ve'l'd, on whom the sun
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when
 Earthward he slopes again his westering¹ wheels,
 But sad night canopies the woful race 20
 We haled the bark aground, and landing there
 The ram and sable ewe, journey'd beside
 The Deep, till we arrived where Circe bade
 Here Penimides' son Eurylochus
 Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I 25
 Scoop'd with my sword the soil, opening a trench
 Ell-broad on every side, then pour'd around

¹ Milton

Libation consecrate to all the dead,
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all
 This done, adoring the unreal forms
 And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay,
 (Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,
 An heifer barren yet, fairest and best
 Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile
 With delicacies, such as please the shades
 But in peculiar, to the Theban see
 I vow'd a sable ram, largest and best
 Of all my flocks When thus I had implored,
 With vows and prayer, the nations of the dead,
 Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both
 To bleed into the trench, then swarming came
 From Erebus the shades of the deceased,
 Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe
 Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief
 Came also many a warrior by the spear
 In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,
 And all the multitude around the foss
 Stalk'd shrieking dreadful, me pale hoilo seized
 I next, importunate, my people urged,
 Flaying the victims which myself had slain,
 To burn them, and to supplicate in prayer
 Illustrious Plato and dread Poseipne
 Then down I sat, and with drawn faulchion chased
 The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood,
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer

The spirit, first, of my companion came,
 Elpenor, for no burial honours yet
 Had he received, but we had left his corse
 In Circe's palace, tombless, undeplored,
 Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares
 Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,
 And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespeak

Elpenor! how camest thou into the realms
 Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far
 Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?
 So I, to whom with tears he thus replied
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

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Fool'd by some daemon and the intemperate bowl,
I perish'd in the house of Circe, there 70
The deep-descending steps heedless I miss'd,
And fell precipitated from the roof.
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ
Outstretch'd I lay, my spirit sought the shades
But now, by those whom thou hast left at home,
By thy Penelope, and by thy sue, 75
The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,
And by thy only son Telemachus,
I make my suit to thee For sure, I know,
That from the house of Pluto safe return'd, 80
Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor
At the Ææan isle Ah! there arrived
Remember me Leave me not undeplored
Nor uninhumed, lest, for my sake, the Gods
In vengeance visit thee, but with my arms 85
(What arms soe'er I left) burn me, and raise
A kind memorial of me on the coast,
Heap'd high with ea'th, that an unhappy man
May yet enjoy an unfoigotten name
Thus do at my request, and on my hill 90
Funereal plant the oar with which I row'd,
While yet I lived a mariner of thine.

He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.
Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire
Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held, 95
With outstretch'd faulchion, I guaiding the blood,
And my companion's shadowy semblance sad
Meantime discoursing me on various themes
Th' soul of my departed mother, next,
Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave 100
Autlycus, whom when I sought the shores
Of Ilium, I had living left at home
Seeing her, wth compassion touch'd, I wept,
Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)
Forbad, relentless, to approach the blood, 105
Till wth Tiresias I should first confei
Then came the spirit of the Theban seer
Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,
Who kiew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapless Chief! leaving the cheerful day,
Arrivest thou to behold the dead and this
Unpleasant land? but, from the trench awhile
Receding, turn thy faulchion keen away,
That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth

110

He spake, I thence receding, deep infix'd
My sword bright-studded in the sheath again
The noble prophet then, approaching, drank
The blood, and satisfied, address'd me thus

115

Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,
Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make
That voyage difficult, for, as I judge,
Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceived,
Whose anger follows thee, for that thou hast
Deprived his son the Cyclops of his eye
At length, however, after numerous woes
Endured, thou may'st attain thy native isle,
If thy own appetite thou wilt control
And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark
Well-built, shall at Thrinacia's² shore arrive,
Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep
There shall ye find grazing the flocks and herds
Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,
Which, if attentive to thy safe return,
Thou leave unharm'd, though after numerous woes
Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca
But if thou violate them, I denounce
Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,
And though thyself escape, late shalt thou reach
Thy home and ³hard-bested, in a strange bark,
All thy companions lost, trouble beside
Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within
Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste
Thy substance, and with promised spousal gifts
Ceaseless solicit her to wed, yet well
Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds
That once perform'd, and every suitor slain

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² The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *euphonice* by Homer, Thrinacia

³ The expression is used by Milton, and signifies—Beset with many difficulties

Either by stratagem, or face to face	
In thy own palace, bearing, as thou goest,	
A shapely oar, journey till thou hast found	150
A people who the sea know not, nor eat	
Food salted, they trim galley crimson-prow'd	
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,	
With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves	
Well thou shalt know them, this shall be the sign	
When thou shalt meet a traveller, who shall name	155
The oar on thy broad shoulder borne, a van, ⁴	
There, deep infixing it within the soil,	
Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,	
A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek	
Thy home again, and sacrifice at home	160
An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,	
Adoing each duly, and in his course	
So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,	
Remote from Ocean, it shall find thee late,	
In soft serenity of age, the Chief	165
Of a blest people—I have told thee truth	
He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd	
Tiresias! thou, I doubt not, hast reveal'd	
The ordinance of heaven But tell me, Seer!	
And truly I behold my mother's shade,	170
Silent she sits beside the blood, nor wold	
Nor even look vouchsafes to her own son	
How shall she lean, prophet! that I am heir?	
So I, to whom Tiresias quick replied	
The course is easy Learn it, taught by me	175
What shade soe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,	
Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth,	
The rest, prohibited, will all retire	
When thus the spirit of the royal Seer	
Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again	180
He entered Pluto's gates, but I unmoved	
Still waited till my mother's shade approach'd,	
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words	
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began	
My son! how hast thou enter'd, still alive,	185

⁴ Mistaking the ear for a corn-van A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns

This darksome region ? Difficult it is
 For living man to view the realms of death
 Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,
 But chief, the Ocean, which to pass on foot,
 Or without ship, impossible is found
 Hast thou, long-wandering in thy voyage home
 From Ilium, with thy ship and crew arrived,
 Ithaca and thy consort yet unseen ?

190

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd
 My mother ! me necessity constrain'd
 To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult
 Theban Tiresias , for I have not yet
 Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the shore
 Of Ithaca, but suffering ceaseless woe
 Have roam'd, since first in Agamemnon's train
 I went to combat with the sons of Troy
 But speak, my mother, and the truth alone ,
 What stroke of fate slew *thee* ? Fell'st thou a prey
 To some slow malady ? or by the shafts
 Of gentle Dian suddenly subdued ?

195

Speak to me also of my ancient Sire,
 And of Telemachus, whom I left at home ,
 Possess I still unalienate and safe
 My property, or hath some happier Chief
 Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd,
 No hope subsisting more of my return ?
 The mind and purpose of my wedded wife
 Declare thou also Dwells she with our son
 Faithful to my domestic interests,
 Or is she wedded to some Chief of Greece ?

205

I ceased, when thus the venerable shade
 Not so , she faithful still and patient dwells
 Thy roof beneath , but all her days and nights
 Devoting sad to anguish and to tears
 Thy fortunes still are thine , Telemachus
 Cultivates, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits
 At many a noble banquet, such as well
 Beseems the splendour of his princely state,
 For all invite him. At his farm retired
 Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes
 For aught , nor bed, nor furniture of bed,

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Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,
 But with his servile hinds all winter sleeps
 In ashes and in dust at the hearth-side,
 Coarsely attned, again, when summer comes, 230
 Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves
 In any nook, not curious where, he finds
 An humble couch among his fruitful vines
 There, stretch'd forlorn, nourishing grief, he weeps
 Thy lot, enfeebled now by numerous years 235
 So perish'd I, such fate I also found,
 Me, neither the right-aiming archeress struck,
 Diana, with her gentle shafts, nor me
 Distemper slew, my limbs by slow degrees,
 But sure, bereaving of their little life, 240
 But long regret, tender solicitude,
 And recollection of thy kindness past,
 These, my Ulysses' fatal proved to me

She said, I ardent wish'd to clasp the shade
 Of my departed mother, thrice I spriang 245
 Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,
 And thrice she fitteth from between my arms
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream
 Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd
 With filial earnestness I thus replied 250

My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt
 To clasp thee, that even here, in Pluto's realm,
 We might to full satiety indulge
 Our grief enfolded in each other's arms?
 Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd 255
 A shadow to me, to augment my woe?

Then, instant, thus the venerable form
 Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!
 On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes
 No any semblance vain, but such the state 260
 And nature is of mortals once deceased
 For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone,
 All those (the spirit from the body once
 Divorced) the violence of fire consumes,
 And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away 265
 But haste thou back to light, and taught thyself
 These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse

Thus mutual we conferr'd Then, thither came,
 Encouraged forth by royal Proserpine,
 Shades female numerous, all who consorts, erst,
 Or daughters were of mighty Chiefs renown'd
 About the sable blood frequent they swarm'd
 But I considering sat, how I might each
 Interrogate, and thus resolved My sword
 Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,
 Fum I prohibited the ghosts to drink
 The blood together, they successive came,
 Each told her own distress, I question'd all

There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld,
 She claim'd Salmoneus as her sire, and wife
 Was once of Cretheus, son of Æolus
 Enamou'd of Enipeus, stream divine,
 Loveliest of all that water earth, beside
 His limpid current she was wont to stray,
 When Ocean's God (Enipeus' form assumed)
 Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth
 Embraced her, there, while the o'er-arching flood,
 Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God
 And his fair human bride, her virgin zone
 He loosed, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffused
 His amorous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd
 Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year
 Shall tend to consummation of its course,
 Thou shalt produce illustrious twins, for love
 Immortal never is unfruitful love
 Rear them with all a mother's care, meantime,
 Hence to thy home Be silent Name it not
 For I am Neptune, Shaker of the shores

So saying, he plunged into the billowy Deep
 She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,
 Both valiant ministers of mighty Jove.
 In wide-spread Iaolchus Pelias dwelt,
 Of numerous flocks possess'd, but his abode
 Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose
 To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph
 Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres bore,
 And Amythaon of equestrian fame.

270

273

280

285

290

295

300

305

I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,
Antiope; she glорied to have known
The embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought
A double progeny, Amphion named
And Zethus; they the seven-gated Thebes
Founded and girded with strong towers, because,
Though puissant Heroes both, in spacious Thebes,
Unfenced by towers, they could not dwell secure.

310

Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon,
I saw; she in the arms of sovereign Jove
The lion-hearted Hercules conceived,
And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight
His daughter Megara, by the noble son
Unconquer'd of Amphitryon espoused.

320

The beauteous Epicaste⁵ saw I then,
Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incur'd
Prodigious, wedded unintentional
To her own son; his father first he slew,
Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulged.
He, under vengeance of offended heaven,
In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, King
Of the Cadmean race; she to the gates
Of Ades brazen-barr'd despairing went,
Self-strangled by a cord fasten'd aloft
To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd
(Such as the Fury sisters execute
Innumerable) to her guilty son.

325

330

335

There also saw I Chloris, loveliest fair,
Whom Neleus woo'd and won with spousal gifts
Inestimable, by her beauty charm'd.

She youngest daughter was of Iasus' son,
Amphion, in old time a sovereign prince

340

In Minucian Orchomenus,
And King of Pylus. Three illustrious sons
She bore to Neleus, Nestor, Chromius,
And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,
And, last, produced a wonder of the earth,
Pero, by every neighbour prince around
In marriage sought; but Neleus her on none
Deign'd to bestow, save only on the Chief

345

⁵ By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

Who should from Phylace drive off the beeves (Broad-fronted, and with jealous care secured)	350
Ot valiant Iphicles One undertook	
That task alone, a prophet high in fame,	
Melampus , but the Fates fast bound him there	
In rigorous bonds by rustic hands imposed	
At length (the year, with all its months and days	355
Concluded, and the new-born year begun)	
Illustrious Iphicles released the seer,	
Grateful ⁶ for all the oracles resolved,	
Till then obscure So stood the will of Jove	
Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus, I saw,	360
Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,	
Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed	
They prisoners in the fertile womb of earth,	
Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove	
High privilege gain , alternate they revive	365
And die, and dignity partake divine	
The consort of Aloeus, next, I view'd,	
Iphimedea , she the embrace profess'd	
Of Neptune to have shai'd, to whom she bo're	
Two sons , short-lived they were, but godlike both,	370
Otus and Ephialtes fa-i-ienown'd	
On sole e..cept, all-bounteous Earth	
Ne'er nourish'd forms for beauty or for size	
To be admired as theis , in his ninth year	
Each measured, broad, nine cubits, and the height	375
Was found nine ells of each Against the Gods	
Themselves they threaten'd war, and to excite	
The din of battle in the realms above	
To the Olympian summit they essay'd	
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown	380
Branch-waving Pelion , so to climb the heavens	
Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,	
To accomplish that emprise, but them the son ⁷	
Of radiant-hau'd Latona and of Jove	
Slew both, e'e yet the down of blooming youth	385

⁶ Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them , a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him

⁷ Apollo

Thick-sprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,
And Ariadne for her beauty praised,
Whose sire was all-wise Minos Theseus her
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore 390
Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,
For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts
In Dia, Bacchus^b witnessing her crime

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,
And odious Euphyle, who received 395
The price in gold of her own husband's life

But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,
And all their daughters, can I not relate,
Night, first, would fail, and even now the hour
Calls me to rest either on board my bark, 400
Or here, meantime, I in yourselves confide,
And in the Gods to shape my conduct home

He ceased, the whole assembly silent sat,
Charm'd into ecstasy by his discourse
Throughout the twilight hall, till, at the last, 405
Areta ivory-arm'd them thus bespeak

Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes
This stranger, graceful as he is in poit,
In stature noble, and in mind discreet?
My guest he is, but ye all share with me 410
That honour, him dismiss not, therefore, hence
With haste, nor from such indigence withhold
Supplies gratuitous, for ye are rich,
And by kind heaven with rare possessions blest

The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief
Now ancient, eldest of Phæacia's sons

You, prudent Queen, my friends, speaks not beside
Her proper scope, but as beseems her well
Her voice obey, yet the effect of all
Must on Alcinous himself depend 420

To whom Alcinous, thus, the King, replied
I ratify the word So shall be done,
As surely as myself shall live supreme
O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain

^a Bacchus accused her to Diana of having lain with Theseus in his temple, and the Goddess punished her with death

Then let the guest, though anxious to depart,
Wait till the morrow, that I may complete
The whole donation. His safe conduct home
Shall be the general care, but mine in chief,
To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs

425

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise.

430

Alcinous! Prince! exalted high o'er all
Phœacia's sons! should ye solicit, kind,
My stay throughout the year, preparing still
My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts
Enriching me the while, even that request
Should please me well, the wealthier I return'd,
The happier my condition, welcome more
And more respectable I should appear
In every eye, to Ithaca restored

435

To whom Alcinous answer thus return'd
Ulysses! viewing thee, no fears we feel
Lest thou, at length, some false pretender prove,
Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few
Disseminated o'er its face the earth
Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame
Fables, where fables could be least surmised
Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind
Proclaim *thee* different far, who hast in strains
Musical as a poet's voice, the woes
Rehearsed of all thy Grecians, and thy own.

440

But say, and tell me true Beheld'st thou there
None of thy followers to the walls of Troy
Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—
A night of utmost length, nor yet the hour
Invites to sleep Tell me thy wondrous deeds,
For I could watch till sacred dawn, couldst thou
So long endure to tell me of thy toils

450

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.

Alcinous! high exalted over all
Phœacia's sons! the time suffices yet
For converse both and sleep, and if thou wish
To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold
More pitiable woes than these, sustain'd
By my companions, in the end destroy'd,
Who saved from perils of disastrous war

460

465

At Ilum, perish'd yet in their return,
Victims of a pernicious woman's⁹ crime.

Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispersed
Those female shades, the spirit sore distress'd
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd,
Encircled by a throng, he came, by all
Who with himself beneath $\ddot{\text{E}}$ gisthus' roof
Their fate fulfill'd, perishing by the sword
He drank the blood, and knew me, shrill he wail'd
And queulous, tears trickling bathed his cheeks,
And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,
He sought to enfold me fast, but vigour none,
Or force, as e'er, his agile limbs inform'd
I, pity-moved, wept at the sight, and him,
In accents wing'd by friendship, thus address'd. 480

Ah, glorious son of Atreus, King of men!
What hand inflicted the all-numbing stroke
Of death on thee? Say didst thou perish sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, or on dry land by force
Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off
Beves from the herd, or driving flocks away,
Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, shut
Within some city's bulwarks close besieged?

I ceased, when Agamemnon thus replied
Ulysses, noble Chier, Laertes' son
For wisdom famed! I neither perish'd sunk
By howling tempests irresistible
Which Neptune raised, nor on dry land received
From hostile multitudes the fatal blow,
But me $\ddot{\text{E}}$ gisthus slew, my woful death
Confederate with my own pernicious wife
He plotted, with a show of love sincere
Bidung me to his board, where as the ox
Is slaughter'd at his crib, he slaughter'd me
Such was my dreadful death, carnage ensued
Continual of my friends slain all around,
Numerous as boars bright-tusk'd at nuptial feast,
Or feast convivial of some wealthy Chief
Thou hast already witness'd many a field 500

⁹ Probably meaning Helen

With warriors overspread, slain one by one,
 But that dire scene had most thy pity moved,
 For we, with brimming beakers at our side,
 And underneath full tables, bleeding lay
 Blood floated all the pavement Then the cries 510
 Of Priam's daughter sounded in my ears
 Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,
 Whom Clytemnestra close beside me slew
 Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd
 To grasp my faulchion, but the traitress quick 515
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin
 Even in the moment when I sought the shades
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell
 As woman once resolved on such a deed 520
 Detestable, as my base wife contrived,
 The murder of the husband of her youth
 I thought to have return'd welcome to all,
 To my own children and domestic train ,
 But she, past measure profligate, hath pour'd 525
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,
 And even on the virtuous of her sex

He ceased, to whom, thus, answer I return'd
 Gods' how severely hath the Thunderer plagued
 The house of Atreus, even from the first, 530
 By female counsels' we for Helen's sake
 Have numerous died, and Clytemnestra framed,
 While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee '

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied
 Thou, therefore, be not phant overmuch 535
 To woman , trust her not with all thy mind,
 But half disclose to her, and half conceal
 Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,
 My friend, hast thou to fear , for passing wise
 Icarus' daughter is, far other thoughts, 540
 Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.
 Her, going to the wars we left a bride
 New-wedded, and the boy hung at her breast,
 Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men
 A prosperous youth , his father, safe restored
 To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon, 545

And he shall clasp his father in his arms
As nature bids , but me, my cruel one
Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze
On my Orestes, for she slew me first
But listen¹⁰ , treasure what I now impart
Steer secret to thy native isle , avoid
Notice , for woman merits trust no more
Now tell me truth Hear ye in whose abode
My son resides ? dwells he in Pylus, say,
Or in Oichomenos, or else beneath
My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain ?
For my Orestes is not yet a shade

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd
Atides, ask not me Whether he live,
Or have already died, I nothing know,
Mere words are vanity, and better spared

Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears
Shedding disconsolate The shade, meantime,
Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty son ,
Patroclus also, and Antilochus
Appeared, with Ajax, for proportion just
And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)
Distinguish d above all Achaea's sons
The soul of swift Æacides at once

Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began
Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd !
What mightier enterprize than all the past
Hath made thee here a guest ? rash as thou art !
How hast thou dared to penetrate the gloom
Of Ades, dwelling of the shadowy dead,
Semblances only of what once they were ?

He spake, to whom I, answ'ring, thus replied
O Peleus' son ! Achilles ! bravest far
Of all Achaia's race ! I here arrived
Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn,
Perchance, how I might safe regain the coast
Of craggy Ithaca , for tempest-toss'd

¹⁰ This is, surely one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her with respect, but recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd
 Achaea's shore, or landed on my own
 But as for thee, Achilles! never man
 Hath known felicity like thine, or shall,
 Whom living we all honour'd as a God,
 And who maintain'st, here resident, supreme
 Control among the dead, indulge not then,
 Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died

595

I ceased, and answer thus instant received
 Renown'd Ulysses! think not death a theme
 Of consolation, I had rather live

590

The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
 Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,
 Than sovereign emp'ry hold o'er all the shades
 But come—speak to me of my noble boy,
 Proceeds he, as he promised, brave in arms,
 Or shuns he war? Say also hast thou heard
 Of royal Peleus? shares he still respect
 Among his numerous Myrmidons, or scorn

600

Iu Hellas and in Phthia, for that age
 Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?
 For help is none in me, the glorious sun
 No longer sees me such, as when in aid
 Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field
 Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain
 Oh^u might I, vigorous as then, repair
 For one short moment to my father's house,

605

They all should tremble, I would show an arm,
 Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes
 To injure him, or to despise his age

610

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.
 Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard,
 But I will tell thee, as thou biddest, the truth
 Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son,
 For him, myself, on board my hollow bark
 From Scyros to Achaea's host convey'd
 Oft as in council under Ilum's walls

615

620

¹¹ Another most beautiful stroke of nature Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment

We met, he ever foremost was in speech,
 Nor spake erroneous, Nestor and myself
 Except, no Grecian could with him compare
 Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around
 Troy's bulwarks from among the mingled crowd 625
 Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,
 Inferior in heroic worth to none
 Beneath him numerous fell the sons of Troy
 In dreadful fight, nor have I power to name
 Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm, 630
 Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son
 Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword
 Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won 635
 To Ilium's side by bribes¹² to women given
 Save noble Memnon only, I beheld
 No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he
 Again, when we within the house of wood
 Framed by Epeus sat, an ambush chosen 640
 Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust
 Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed
 The hollow fraud, then every Chieftain there
 And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks
 The tears, and tremors felt in every limb, 645
 But never saw I changed to terror's hue
His ruddy cheeks, no tears wiped *he* away,
 But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit
 With prayers entoicing, gripping hard his hilt
 And his brass-burden'd spear, and due revenge 650
 Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy
 At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town
 Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils
 He safe embark'd, neither by spear or shaft
 Aught hurt, or in close fight by faulchion's edge, 655

² Πριάμων εἰνεκα δώρων—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage. The passage, through defect of his story, has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are said to have been a people of Mysia, of which Eurypylus was king.

As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt
Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars

So I, then striding large, the spirit thence
Withdrew of swift Eacides, along
The hoary¹³ mead pacing with joy elate
That I had blazon'd bright his son's renown

The other souls of men by death dismiss'd
Stood mournful by, sad uttering each his woes,
The soul alone I saw standing remote
Of Telamonian Ajax, still incensed

660

That in our public contest for the arms
Worn by Achilles, and by Thetis th'own
Into dispute, my claim had strongest proved,
Troy and Minerva judges of the cause
Disastrous victory! which I could wish
Not to have won, since for that armour's sake
The earth hath cover'd Ajax, in his form
And martial deeds superior far to all
The Grecians, Peleus' matchless son except.
I, seeking to appease him, thus began

670

O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon!
Canst thou remember, even after death,
Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake
Of those pernicious arms? aims which the Gods
Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece,
Which caused thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn
With grief perpetual, nor the death lament
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine
Yet none is blameable, Jove evermore
With bitterest hate pursued Achaia's host,
And he ordain'd thy death Hero! approach,
That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek
To soothe thee! let thy long displeasure cease!
Quell all resentment in thy generous breast!

680

I spake, nought answer'd he, but sullen join'd
His fellow ghosts, yet, angry as he was,
I had prevail'd even on him to speak,
Or had, at least, accosted him again,

685

¹³ Κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel F

But that my bosom teem'd with strong desire
Urgent to see yet others of the dead

6' 5

There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove,
His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat
Judge of the dead, they, pleading each in turn
His cause, some stood, some sat, filling the house
Whose spacious folding gates are never closed

700

Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead of beasts
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass

There also Tityus on the ground I saw
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth,
Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,
Scooping his entrails, nor sufficed his hands
To fray them thence, for he had sought to force
Latona, illustrious concubine of Jove,
What time the Goddess journey'd o'er the rocks
Of Pytho into pleasant Panopeus

Next, suffering grievous torments, I beheld
Tantalus, in a pool he stood, his chin
Wash'd by the wave, thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found
Nought to assuage his thirst, for when he bow'd
His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood
Vanish'd absorb'd, and at his feet, adust
The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,
The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds

715

720

725

There too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,
Thrusting¹⁴ before him, strenuous, a vast rock
With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone
Up to a hill-top, but the steep well-nigh
Vanquish'd, by some¹⁵ great force repulsed, the mass

730

* *Baσανόντα* must have this sense interpreted by what follows To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus The translator has done what he could

¹⁵ It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word *καραυγή*, which he uses only here and in the next Book,

Rush'd again obstinate down to the plain
 Again stretch'd prone, severe he toil'd, the sweat
 Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd

The might of Hercules I next survey'd,
 His semblance, for himself their banquet shares 735
 With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms
 Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair
 Of Jove, and of his golden sandal'd spouse
 Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead
 Swarm'd turbulent, he gloomy-brow'd as night, 739
 With uncased bow and arrow on the string
 Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one
 Ever in act to shoot, a dreadful belt
 He boile athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold
 There, broider'd shone many a stupendous foil, 75
 Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,
 Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide
 The artist, author of that belt, none such
 Before produced, or after Me his eye
 No sooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words
 By sorrow quick suggested, he began

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Ah hapless Hero ! thou art, doubtless, charged,
 Thou also, with some arduous labour, such

As in the realms of day I once endured 7.5
 Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woes
 Immense sustain'd, subjected to a King
 Inferior far to me, whose harsh commands
 Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit
 He even bade me on a time lead hence
 The dog, that task believing above all
 Impracticable, yet from Ades him
 I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid
 Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed

So saying, he penetrated deep again 76
 The abode of Pluto, but I still unmoved
 There stood expecting, curious, other shades
 To see of Heroes in old time deceased

where it is the name of Scylla's dam —Αναιδης is also of very doubtful explication

And now, moie ancient worthies still, and whom
I wish'd, I had beheld Puithous 770
And Theseus, glorious progeny of Gods,
But nations, first, numberless of the dead
Came shrieking hideous me pale horror seized,
Lest awful Proserpine should thither send
The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhor'd!
I, therefore, hastening to the vessel, bade 775
My crew embark, and cast the hawsers loose
They, quick embarking, on the benches sat
Down the Oceanus¹⁶ the current bore
My galley, winning, at the first, hei way
With oars, then wafted by propitious gales 780

¹⁶ The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by 'Οὐεανός here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea Diodorus Siculus informs us, that 'Οὐεανός had been a name anciently given to the Nile See Claræ

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis, his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwrecked and lost, and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel at the island of Calypso

AND now, borne seaward from the river-stream
 Of the Oceanus we plough'd again
 The spacious Deep, and reach'd the Æean isle,
 Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes
 Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends 5
 We, there arriving, thrust our bark aground
 On the smooth beach, then landed, and on the shore
 Reposed, expectant of the sacred dawn
 But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Look'd forth again, sending my friends before, 10
 I bade them bring Elpenor's body down
 From the abode of Circe to the beach
 Then on the utmost headland of the coast
 We timber fell'd, and sorrowing o'er the dead,
 His funeral rites water'd with tears profuse. 15
 The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,
 We heap'd his tomb, and the sepulchral post
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft
 Thus, punctual, we perform'd, nor our return
 From Ades knew not Circe, but attired 20
 In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd
 Her female train with plenteous viands charged,
 And bright wine rosy-red Amidst us all
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.
 Ah miserable! who have sought the shades 25
 • Alive! while others of the human race

Die only once, appointed twice to die !
Come—take ye food , drink wine , and on the shore
All day regale, for ye shall hence again
At day-spring o'er the Deep , but I will mark
Myself your future course, nor uninform'd
Leave you in aught, lest through some dire mistake,
By sea or land new miseries ye incur

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind
We glad accepted, thus we feasting sat
Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine,
But when the sun went down and darkness fell,
My crew beside the hawsers slept, while me
The Goddess by the hand leading apart,
First bade me sit, then, seated opposite,
Enquired, minute, of all that I had seen,
And I, from first to last, recounted all
Then thus the awful Goddess in return

Thus far thy toils are finish'd Now attend!
Mark well my words, of which the Gods will sure
Themselves remind thee in the needful hour
First shalt thou reach the Sirens, they the hearts
Enchant of all who on their coast arrive
The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears
The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones
Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return,
But him the Sirens sitting in the meads
Charm with mellifluous song, while all around
The bones accumulated he of men
Now putrid, and the skins mouldering away
But, pass them thou, and lest thy people hear
Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all
Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms,
But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt
Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast
Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms
With cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
So shalt thou, raptured, hear the Sirens' song
But if thou supplicate to be released,
Or give such order, then, with added cords
Let thy companions bind thee still the more
When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd

The Sirens by, think not from me to learn
 What course thou next shall steer, two will occur,
 Deliberate choose I shall describe them both
 Here vaulted rocks impend, dash'd by the waves
 Immense of Amphitrite azure-eyed,
 The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call
 Birds cannot pass them safe, no, not the doves
 Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove,
 But even of those doves the slippery rock
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God
 Supplies another, lest the number fail
 No ship, what ship soever there arrives,
 Escapes them, but both mariners and planks
 Whelm'd under billows of the Deep, or, caught
 By fiery tempests, sudden disappear
 Those rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone,
 The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,
 Pass'd safely, sailing from Ææta's isle,
 Nor she had pass'd, but surely dash'd had been
 On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still
 To Jason, Juno sped her safe along
 These rocks are two, one lifts his summit sharp
 High as the spacious heavens, wrapt in dun clouds
 Perpetual, which nor autumn sees dispersed
 Nor summer, for the sun shines never there,
 No mortal man might climb it or descend,
 Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,
 For it is levigated as by art
 Down scoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear
 Yawns in the centre of its western side,
 Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof
 So far, that a keen airrow smartly sent
 Forth from thy bark should fail to reach the cave
 There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard
 Tremendous, shrill her voice is as the note
 Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aspect,
 Such as no mortal man, nor even a God
 Encountering her, should with delight survey
 Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet, six her necks
 Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head
 Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd

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In triple row, thick-planted, stored with death Plunged to her middle in the hollow den She lurks, protruding from the black abyss Her heads, with which the ravening monster dives In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey More bulky, such as in the roaring gulfs Of Amphitrite without end abounds	110
It is no seaman's boast that ere he slipp'd Her cavern by, unhairem'd In every mouth She bears upcaught a mariner away	115
The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first, On this a wild-fig grows broad-leaved, and here Charybdis due ingulfs the sable flood	120
Each day she thrice disgorges and each day Thrice swallows it Ah' well-forewarned beware What time she swallows, that thou come not nigh,	125
For not himself, Neptune, could snatch thee thence, Close passing Scylla's rock, shoot swift thy bark Beyond it, since the loss of six alone	
Is better far than shipwreck made of all	
So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied Tell me, O Goddess, next, and tell me true !	130
If, chance, from tell Charybdis I escape, May I not also save from Scylla's force	
My people, should the monster threateu them ?	
I said, and quick the Goddess in return Unhappy ! can exploits and toils of war	135
Still please thee ? yield st not to the Gods themselves ?	
She is no mortal, but a deathless pest, Impracticable, savage, battle-proof	
Defence is vain , flight is thy sole resource	
For shouldst thou linger putting on thy arms Beside the rock, beware lest darting forth	140
Her numerous heads, she seize with every mouth	
A Grecian, and with others, even thee	
Pass theretore swift, and passing, loud invoke	
Cratais, mother of this plague of man,	145
Who will forbid her to assail thee more	
Thou, next, shall reach Thrinacia , there, the beeves	
And fatted flocks graze numerous of the Sun ,	

Seven herds, as many flocks of snowy fleece , 150
 Fifty in each , they breed not, neither die,
 Nor are they kept by less than Goddesses,
 Lampetia fair, and Phaethusa, both
 By nymph Neæra to Hyperion borne
 Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age 155
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endured, 160
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain ,
 But should'st thou violate them, I foretell
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew,
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return
 Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends destroy'd. 165

She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd
 Back through the isle, and at the beach arrived,
 I summon'd all my followers to ascend
 The bark again, and cast the hawsers loose 170
 They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks
 The seats, and rowing, thresh'd the hoary flood
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we 175
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along
 Then, with dejected heart, thus I began

Oh friends ! (for it is needful that not one
 Or two alone the admonition hear 180
 Of Circe, beauteous prophetess divine,)
 To all I speak, that whether we escape
 Or perish, all may be at least forewarn'd
 She bids us, first, avoid the dangerous song
 Of the sweet Sirens and their flowery meads. 185
 Me only she permits those strains to hear ,
 But ye shall bind me with coercion strong
 Of cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,
 And by no struggles to be loosed of mine.
 But should I supplicate to be released 190

Or give such order, then, with added cords
Be it your part to bind me still the more

Thus with distinct precaution I prepared
My people, rapid in her course, meantime,
My gallant bark approach'd the Sirens' isle, 195
For brisk and favourable blew the wind
Then fell the wind suddenly, and serene
A breathless calm ensued, while all around
The billows slumber'd, lull'd by power divine
Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails
Bestowing in the hold, sat to their oars, 200
Which with their polish'd blades whiten'd the Deep
I then, with edge of steel severing minute
A waven cake, chafed it and moulded it
Between my palms, ere long the ductile mass
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force, 205
And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams
With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears
Of my companions, man by man, and they
My feet and arms with strong coercion bound
Of cordage to the mast-foot well-secured 210
Then down they sat, and rowing, thresh'd the brine
But when with rapid course we had arrived
Within such distance as a voice may reach,
Not unperceived by them the gliding bark
Approach'd, and thus harmonious they began 215
Ulysses, Chief by every tongue extoll'd,
Achaia's boast, oh hither steer thy bark!
Here stay thy course, and listen to our lay!
These shores none passes in his sable ship
Till, first, the warblings of our voice he hear, 220
Then, happier hence and wiser he departs
All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills
Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,
Know all that passes on the boundless earth
So they with voices sweet their music poured 225
Melodious on my ear, winning with ease
My heart's desire to listen, and by signs
I bade my people, instant, set me free
But they incumbent row'd, and from their seats
Eurylochus and Peleides sprang 230

With added cords to bind me still the more
 This danger past, and when the Siren's voice,
 Now left remote, had lost its power to charm,
 Then, my companions freeing from the wax 235
 Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint
 The island, left afar, soon I discern'd
 Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thunderings heard
 All sat aghast, forth flew at once the oars
 From every hand, and with a clash the waves 240
 Smote altogether, check'd, the galley stood,
 By billow-sweeping oars no longer urged,
 And I, throughout the bark, man after man
 Encouraged all, addressing thus my crew
 We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress 245
 This evil is not greater than we found
 When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den
 Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,
 My intrepidity and fertile thought
 Opening the way, and we shall recollect 250
 These dangers also, in due time, with joy
 Come then—pursue my counsel Ye your seats
 Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood
 With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove
 We may escape, perchance, this death, secure 255
 To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words
 Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves,)
 This smoke, and these tumultuous waves avoid,
 Steer wide of both, yet with an eye intent
 On yonder rock, lest unaware thou hold 260
 Too near a course, and plunge us into harm
 So I, with whose advice all, quick, complied
 But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe
 Without a cure,) lest, terrified, my crew
 Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below 265
 Just then, forgetful of the strict command
 Of Circe not to arm, I cloth'd me all
 In radiant armour, grasp'd two quivering spears,
 And to the deck ascended at the prow,
 Expecting earliest notice there, what time 270
 The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends

To weariness of sight the dusky rock
 I vigilant explored Thus, many a groan
 Heaving, we navigated sad the strait, 275
 For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there
 With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.
 Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,
 Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire
 The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray 280
 On both those rocky summits fell in showers
 But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,
 Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about
 Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea
 Drawn off into that gulf disclosed to view 285
 The oozy bottom. Us pale hoiror seized
 Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd
 Charybdis, meantime, Scylla from the bark
 Caught six away, the bravest of my friends
 With eyes, that moment, on my ship and crew 290
 Retorted, I beheld the legs and arms
 Of those whom she uplifted in the air,
 On me they call'd, my name, the last, last time
 Pronouncing then, in agony of heart
 As when from some bold point among the rocks 295
 The anglei, with his taper rod in hand,
 Casts forth his bait to snare the smallei fry,
 He swings away remote his guaide¹ line
 Then jerks his gasping prey forth from the Deep,
 So Scylla them raised gasping to the rock, 300
 And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them loud-
 Shrieking, and stretching forth to me then aims
 In sign of hopeless misery Ne'er beheld
 These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,
 A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils 305
 From Scylla and Charybdis due escaped,
 We reach'd the noble island of the Sun
 Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds
 Broad-fronted glazed, and his well batten'd flocks
 I, in the bark and on the sea, the voice 310
 Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,

¹ They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the

And of loud bleating sheep ; then drop'd the word Into my memory of the sightless Seer, Theban Tiresias, and the caution strict Of Circe, my Ææan monitress,	315
Who with such force had caution'd me to avoid The island of the Sun, joy of mankind. Thus then to my companions, sad, I spake.	
Hear ye, my friends ! although long time distress'd, The words prophetic of the Theban seer	320
And of Ææan Circe, whose advice Was oft repeated to me to avoid This island of the Sun, joy of mankind.	
There, said the Goddess, dread your heaviest woes, Pass the isle, therefore, scudding swift away.	325
I ceased ; they me with consternation heard, And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.	
Ulysses, ruthless Chief ! no toils impair Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,	330
Who thy companions weary, and o'erwatch'd, Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle, Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.	
Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar, To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste ; But winds to ships injurious spring by night,	335
And how shall we escape a dreadful death If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft The vessel, even in the Gods' despite ?	
Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins, Our evening fare beside the sable bark, In which at peep of day we may again Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.	340
He ceased, whom all applauded. Then I knew That sorrow by the will of adverse heaven Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.	345
I suffer force, Eurylochus ! and yield O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all A solemn oath, that should we find an herd Or numerous flock, none here shall either sheep	350

Which from immortal Cuce we received
 I spake, they readily a solemn oath
 Swore all, and when their oath was fully sworn,
 Within a creek where a flesh fountain rose
 They moor'd the bark, and issuing, began
 Brisk preparation of their evening cheer
 But when nor hunger now nor thirst remain'd
 Unsated, recollecting, then, their friends
 By Scylla seized and at her cave devou'd,
 They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, till they slept.
 The night's third portion come, when now the stars
 Had traversed the 'mid sky, cloud-gatherer Jove
 Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged,
 Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds
 Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heaven
 But when Aurora, daughter of the day,
 Look'd rosy forth, we haled, drawn inland mo're,
 Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont
 Graceful to tread the dance, or to repose
 Convening there my friends, I thus began
 My friends' food fails us not, but bread is yet
 And wine on board Abstain we from the herds,
 Lest harm ensue, for ye behold the flocks
 And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!
 Whose eye and watchful ear none may elude
 So saying, I sway'd the generous minds of all
 A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,
 Nor other wind blew next, save East and South,
 Yet they, while neither food nor rosy vine
 Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die
 But, our provisions failing, they employ'd
 Whole days in search of food, snaring with hooks
 Birds, fishes, of what kind soe'er they might,
 By famine urged I solitary roam'd
 Meantime the isle, seeking by prayer to move
 Some God to show us a deliverance thence
 When, loving thus the isle, I had at length
 Left all my crew remote, laying my hands
 Where shelter warm I found from the rude blast,
I supplicated every Power above,

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Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art
Eurylochus, the while, my friends haengued 395
 My friends ! afflicted as ye are, yet hear
A fellow-sufferer Death, however caused,
Abhorrence moves in miserable man,
But death by famine is a fate of all
Most to be fear'd Come—let us hither drive 400
 And sacrifice to the Immortal Powers
The best of all the oxen of the Sun,
Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach
Our native Ithaca, we will erect
To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane, 405
 Which with magnificent and numerous gifts
We will enrich But should he choose to sink
Our vessel, for his stately beeves incensed,
And should, with him, all heaven conspire our death,
I rather had with open mouth, at once, 410
 Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow
And pining waste, here in th's desert isle
 So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved
 Then, driving all the fattest of the herd
Few paccs only, (for the sacred beeves 415
 Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood
 Compassing them around, and grasping each
 Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,
 (For barley none in all our bark remain'd)
 Worshipp'd the Gods in prayer Prayer made, they slew 420
 And slay'd them, and the thighs with double fat
 Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude
 No wine had they with which to consecrate
 The blazing rites, but with libation poor
 Of water hallow'd the intenor parts 425
 Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared
 His portion of the maw, and when the rest
 All slash'd and scored hung roasting at the fire,
 Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes
 Forsaking, to the shore I bent my way 430
 But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,
 The savoury steam greeted me At the scent
 I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd
 Oh Jupiter, and all ye Powers above !

With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd
My cares to rest, such horrible offence
Meantime my rash companions have devised 435

Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun
At once with tidings of his slaughter'd beeves
And he, incensed, the Immortals thus address'd 440

Jove, and ye everlasting Powers divine!
Avenge me instant on the crew profane
Of Laertiades, Ulysses' friends
Have dared to slay my beeves, which I with joy
Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry heavens,
And when to earth I sloped my "westring wheels," 445

But if they yield me not amercement due
And honourable for my loss, to Hell
I will descend, and give the ghosts my beams.

Then thus the cloud-assemblei God replied
Sun! shine thou still on the Immortal powers,
And on the teeming earth, trail man's abode
My cudent bolts can in a moment reach
And split their flying bark in the mid-sea 450

These things Calypso told me, taught herself,
By herald Hermes, as she oft affirm'd
But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd
At length my bark, with aspect stein and tone
I reprimanded them, yet no redress 455

Could frame or remedy—the beeves were dead
Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from heaven
The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh
Both roast and raw bellow'd, as with the voice
Of living beeves Thus my devoted friends 460

Driving the fattest oven of the Sun,
Feasted six days entire, but when the seventh
By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,
The storm then ceased to rage, and we, again
Embarking, launch'd our galley, rear'd the mast,
And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind 465

The island left afar, and other land
Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
Hung a coerulean cloud, darkening the Deep
Not long my vessel ran, for blowing wild, 470

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Now came shrill Zephyrus ; a stormy gust
 Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides ; backward fell
 The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold ;
 Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd
 His skull together ; he a diver's plunge 480
 Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.
 Meantime, Jove thundering, hurl'd into the ship
 His bolts ; she, smitten by the fires of Jove,
 Quaked all her length ; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,
 And o'er her sides headlong my people plunged 485
 Like sea-mews, interdicted by that stroke
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
 But I the vessel still paced to and fro,
 Till, sever'd by the boisterous waves, her sides
 Forsook the keel now left to float alone. 490
 Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fallen,
 But fell encircled with a leathern brace,
 Which it retained ; binding with this the mast
 And keel together, on them both I sat,
 Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale. 495
 And now the West subsided, and the South
 Arose instead, with misery charged for me,
 That I might measure back my course again
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock 500
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulf arrived.
 It was the time when she absorb'd profound
 The briny flood, but by a wave upborne
 I seized the branches fast of the wild-fig².
 To which, bat-like, I clung ; yet where to fix 505
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot
 The largest arms erect into the air,
 O'ershadowing all Charybdis ; therefore hard
 I clenched the boughs, till she disgorged again 510
 Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me
 They came, though late ; for at what hour the judge,
 After decision made of numerous strifes³
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves

² See line 120.³ He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise till afternoon.

The forum for refreshment' sake at home,
Then was it that the mast and keel emerged
Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,
Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,
And seated on them both, with oarv palms
Impell'd them , nor the Sue of Gods and men
Permitted Scylla to discern me more,
Else had I perish'd by her fangs at last
Nine days I floated thence, and on the tenth
Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the isle
Ogygia, habitation of divine
Calypso, by whose hospitable aid
And assiduity my strength revived.
But wherefore this ? ye have already learn'd
That histoiy, thou and thy illustrious spouse ,
I told it yesterday, and hate a tale
Once amply told, then, needless, tiaced again

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BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT

Ulysses having finished his narrative, and received additional presents from the Phœaciens, embarks, he is conveyed in his sleep to Ithaca, and in his sleep is landed on that island. The ship that carried him is, in her return, transformed by Neptune to a rock.

Minerva meets him on the shore, enables him to recollect his country, which, till enlightened by her, he believed to be a country strange to him, and they concert together the means of destroying the suitors. The Goddess then repairs to Sparta, to call thence Telemachus, and Ulysses, by her aid disguised like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumeus.

HE ceased, the whole assembly silent sat,
Charm'd into ecstasy with his discourse
Throughout the twilight hall Then, thus the King.

Ulysses, since beneath my brazen dome
Sublime thou hast arrived, like woes, I trust, 5
Thou shalt not in thy voyage hence sustain
By tempests toss, though much to woe inured
To you, who daily in my palace quaff
Your princely need of generous wine, and hear
The sacred bard, my pleasure thus I speak 10
The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts
To this our guest, by the Phœacian Chiefs
Brought hither, in the sumptuous coffer lie
But come—present ye to the stranger, each,
An ample tripod also, with a vase 15
Of smaller size, for which we will be paid
By public impost, for the charge of all
Excessive were by one alone defray'd

So spake Alcinous, and his counsel pleased ,
Then, all retiring, sought repose at home 20
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd rosy forth, each hastened to the bark

With his illustrious present, which the might
 Of King Alcinous, who himself her sides
 Ascended, safe beneath the seats bestowed,
 Lest it should harm or hinder, while he tol'd
 In rowing, some Phaeacian of the crew
 The palace of Alcinous seeking next,
 Together, they prepared a new regale.

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For them, in sacrifice, the ¹sacred might
 Of King Alcinous slew an ox to Jove
 Saturnian, cloud-girt governor of all
 The thighs with fire prepared, all glad partook
 The noble feast, meantime the bard divine
 Sang, sweet Demodocus, the people's joy
 But oft Ulysses to the radiant sun
 Turn'd wistful eyes, anxious for his decline,
 Nor longer, now, patient of dull delay
 As when some hungry swain whose sable beeves
 Have through the fallow dragg'd his ponderous plough
 All day, the setting sun views with delight
 For supper' sake, which with tired feet he seeks,
 So welcom'e to Ulysses' eyes appear'd
 The sun-set of that eve, directing, then,
 His speech to maritime Phaeacia's sons,
 But to Alcinous chiefly, thus he said

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Alcinous, o'er Phaeacia's realm supreme !
 Libation made, dismiss ye me in peace,
 And farewell all ! for what I wish'd, I have,
 Conductors hence, and honourable gifts
 With which heaven prosper me ! and may the Gods
 Vouchsafe to me, at my return, to find
 All safe, my spotless consort and my friends !
 May ye, whom here I leave, gladden your wives
 And see your children blest, and may the Powers
 Immortal with all good enrich you all,
 And from calamity preserve the land !

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He ended, they unanimous, his speech
 Applauded loud, and bade dismiss the guest
 Who had so wisely spoken and so well
 Then thus Alcinous to his herald spake
 Pontonous ¹ charging high the beaker, bear

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¹ Ιερον μενος Αλκινοοιο.

To every guest beneath our roof the wine,	
That, prayer preferred to the eternal Sun,	
We may dismiss our inmate to his home	65
Then bore Pontoonous to every guest	
The brimming cup, they, where they sat, perform'd	
Liberation due, but the illustrious Chief	
Ulysses, from his seat arising, placed	
A massy goblet in Areta's hand,	70
To whom in accents wing'd, grateful, he said	
Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, till age	
Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!	
I go, but be this people, and the King	
Alcinous, and thy progeny, thy joy	75
Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!	
So saying, the Hero through the palace-gate	
Issued, whom, by Alcinous' command,	
The royal herald to his vessel led	
Three maidens also of Areta's train	80
His steps attended, one, the robe well-bleach'd	
And tunic bore, the corded coffee, one,	
And food the third, with wine of crimson hue.	
Arriving where the galley rode, each gave	
Her charge to some brave mariner on board,	85
And all was safely stow'd. Meantime were spread	
Linen and arras on the deck astern,	
For his secure repose. And now the Chief	
Himself embarking, silent laid him down	
Then every lower to his bench repair'd,	90
They drew the loosen'd cable from its hold	
In the drill'd rock, and resupine, at once	
With lusty strokes upturn'd the flashing waves.	
His eye-lids soon sleep, falling as a dew,	
Closed fast, death's simular, in sight the same.	95
She, as four harness'd stallions o'er the plain	
Shooting together at the scourge's stroke,	
Toss high their manes, and rapid scour along,	
So mounted she the waves, while dark the flood	
Roll'd after her of the resounding Deep	100
Steady she ran and safe, passing in speed	
The falcon, swiftest of the fowls of heaven,	
With such rapidity she cut the waves,	

An Hero bearing like the Gods above In wisdom, one familiar long with woe In fight sustain'd, and on the perilous flood, Though sleeping now serenely, and resign'd To sweet oblivion of all sorrow past.	105
The brightest star of heaven, precursor chief Of day-spring, now arose, when at the isle (Her voyage soon perform'd) the bark arrived	110
There is a port sacred in Ithaca To Phorcys, hoary ancient of the Deep, Form'd by converging shores, prominent both And both abrupt, which from the spacious bay Exclude all boisterous winds; within it, slips (The port once gain'd) uncabled ride secure An olive, at the haven's head, expands Her branches wide, near to a pleasant cave Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named The Naiads In that cave beakers of stone And jars are seen, bees lodge their honey there, And there, on slender spindles of the rock The nymphs of rivers weave then wondrous robes Perennial springs water it, and it shows	115
A twofold entiance, ingress one affords To mortal man, which Northward looks direct, But holier is the Southern far, by that No mortal enters, but the Gods alone Familiar with that port before, they push'd The vessel in, she, rapid, plough'd the sands With half her keel, such rowers urged her on Descending from the well-bench'd bark ashore, They lifted forth Ulysses first, with all	120
His splendid couch complete, then laid him down, Still wrapt in balmy slumber, on the sands His treasures next, by the Phaeacian Chiefs At his departure given him as the meed Due to his wisdom, at the olive's foot They heap'd, without the road, lest while he slept Some passing traveller should rifle them Then homeward thence they sped Nor Ocean's God His threats forgot denounced against divine Ulysses, but with Jove thus first advised.	125
	130
	135
	140

Eternal Sire! I shall no longer share
Respect and reverence among the Gods,
Since now Phœacia's mortal race have ceased
To honour me, though from myself derived
It was my purpose, that by many an ill
Harass'd, Ulysses should have reach'd his home, 145
Although to intercept him, whose return
Thyself had promised, ne'er was my intent
But him fast-sleeping swiftly o'er the waves
They have conducted, and have set him down
In Ithaca, with countless gifts enrich'd, 150
With brass, and tissued raiment, and with gold,
Much treasure ! more than he had home convey'd
Even had he arrived with all his share
Allotted to him of the spoils of Troy.
To whom the cloud-assembler God replied. 155

What hast thou spoken, Shaker of the shores,
Wide-ruling Neptune? Fear not, thee the Gods
Will ne'er despise, dangerous were the deed
To cast dishonour on a God by birth
More ancient, and more potent far than they. 160

But if, profanely rash, a mortal man
Should dare to slight thee, to avenge the wrong
Some future day is ever in thy power
Accomplish all thy pleasure, thou art free
Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores 165

Jove cloud-enthroned ! that pleasure I would soon
Perform as thou hast said, but that I watch
Thy mind continual, fearful to offend
My purpose is, now to destroy amid
The dreary Deep yon fair Phœacian bark, 170

Return'd from safe conveyance of her freight,
So shall they waft such wanderers home no more,
And she shall hide their city, to a rock
Transform'd of mountainous o'ershadowing size
Him then Jove answer'd, gatherer of the clouds 175

Perform it, O my brother, and the deed
Thus done, shall best be done,—What time the people
Shall from the city her approach descry,
Fix her to stone transform'd, but still in shape
A gallant bark near to the coast, that all 180

185

May wonder, seeing her transform'd to stone
Of size to hide their city from the view

These words once heard, the Shaker of the shores
Instant to Scheria, maritime abode
Of the Phœaciens, went Arrived, he watch'd
And now the flying bark full near approach'd,
When Neptune, meeting her, with outspread palm
Depress'd her at a stroke, and she became
Deep-rooted stone Then Neptune went his way
Phœacia's ship-ennobled sons meantime
Conferring stood, and thus in accents wing'd,
The amazed spectator to his fellow spake

Ah ! who hath sudden check'd the vessel's course
Homeward ? This moment she was all in view

Thus they, unconscious of the cause, to whom
Alcinous, instructing them, replied

Ye Gods ! a prophecy now strikes my mind
With force, my father's He was wont to say—
Neptune resents it, that we safe conduct
Natives of every region to their home
He also spake, prophetic, of a day
When a Phœacian gallant bark, return'd
After conveyance of a stranger hence,
Should perish in the dreary Deep, and changed
To a huge mountain, cover all the town

So spake my father, all whose words we see
This day fulfill'd Thus, therefore, act we all
Unanimous, henceforth no longer bear
The stranger home, when such shall here arrive,
And we will sacrifice, without delay,
Twelve chosen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,
He will commiserate us, and forbear
To hide our town behind a mountain's height

He spake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared
Thus all Phœacia's Senators and Chiefs
His altar compassing, in prayer adored
The Ocean's God Meantime Ulysses woke,
Unconscious where, stretch'd on his native soil
He lay, and knew it not, long time exiled
For Pallas, progeny of Jove, a cloud
Drew dense around him, that ere yet agnized

190

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225

By otheis, he might wisdom learn from hei,	
Neither to citizens, nor yet to friends	
Reveal'd, nor even to his own espoused,	
Till, first, he should avenge complete his wrongs	230
Domestic from those sutoris proud sustain'd	
All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes	
Seem'd alien, foot paths long, commodious poits,	
Heaven-climbing rocks, and trees of amplest growth	
Ausing, fixt he stood, his native soil	
Contemplating, till with expanded palms	235
Both thighs he smote, and plaintive tuis began	
Ah me ! what mortal race inhabits hei'e ?	
Rude are they, contumacious and unjust,	
Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ?	240
Where now shall I secrete these numerous stores ?	
Where wander I, myself ? I would that still	
Phaeacians own'd them, and I had arrived	
In the dominions of some other King	
Magnanimous, who would have entertain'd	245
And sent me to my native home secure !	
Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,	
Noi can I leave it hei'e, lest it become	
Another's prey Alas ! Phaeacia's Chiefs	
Not altogether wise I deem or just,	250
Who have misplaced me in another land,	
Promised to bear me to the pleasant shou'es	
Of Ithaca, but have not so perform'd	
Jove, guardian of the suppliant's ights, who all	
Transgressors marks, and punishes all wrong,	255
Avenge me on the treacherous race ! —but hold—	
I will revise my stores, so shall I know	
If they have left me hei'e of aught despol'd	
So saying, he number'd carefully the gld,	
The vases, tripods bright, and tissued robes,	260
But nothing miss'd of all Then he bewail'd	
His native isle, with pensive steps and slow	
Pacing the border of the billowy flood,	
Foiloin , but while he wept, Pallas approach'd,	
In form a shepherd strpling, gnlish tan	
In feature, such as are the sons of Kings ,	265
A suruptuous mantle o'er his shoulders hung	

Twice-folded, sandals his nice feet upbo^{re},
And a smooth javelin glitter'd in his hand
Ulysses, joyful at the sight, his steps 270
Turn'd blusk toward hei, whom he thus addiess'd
Sweet youth ! since thee, of all mankind, I first
Encounter in this land unknown, all hail !
Come not with purposes of harm to me !
These save, and save me also I prieſei 275
To thee, as to some God, my prayer, and clasp
Thy knees a suppliant Say, and tell me true,
What land ? what people ? who inhabit hei e ?
Is this some iſle delightful, or a shore
Of fruitful main-land sloping to the sea ? 280

Then Pallas thus, Goddess coerulean-eyed
Stranger ! thou ſure art ſimple, or hast dwelt
Far diſtant hence, if of this land thou ask
It is not, truſt me, of ſo little note,
But known to many, both to thoſe who dwell 285
Toward the ſun-rife, and to otheis placed
Behind it, diſtant in the dusky West
Rugged it is, not yielding level couſe
To the ſwift ſteed, and yet no barren spot,
However ſmall, but rich in wheat and wine 290
Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,
But paſture green to goats and beeves affords,
Trees of all kinds, and fountains nevei d.
Ithaca therefore, stranger, is a name
Known even at Troy, a city, by report, 295
At no ſmall diſtance from Achia's shore

The Goddess ceased, then, toil-enduring Ch^t
Ulysses, happy in his native land,
(So taught by Pallas, progeav of Jove)
In accents wing'd hei anſweing, uttei'd prompt 300
Not truſh, but figments to truſh opposite,
For guile in him stood never at a paſue

O'er yonder flood, even in ſpacious² Crete
I heard of Ithaca, where now, it ſeems,
I have myſelf with theſe my ſtores arrived , 305

² Homer dates all the fictions of Ulysses from Crete, as if he meant to pass a ſimilaſ censure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—*λογτες αει ψευſαι*

Not richer stores than, flying thence, I left
 To my own children, for from Crete I fled
 For slaughter of Oislochus the swift,
 Son of Idomeneus, whom none in speed
 Could equal throughout all that spacious isle
 His purpose was to plunder me of all
 My Trojan spoils, which to obtain much woe
 I had in battle and by storms endured,
 For that I would not gratify his *Sue*,
 Fighting beside him in the fields of Troy,
 But led a different band Him from the field
 Returning homeward, with my brazen spear
 I smote, in ambush waiting his return
 At the road-side, with a confederate friend
 Unwonted darkness over all the heavens
 That night prevailed, nor any eye of man
 Observed us, but unseen I slew the youth
 No sooner then with my sharp spear of life
 I had bereft him, than I sought a ship
 Mann'd by renown'd Phœaciens, whom with gifts
 Part of my spoils, and by requests, I won
 I bade them land me on the Pylian shore,
 Or in fair Elis by the Epeans ruled,
 But they, reluctant, were by violent winds
 Driven devious thence, for fraud they purposed none
 Thus through constraint we here arrived by night,
 And with much difficulty push'd the ship
 Into safe harbour, nor was mention made
 Of food by any, though all needed food,
 But disembark'd in haste, on shore we lay
 I, weary, slept profound, and they my goods
 Forth heaving from the bark, beside me placed
 The treasures on the sea-beach, where I slept,
 Then reembarking, to the populous coast
 Steer'd of Sidonia, and me left forlorn

He ceased, then smiled Minerva azure-eyed
 And stroked his cheek, in form a woman now,
 Beauteous, majestic, in all elegant arts
 Accomplish'd, and with accents wing'd replied
 Who passes thee in artifice well-flamed
 And in imposture various, need shall find

310

315

320

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335

340

345

Of all his policy, although a God
 Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art
 And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast loved
 Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech 350
 Delusive, even in thy native land ?
 But come, dismiss we these ingenious shifts
 From our discourse, in which we both excel ,
 For thou of all men in expedients most
 Abound'st and eloquence, and I, throughout 355
 All heaven have praise for wisdom and for art.
 And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,
 Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils
 Assist thee and defend ? I gave thee power
 To engage the hearts of all Phœacia's sons, 360
 And here arrive even now, counsels to frame
 Discreet with thee, and to conceal the stores
 Given to thee by the rich Phœacian Chiefs
 On my suggestion, at thy going thence
 I will inform thee also what distress 365
 And hardship under thy own palace-roof
 Thou must endure , which since constraint enjoins,
 Bear patiently, and neither man apprise
 Nor woman that thou hast arrived forlorn
 And vagabond, but silent undergo 370
 What wrongs soever from the hands of men
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied
 O Goddess ! thou art able to elude,
 Whenever met, the keenest eye of man,
 For thou all shap assumest , yet this I know 375
 Certainly, that I ever found thee kind,
 Long as Achaia's Heroes fought at Troy ,
 But when (the lofty towers of Piæam laid
 In dust) we re-embark'd, and by the will
 Of heaven Achaia's fleet was scatter'd wide, 380
 Thenceforth, O daughter wise of Jove, I thee
 Saw not, nor thy appearance in my ship
 Once mark'd, to rid me of my numerous woes,
 But always bearing in my breast a heart
 With anguish given, I roam'd, till by the Gods 385
 Relieved at length, and till with gracious words
 Thyself didst in Phœacia's opulent land

Confirm my courage, and becamest my guide.

But I adjure thee in thy father's name—

O tell me truly, (for I cannot hope

390

That I have reach'd fair Ithaca , I tread

Some other soil, and thou affirm'st it mine

To mock me merely, and deceive,) oh say—

Am I in Ithaca ? in truth, at home ?

Thus then Minerva the cœrulean-eyed.

395

Such caution ever in thy breast prevails

Distrustful , but I know thee eloquent,

With wisdom and with ready thought endued,

And cannot leave thee therefore thus distress'd

For what man, save Ulysses, new-return'd

400

After long wanderings, would not pant to see

At once his home, his children, and his wife ?

But thou preferr'st neither to know nor ask

Concerning them, till some experience first

Thou make of her whose wasted youth is spent

405

In barren solitude, and who in tears

Ceaseless her nights and woful days consumes

I ne'er was ignorant, but well foreknew

That not till after loss of all thy friends

Thou should'st return , but loth I was to oppose

410

Neptune, my father's brother, sore incensed

For his son's sake, deprived of sight by thee

But I will give thee proof—come now—survey

These marks of Ithaca, and be convinced

415

This is the port of Phorcys, sea-born sage ,

That, the huge olive at the haven's head ,

Fast by it, thou behold'st the pleasant cove

Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named

The Naiads , this the broad-arch'd cavern is

Where thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs

420

Many a whole hecatomb , and yonder stands

The mountain Neritus with forests clothed

425

So saying, the Goddess scatter'd from before

His eyes all darkness, and he knew the land

Then felt Ulysses, Hero toil-inured,

425

Transport unutterable, seeing plain

Once more his native isle He kiss'd the glebe,

And with uplifted hands the nymphs adored

Nymphs, Naiads, Jove's own daughters! I despan' d
 To see you more, whom yet with happy vows
 I now can hail again Gifts, as of old,
 We will hereafter at your shrines present,
 If Jove-born Pallas, huntress of the spoils,
 Grant life to me, and manhood to my son

430

Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove
 Take courage, trouble not thy mind with thoughts
 Now needless Haste—delay not—far within
 This hallow'd cave's recess place we at once
 Thy precious stores, that they may thine remain,
 Then muse together on thy wisest course

435

440

So saying, the Goddess enter'd deep the cave
 Caliginous, and its secret nooks explored
 From side to side, meantime Ulysses brought
 All his stores into it, the gold, the biass,
 And robes magnificent, his gifts received
 From the Phœaciens, safe he lodged them all,
 And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,
 Closed fast, herself, the cavern with a stone

445

Then, on the consecrated olive's root
 Both seated, they in consultation plann'd
 The deaths of those injurious suitors proud,
 And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, thus began.

450

Laertes' noble son, Ulysses' think
 By what means likeliest thou shalt assail
 Those shameless suitors, who have now control'd
 Three years thy family, thy matchless wife
 With language amorous and with spousal gfts
 Urging importunate, but she, with tears
 Watching thy wish'd return, hope gives to all
 By messages of promise sent to each,
 Flaming far other purposes the while

455

460

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd
 Ah, Agamemnon's miserable fate
 Had surely met me in my own abode,
 But for thy gracious warning, power divine!
 Come then—Devise the means, teach me, thyself,
 The way to vengeance, and my soul inspire
 With daring fortitude, as when we loosed
 Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy

465

Would'st thou with equal zeal, O Pallas' aid
Thy servant here, I would encounter thrice
An hundred enemies, let me but perceive
Thy dread divinity my prompt ally 470

Him answer'd then Pallas coerulean-eyed
And such I will be, not unmark'd by me,
(Let once our time of enterprize arrive) 475

Shalt thou assail them Many, as I judge,
Of those proud suitors who devour thy wealth
Shall leave their brains then on thy palace-floor
But come Behold! I will disguise thee so 480

That none shall know thee, I will parch the skin
On thy fair body, I will cause thee shed
Thy wavy locks, I will enfold thee round
In such a kirtle as the eyes of all

Shall loathe to look on, and I will deform 485

With blurring rheums thy eyes, so vivid erst,
So shall the suitors deem thee, and thy wife,
And thy own son whom thou didst leave at home,
Some sordid wretch obscure But seek thou first

Thy swine-herd's mansion, he, alike, intends 490

Thy good, and loves affectionate thy son
And thy Penelope, thou shalt find the swain
Tending his herd, they feed beneath the rock
Corax, at side of Arethusa's fount,

On acorns dieted, nutritious food 495

To them, and drinking of the limpid stream
There waiting, question him of thy concerns,
While I from Sparta praised for women fair
Call home thy son Telemachus, a guest

With Menelaus now, whom to consult 500

In spacious Lacedæmon he is gone,
Anxious to learn if yet his father lives

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
And why, alas! all-knowing as thou art,
Him left'st thou ignorant? was it that he,
He also, wand'ring wide the barren Deep, 505

Might suffer woe, while these devour his wealth?

Him answer'd then Pallas coerulean-eyed
Grieve thou not much for him I sent him forth
Myself, that there arrived, he might acquire 510

Honour and fame No sufferings finds he there,
But in Atrides' palace safe resides,
Enjoying all abundance Him, in truth,
The sutoris watch close ambush'd on the Deep,
Intent to slay him ere he reach his home,
But shall not as I judge, till of themselves
The earth hide some who make thee, now, a prey

515

So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand
At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd
The polish'd skin , she wither'd to the root
His wavy locks, and clothed him with the hide
Deform'd of wrinkled age , she charged with rheums
His eyes before so vivid, and a cloak
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd both, and foul,
And smutch'd with smoke , then casting over all
An huge old deer-skin bald, with a long staff
She furnish'd him, and with a wallet patch'd
On all sides, dangling by a twisted thong

520

Thus all their plan adjusted, different ways
They took, and she, seeking Ulysses' son,
To Lacedæmon's spacious realm repair'd

520

530

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Ulysses arriving at the house of Eumæus, is hospitably entertained, and spends the night there.

LEAVING the haven-side, he turn'd his steps
 Into a rugged path, which over hills
 Mantled with trees led him to the abode
 By Pallas mention'd of his noble¹ friend
 The swine-herd, who of all Ulysses' train
 Watch'd with most diligence his rural stores. 5
 Him sitting in the vestibule he found
 Of his own airy lodge commodious, built
 Amidst a level lawn That structure neat
 Eumæus, in the absence of his Lord, 10
 Had raised, himself, with stones from quarries hewn,
 Unaided by Laertes or the Queen
 With tangled thorns he fenced it safe around,
 And with contiguous stakes riven from the trunks
 Of solid oak black-grain'd hemm'd it without 15
 Twelve pens he made within, all side by side,
 Lais for his swine, and fast-immured in each
 Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor
 The males all slept without, less numerous far,
 Thinn'd by the princely wooers at their feasts 20
 Continual, for to them he ever sent
 The fattest of his sagnated chaise
 Three hundred, still, and sixty brawns remained.
 Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,
 Resembling wild beasts, nourish'd at the board 25
 Of the illustrious steward of the styes

¹ Δῖος ἵφερβος —The swine herd's was therefore in those days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as useful Barnes deems the epithet δῖος significant of his noble birth Vide Clarke in loco

Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,
 Carved from a stain'd ox-hide Four hinds he kept,
 Now busied here and there , three in the pens
 Were occupied , meantime, the fourth had sought 30
 The city, whither, for the suitors' use,
 With no good-will, but by constraint, he drove
 A boar, that sacrificing to the Gods,
 The imperious guests might on his flesh regale

Soon as those clamorous watch-dogs the approach 35
 Saw of Ulysses, baying loud, they ran
 Toward him , he, as ever, well-advised,
 Squatted, and let his staff fall from his hand.
 Yet foul indignity he had endured
 Even there, at his own farm, but that the swain, 40
 Following his dogs in haste, sprang through the porch
 To his assistance, letting fall the hide.
 With chiding voice and vollied stones he soon
 Drove them apart, and thus his Lord bespeak

Old man ! one moment more, and these my dogs 45
 Had, past doubt, worried thee, who should'st have ploved,
 So slain, a souice of obloquy to me
 But other pangs the Gods, and other woes
 To me have given, who here lamenting sit
 My godlike master, and his fatted swine 50
 Nourish for others' use, while he, perchance,
 A wanderer in some foreign city seeks
 Fit sustenance, and none obtains, if still
 Indeed he live, and view the light of day.
 But, old friend ! follow me into the house, 55
 That thou, at least, with plenteous food refresh'd,
 And cheer'd with wine sufficient, may st disclose
 Both who thou art, and all that thou hast borne

So saying, the generous swine-herd introduced
 Ulysses, and thick bundles spiead of twigs
 Beneath him, cover'd with the shaggy skin
 Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch
 Easy and large , the Hero, so received,
 Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude express'd 60
 Jove grant thee and the Gods above, my host,
 For such beneficence thy chief desire ! 65
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

My guest! I should offend, treating with scorn
 The stranger, though a poorer should arrive
 Than even thyself, for all the poor that are,
 And all the strangers are the care of Jove
 Little, and with good will, is all that lies
 Within my scope, no man can much expect
 From servants living in continual fear
 Under young masters, for the Gods, no doubt,
 Have intercepted my own Lord's return,
 From whom great kindness I had, else, received,
 With such a recompense as servants gain
 From generous masters, house and competence,
 And lovely wife from many a wooer won,
 Whose industry should have requited well
 His goodness, with such blessing from the Gods
 As now attends me in my present charge
 Much had I, therefore, prosper'd, had my Lord
 Grown old at home, but he hath died.—I would
 That the whole house of Helen, one and all,
 Might perish too, for she hath many slain
 Who, like my master, went glory to win
 For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy

70

So saying, he girdled, quick, his tunic close,
 And issuing, sought the styes, thence bringing two
 Of the impunson'd herd, he slaughter'd both,
 Singed them, and slash'd and spitted them, and placed
 The whole well-roasted banquet, spits and all,
 Reeking before Ulysses, last with flour
 He sprinkled them, and filling with rich wine
 His ivy goblet, to his master sat
 Opposite, whom inviting thus he said

90

Now, eat my guest! such as a servant may
 I set before thee, neither large of growth
 Nor fat, the fatted—those the suitors eat,
 Fearless of heaven, and pitiless of man
 Yet deeds unjust as theirs the blessed Gods
 Love not, they honour equity and right
 Even an hostile band when they invade
 A foreign shore, which by consent of Jove
 They plunder, and with laden ships depart,
 Even they with terrors quake of wrath divine

95

100

105

But these are wiser, these must surely have learn'd
 From some true oracle my master's death, 110
 Who neither deign with decency to woo,
 Nor yet to seek their homes, but boldly waste
 His substance, shameless now, and sparing nought
 Jove ne'er hath given us yet the night or day
 When with a single victim, or with two 115
 They would content them, and his empty jars
 Witness how fast the squanderers use his wine
 Time was when he was rich indeed, such wealth
 No Hero own'd on yonder continent,
 Nor yet in Ithaca, no twenty Chiefs 120
 Could match with all their treasures his alone,
 I tell thee their amount Twelve herds of his
 The mainland² graze, as many flocks of sheep,
 As many droves of swine, and hirelings there
 And servants of his own feed for his use, 125
 As many numerous flocks of goats, his goats
 (Not fewer than eleven numerous flocks)
 Here also gaze the margin of his fields
 Under the eye of servants well-approved,
 And every servant, every day, brings home 130
 The goat of all his flock largest and best
 But as for me, I have these swine in charge,
 Of which, selected with exactest care
 From all the herd, I send the prime to them
 He ceased meantime Ulysses ate and drank 135
 Voracious, meditating, mute, the death
 Of those proud suitors His repast, at length,
 Concluded, and his appetite sufficed,
 Eumeus gave him, charged with wine, the cup
 From which he drank himself, he, glad, received 140
 The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began
 My friend, and who was he, wealthy and brave
 As thou describest the Chief, who purchased thee?
 Thou say'st he perish'd for the glory-sake
 Of Agamemnon Name him, I, perchance, 145
 May have beheld the Hero None can say

² It may be proper to suggest that Ulysses was lord of part of the continent opposite to Ithaca, viz., of the peninsula Neritus or Leuca, which afterward became an island, and is now called Santa Maura F

But Jove and the inhabitants of heaven
 That I ne'er saw him, and may not impart
 News of him, I have roam'd through many a clime
 To whom the noble swineherd thus replied 150
 Alas, old man! no traveller's tale of him
 Will gain his consort's credence, or his son's,
 For wanderers, wanting entertainment, forge
 Falsehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive
 No wanderer lands in Ithaca, but he seeks 155
 With feign'd intelligence my mistress' ear,
 She welcomes all, and while she questions each
 Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear
 Affectionate, as well beseems a wife
 Whose mate hath perished in a distant land 160
 Thou could'st thyself, no doubt, my hoary friend!
 (Would any furnish thee with decent vest
 And mantle) fabricate a tale with ease,
 Yet sure it is that dogs and fowls, long since,
 His skin have stript, or fishes of the Deep 165
 Have eaten him, and on some distant shore
 Whelm'd in deep sands his mouldering bones are laid
 So hath he perish'd, whence to all his friends,
 But chiefly to myself, sorrow of heart,
 For such another Lord, gentle as he, 170
 Wherever sought, I have no hope to find,
 Though I should wander even to the house
 Of my own father. Neither yearns my heart
 So feelingly (though that desiring too)
 To see once more my parents and my home, 175
 As to behold Ulysses yet again
 Ah stranger! absent as he is, his name
 Fills me with reverence, for he loved me much,
 Cared for me much, and though we meet no more,
 Holds still an elder brother's part in me 180
 He answer'd then, the Hero toil-inured
 My friend! since his return, in thy account,
 Is an event impossible, and thy mind
 Always incredulous that hope rejects,
 I shall not slightly speak, but with an oath.— 185
 Ulysses comes again, and I demand
 No more, than that the boon such news deserves,

Be given me soon as he shall reach his home
 Then give me vest and mantle fit for wear,
 Which, ere that hour, much as I need them both, 190
 I neither ask, nor will accept from thee
 For him whom poverty can force aside
 From truth—I hate him as the gates of hell
 Be Jove, of all in heaven, my witness first,
 Then, this thy hospitable board, and last, 195
 The household Gods of the illustrious Chief
 Himself, Ulysses, to whose gates I go,
 That all my words shall surely be fulfill'd
 In this same year Ulysses shall arrive,
 Ere, this month closed, another month succeed, 200
 He shall return, and punish all who dare
 Insult his consort and his noble son

To whom, Eumeus, thou didst thus reply
 Old friend! that boon thou ne'er wilt earn from me,
 Ulysses comes no more But thou thy wine 205
 Drink quietly, and let us find, at length,
 Some other theme, recall not this again
 To my remembrance, for my soul is grieved
 Oft as reminded of my honour'd Lord
 Let the oath rest, and let Ulysses come 210
 Even as myself, and as Penelope,
 And as his ancient father, and his son
 Godlike Telemachus, all wish he may
 Ay—there I feel again—nor cease to mourn
 His son Telemachus, who, when the Gods 215
 Had given him growth like a young plant, and I
 Well hoped that nought inferior he should prove
 In person or in mind to his own sire,
 Hath lost, through influence human or divine,
 I know not how, his sober intellect, 220
 And after tidings of his sire is gone
 To far-famed Pylus, his return, meantime,
 In ambush hidden the proud suitors wait,
 That the whole house may perish of renown'd
 Arcesias, named in Ithaca no more 225
 But whether he have fallen or 'scaped, let him
 Rest also, whom Saturnian Jove protect!
 But come, my ancient guest! now let me learn

Thy own afflictions , answer me in truth
 Who, and whence art thou ? in what city born ?
 Where dwell thy parents ? in what kind of ship
 Camest thou ? the mariners, why brought they thee
 To Ithaca ? and of what land are they ?
 For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure

220

Him answer'd then Ulysses ever-wise
 I will with truth resolve thee , and if here
 Within thy cottage sitting, we had wine
 And food for many a day, and business none
 But to regale at ease while others toil'd,
 I could exhaust the year complete, my woes
 Rehearsing, nor at last, rehearse entire
 My sorrows by the will of heaven sustain'd

220

I boast me sprung from ancestry renown'd
 In spacious Crete , son of a wealthy sire,
 Who other sons train'd numerous in his house,
 Born of his wedded wife but he begat
 Me on his purchased concubine, whom yet
 Dear as his other sons in wedlock born
 Castor Hylacides esteem'd and loved,
 For him I boast my father Him in Crete,
 While yet he lived, all reverenced as a God,
 So rich, so prosperous, and so blest was he
 With sons of highest praise But death, the doom
 Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode,
 And his illustrious sons among themselves
 Portion'd his goods by lot , to me, indeed,
 They gave a dwelling, and but little moie ,
 Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won
 A wealthy bride, for I was neither vain
 Nor base, forlorn as thou perceivest me now
 But thou canst guess, I judge, viewing the straw
 What once was in the ear Ah ! I have borne
 Much tribulation , heap'd and heavy woes
 Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I
 From Mars and Pallas , at what time I diew
 (Planning some dread exploit) an ambush forth
 Of our most valiant Chiefs, no boding fears
 Of death seized me, but foremost far of all
 I sprang to fight, and pierced the flying toe

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Such was I once in arms	But household toils	270
Sustain'd for children's sake, and carking cares		
To enrich a family, were not for me		
My pleasures were the gallant bark, the din		
Of battle, the smooth spear and glittering shaft,		
Objects of dread to others, but which me		275
The Gods disposed to love and to enjoy		
Thus different minds are differently amused ,		
For ere Achaia's fleet had sail'd to Troy,		
Nine times was I commander of an host		
Embark'd against a foreign foe, and found		280
In all those enterprises great success		
From the whole booty, first, what pleased me most		
Choosing, and sharing also much by lot		
I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth		
Among the Cretans reverence and respect		285
But when loud-thundering Jove that voyage dire		
Ordain'd, which loosed the knees of many a Greek,		
Then to Idomeneus and me they gave		
The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid		
We found not, so impotunate the cry		290
Of the whole host impell'd us to the task		
There fought we nine long yeais, and in the tenth		
(Pisam's proud city pillaged) steeled again		
Our galleys homeward, which the Gods dispersed		
Then was it that deep-planning Jove devised		295
Foi me much evil One short month, no more,		
I gave to joys domestic, in my wife		
Happy, and in my babes, and in my wealth,		
When the desire seized me with several ships		
Well-rigg'd, and furnish'd all with gallant crews,		300
To sail for Egypt , nine I fitted forth,		
To which stout mariners assembled fast		
Six days the chosen partners of my voyage		
Feasted, to whom I numerous victims gave		
For sacrifice, and for their own regale		305
Embarking on the seventh from spacious Crete,		
Before a clear breeze prosperous from the North		
We glided easily along, as down		
A river's stream , noi one of all my ships		
Damage incur'd, but healthy and at ease		310

We sat, while gales well-managed urged us on
 The fifth day thence, smooth-flowing Nile we reach'd,
 And safe I moor'd in the Egyptian stream
 Then, charging all my marines to keep
 Strict watch for preservation of the ships,
 I order'd spies into the hill-tops, but they
 Under the impulse of a spirit rash
 And hot for quarrel, the well-cultured fields
 Pillaged of the Egyptians, captive led
 Their wives and little ones, and slew the men
 Soon was the city alarm'd, and at the cry
 Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,
 With horse and foot, and with the gleam of arms
 Filling the plain Then Jove with panic dread
 Struck all my people, none found courage more
 To stand, for mischief swarm'd on every side
 There, numerous by the glittering spear we fell
 Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
 Alive to servitude But Jove himself
 My bosom with this thought inspired, (I would
 That, dying, I had first fulfill'd my fate
 In Egypt, for new woes were yet to come')
 Loosing my brazen casque, and slipping off
 My buckler, there I left them on the field,
 Then cast my spear away, and seeking, next,
 The chariot of the sovereign, clasp'd his knees,
 And kiss'd them He, by my submission moved,
 Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-seat
 Raising, convey'd me weeping to his home
 With many an ashen spear his warriors sought
 To slay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)
 But he through fear of hospitable Jove,
 Chief punisher of wrong, saved me alive
 Seven years I there abode, and much amass'd
 Among the Egyptians, gifted by them all,
 But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived
 A shrewd Phœnician, in all fraud adept,
 Hungry, and who had numerous harm'd before,
 By whom I also was cajoled, and lured
 To attend him to Phœnicia, where his house
 And his possessions lay, there I abode

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A year complete his inmate , but (the days
 And months accomplish'd of the rolling year,
 And the new seasons entering on their course)
 To Libya then, on board his bark, by wiles
 He won me with him, partner of the freight
 Profess'd, but destined secretly to sale,
 That he might profit largely by my price.
 Not unsuspicuous, yet constrain'd to go,
 With this man I embark'd A cloudless gale
 Propitious blowing from the North, our ship
 Ran right before it through the middle sea,
 In the offing over Crete , but adverse Jove
 Destruction plann'd for them and death the while
 For, Crete now left afar, and other land
 Appearng none, but sky alone and sea,
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove
 A cloud cœrulean hung, darkening the Deep
 Then thundering oft, he hurl'd into the bark
 His bolts , she smitten by the fires of Jove,
 Quaked all her length , with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,
 And o'er her sides precipitated, plunged
 Like gulls the crew, forbidden by that stroke
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more
 But Jove himself, when I had cast away
 All hope of life, conducted to my aims
 The strong tall mast, that I might yet escape
 Around that beam I clung, driving before
 The stormy blast Nine days complete I drove,
 And on the tenth dark night, the rolling flood
 Immense convey'd me to Thesprotia's shore
 There me the Hero Phidon, generous King
 Of the Thesprotians, freely entertain'd ,
 For his own son discovering me with toil
 Exhausted and with cold, raised me, and thence
 Led me humanely to his father's house,
 Who cherish'd me, and gave me flesh attire.
 There heard I of Ulysses, whom himself
 Had entertain'd, he said, on his return
 To his own land , he shew'd me also gold,
 Brass, and bright steel elaborate, whatsoe er
 Ulysses had amass'd, a store to feed

A less illustrious family than his
 To the tenth generation, so immense
 His treasures in the royal palace lay
 Himself, he said, was to Dodona gone, 395
 There, from the towering oaks of Jove to ask
 Counsel divine, if openly to land
 (After long absence) in his opulent realm
 Of Ithaca, be best, or in disguise 400
 To me the monarch swore, in his own hall
 Pouring libation that the ship was launch'd,
 And the crew ready for his conduct home
 But me he first dismiss'd, for, as it chanced,
 A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound 4' 5
 To green Dulichium's isle He bade the crew
 Bear me to King Acastus with all speed,
 But them far other thoughts pleased more, and thoughts
 Of harm to me, that I might yet be plunged
 In deeper gulfs of woe than I had known 410
 For when the billow-cleaving bark had left
 The land remote framing combined a plot
 Against my liberty, they stipp'd my vest
 And mantle, and this tattc.'d raiment foul
 Gave me instead, which thy own eyes behold 415
 At even-tide reaching the cultuied coast
 Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board
 With tackle of the bark, and quitting ship
 Themselves, made hasty supper on the shore
 But me, meantime, the Gods easily loosed 420
 By their own power, when with this wrapper vile
 Around my brows, sliding into the sea
 At the ship's stern, I laid me on the flood
 With both hands oaring thence my course, I swam
 Till past all ken of theirs, then landing where 2
 Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,
 Close couchant down I lay, they muttering loud,
 Paced to and fro, but deeming farther search
 Unprofitable, soon embark'd again
 Thus baffling all their search with ease, the Gods 439
 Conceal'd and led me thence to the abode
 Of a wise man, dooming me still to live
 To whom, Eumeus, thou didst thus reply

Alas ! my most compassionate guest !
 Thou hast much moved me by this tale minute
 Of thy sad wanderings and thy numerous woes
 But speaking of Ulysses, thou hast pass'd
 All credence , I at least can give thee none
 Why, noble as thou art, should'st thou invent
 Palpable falsehoods ? as for the return
 Of my regretted Lord, myself I know
 That had he not been hated by the Gods
 Unanimous, he had in battle died
 At Troy, or (that long doubtful war, at last,
 Concluded) in his people's arms at home
 Then universal Greece had raised his tomb,
 And he had even for his son achieved
 Immortal glory , but alas ! by beaks
 Of harpies torn, unseemly sight, he lies
 Here is my home the while , I never seek
 The city, unless summon'd by discreet
 Penelope to listen to the news
 Brought by some stranger, whencesoe'er arrived
 Then, all, alike inquisitive, attend,
 Both who regret the absence of our King,
 And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge
 His property , but as for me, no joy
 Find I in listening after such reports,
 Since an Ætolian cozen'd me, who found
 (After long wandering over various lands
 A fugitive for blood,) my lone retreat
 Him warm I welcom'd and with open arms
 Received, who bold affirm'd that he had seen
 My master with Idomeneus in Cete
 His ships refitting shatter'd by a storm,
 And that in summer with his godlike band
 He would return, bringing great riches home,
 Or else in autumn And thou ancient guest
 Forlorn ! since thee the Gods have hither led,
 Seek not to gratify me with untruths
 And to deceive me, since for no such cause
 I shall respect or love thee, but alone
 By pity influenced, and the fear of Jove.
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied

Thou hast, in truth, a most incredulous mind
 Whom even with an oath I have not moved,
 Or aught persuaded Come then—let us make
 In terms express a covenant, and the Gods
 Who hold Olympus, witness to us both !

475

If thy own Lord at this thy house arrive,
 Thou shalt dismiss me decently attired
 In vest and mantle, that I may repair
 Hence to Dulichium, whither I would go
 But if thy Lord come not, then, gathering all
 Thy servants, headlong hurl me from a rock,
 That other mendicants may fear to lie

480

To whom the generous swine-herd in return
 Yes, stranger ! doubtless I should high renown
 Obtain for virtue among men, both now
 And in all future times, if, having first
 Invited thee, and at my board regaled,
 I next should slay thee , then my prayers would mount,
 Past question, swiftly to Saturnian Jove
 But the hour calls to supper, and, ere long,
 The partners of my toils will come prepared
 To spread the board with no unsavoury cheer

485

Thus they conferr'd And now the swains arrived,
 Driving their charge, which fast they soon enclosed
 Within then customary pens, and loud
 The hubbub was of swine prison'd within
 Then call'd the master to his rustic train
 Bring ye the best, that we may set him forth
 Before my friend from foreign climes arrived,
 With whom ourselves will also feast, who find
 The bright tusk'd multitude a painful charge,
 While others, at no cost of theirs, consume,
 Day after day, the profit of our toils

490

So saying, his wood for fuel he prepared,
 And, dragging thither a well-fatted brawn
 Of the fifth year, his servants held him fast
 At the hearth-side Nor fail'd the master swain
 To adore the Gods, (for wise and good was he,)
 But consecration of the victim, first,
 Himself performing, cast into the fire
 The forehead bristles of the tusky boar,

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Then pray'd to all above, that safe at length,
 Ulysses might regain his native home
 Then lifting an huge shive that lay beside
 The fire, he smote the boar, and dead he fell
 Next, piercing him, and scorching close his hair, 520
 They carved him quickly, and Eumæus spread
 Thin slices crude taken from every limb
 O'er all his fat, then other slices cast,
 Sprinkling them first with meal, into the fire
 The rest they slash'd and scored, and roasted well, 525
 And placed it, heap'd together, on the board
 Then rose the good Eumæus to his task
 Of distribution, for he understood
 The hospitable entertainer's part
 Seven-fold partition of the banquet made, 530
 He gave, with previous praver, to Maia's³ son
 And to the nymphs one portion of the whole,
 Then served his present guests, honouring first
 Ulysses with the boar's perpetual chine,
 By that distinction just his master's heart 535
 He gratified, and thus the Hero spake
 Eumæus! be thou as beloved of Jove
 As thou art dea^r to me, whom, though attired
 So coarsely, thou hast served with such respect!
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply 540
 Eat, noble stranger! and refreshment take
 Such as thou may'st, God⁴ gives, and God denies
 At His own will, for He is Lord of all
 He said, and to the everlasting Gods
 The firstlings sacrificed of all, then made 545
 Libation, and the cup placed in the hands
 Of city-spoiler Laertades
 Sitting beside his own allotted share

³ Mercury

⁴ Θεος—without a relative, and consequently signifying God in the abstract, is not unfrequently found in Homer, though, fearing to give offence to serious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the translation. But here the sentiment is such as fixes the sense intended by the author with a precision that leaves me no option. It is observable too, that δυναται γαρ απαντα is an inscription of power such as the poet never makes to his Jupiter

Meantime, Mesaulius bread dispensed to all,
 Whom in the absence of his Lord, himself
 Eumæus had from Taphian traders bought
 With his own proper goods, at no expense
 Either to old Laertes or the Queen
 And now, all stretch'd their hands toward the feast
 Reeking before them, and when hunger none
 Felt more or thirst, Mesaulius clear'd the board
 Then, fed to full satiety, in haste
 Each sought his couch Black came a moonless night,
 And Jove all night descended fast in showers,
 With howlings of the ever-watery West 550
 Ulysses, at that sound, for trial's sake
 Of his good host, if putting off his cloak
 He would accommodate him, or require
 That service for him at some other hand,
 Addressing thus the family began 555

Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other swains
 His fellow-laboureis ! I shall somewhat boast,
 By wine befool'd, which forces even the wise
 To carol loud, to tittei and to dance,
 And words to uttei, oft better suppress'd
 But since I have begun, I shall proceed,
 Prating my fill Ah, might those days return
 With all the youth and strength that I enjoy'd,
 When in close ambush, once, at Troy we lay ! 570
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself
 Then chosen coadjutor, led the band.
 Approaching to the city's lofty wall
 Through the thick bushes and the reeds that gird
 The bulwarks, down we lay flat in the marsh,
 Under our arms Then, Boreas blowing loud, 575
 A rueful night came on, frosty and charged
 With snow that blanched us thick as morning rime,
 And every shield with ice was crystall'd o'er
 The rest with cloaks and vests well cover'd, slept
 Beneath their bucklers , I alone my cloak, 580
 Improvident, had left behind, no thought
 Conceiving of a season so severe ,
 Shield and belt, therefore, and nought else had I

Declining in their course, with elbow thrust Against Ulysses' side I roused the Chief, And thus address'd him even prompt to hear.	590
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! I freeze to death Help me, or I am lost No cloak have I, some evil demon, sure, Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came Thus sparely clad, I shall, I must expire.	595
So I, he, ready as he was in arms And counsel both, the remedy at once Devised, and thus, low-whispering, answered me	600
Hush ! lest perchance some other hear—He said, And leaning on his elbow, spake aloud My friends' all hear—a monitoiy dream Hath reached me, for we lie far from the ships. Haste, therefore, one of you, with my request	605
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, our Chief, That he would reinforce us from the camp He spake, and at the word, Andraemon's son Thoas arose, who, casting off his cloak,	610
Ran thence toward the ships, and folded warm Within it, there lay I till dawn appear'd Oh for the vigour of such youth again ! Then, some good peasant here, either for love Or for respect, would cloak a man like me,	615
Whom, now, thus so did in attue ye scorn To whom, Eumeus, thou didst thus reply My ancient guest ! I cannot but approve Thy narrative, noi hast thou uttered aught Unseemly, or that needs excuse No want	620
Of raiment, therfore, or of aught beside Needful to solace penury like thine, Shall harm thee here, yet at the peep of dawn Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again , For we have no great store of cloaks to boast,	625
Or change of vests, but, singly, one for each But when Ulysses' son shall once arrive, He will himself with vest and mantle both Clothe thee, and send thee wherther most thou would'st.	
So saying, he rose, and nearer made his couch To the hearth-side, spreading it thick with skins	630

Of sheep and goats , then lay the Hero down,
O'er whom a shaggy mantle large he threw,
Which oft-times served him with a change, when rough
The winter's blast and terrible arose

So was Ulysses bedded, and the youths 635

Slept all beside him , but the master-swain

Chose not his place of rest so far remote

From his rude charge, but to the outer court

With his nocturnal furniture repair'd,

Gladdening Ulysses' heart that one so true 640

In his own absence kept his rural stores

Athwart his sturdy shoulders first he slung

His faulchion keen, then wrapp'd him in a cloak

Thick woven, winter proof , he lifted, next,

The skin of a well-thriven goat, in bulk 645

Surpassing others, and his javelin took

Sharp-pointed, with which dogs he drove and men

Thus arm'd, he sought his wonted couch beneath

A hollow rock where the herd slept, secure

From the sharp current of the Northern blast 650

BOOK XV

ARGUMENT

Telemachus, admonished by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he sails, is accosted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earnest request he takes on board. In the meantime Eumeus relates to Ulysses the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himself to Eumeus.

MEANTIME to Lacedæmon's spacious vale
 Minerva went, that she might summon thence
 Ulysses' glorious son to his own home
 Arrived, she found Telemachus reposed
 And Nestor's son beneath the vestibule
 Of Menelaus, mighty Chief, she saw
 Pisistratus in bands of gentle sleep
 Fast bound, but not Telemachus, his mind
 No rest enjoy'd, by filial cares disturb'd
 Amid the silent night, when drawing near
 To his couch side, the Goddess thus began

5

Thou canst no longer prudently remain
 A wanderer here, Telemachus! thy home
 Abandon'd, and those haughty suitors left
 Within thy walls; fear lest, partition made
 Of thy possessions, they devour the whole,
 And in the end thy voyage bootless prove
 Delay not, from brave Menelaus ask
 Dismission hence, that thou may'st find at home
 Thy spotless mother, whom her brethren urge
 And her own father even now to wed
 Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount
 Of proffer'd dower superior to them all
 Some treasure, else, shall haply from thy house
 Be taken, such as thou wilt grudge to spare
 For well thou know'st how woman is disposed,

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Her whole anxiety is to increase
 His substance whom she weds, no care hath she
 Of her first children, or remembers more
 The buried husband of her virgin choice. 30
 Returning, then, to her of all thy train
 Whom thou shalt most approve, the charge commit
 Of thy concerns domestic, till the Gods
 Themselves shall guide thee to a noble wife.
 Hear also this, and mark it In the frith 35
 Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,
 The chief of all her suitors thy return
 In vigilant ambush wait, with strong desire
 To slay thee, ere thou reach thy native shore,
 But shall not, as I judge, till the earth hide 40
 Many a lewd reveller at thy expense
 Yet steer thy galley from those isles afar,
 And voyage make by night, some guardian God
 Shall save thee, and shall send thee prosperous gales
 Then, soon as thou attain'st the nearest shore 45
 Of Ithaca, dispatching to the town
 Thy bark with all thy people, seek at once
 The swine-herd, for Eumeus is thy friend
 There sleep, and send him forth into the town
 With tidings to Penelope, that safe 50
 Thou art restored from Pylus home again
 She said, and sought the Olympian heights sublime
 Then, with his heel shaking him, he awoke
 The son of Nestor, whom he thus address'd.
 Rise, Nestor's son, Pisistratus! lead forth 55
 The steeds, and yoke them We must now depart
 To whom the son of Nestor thus replied.
 Telemachus! what haste soe'er we feel,
 We can by no means prudently attempt
 To drive by night, and soon it will be dawn. 6
 Stay, therefore, till the Hero, Atreus' son,
 Spear-practised Menelaus shall his gifts
 Place in the chariot, and with kind farewell
 Dismiss thee, for the guest in memory holds
 Through life, the host who treats him as a friend 65
 Scarce had he spoken, when the golden dawn

Of beauteous Helen risen, their bed approach'd,
 Whose coming when Telemachus perceived,
 Clothing himself hastily in his vest
 Magnificent, and o'er his shoulders broad
 Casting his graceful mantle, at the door
 He met the Hero, whom he thus address'd.

Atrides Menelaus, Chief renown'd !

Dismiss me hence to Ithaca again,
 My native isle, for I desire to go
 Him answer'd Menelaus famed in arms.

Telemachus ! I will not long delay

Thy wish'd return I disapprove alike
 The host whose assiduity extreme

Distresses, and whose negligence offends ,

The middle course is best , alike we err,

Him thrusting forth whose wish is to remain,

And hindering the impatient to depart

This only is true kindness—To regale

The present guest and speed him when he would.

Yet stay, till thou shalt see my splendid gifts

Placed in thy chariot, and till I command

My women from our present stores to spread

The table with a plentiful repast

For both the honour of the guest demands,

And his convenience also, that he eat

Sufficient, entering on a length of road

But if through Hellas thou wilt take thy way

And traverse Argos, I will then myself

Attend thee , thou shalt journey with my steeds

Beneath thy yoke, and I will be thy guide

To many a city, whence we shall not go

Ungratified, but shall in each receive

Some gift at least, tripod, or chæ. ger bright,

Or golden chalice, or a pair cf mules

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied

Atrides Menelaus, Chief renown'd !

I would at once depart, (for guardian none

Of my possessions have I left behind,)

Lest, while I seek my father, I be lost

Myself, or lose what I should grudge to spare.

Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,

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He bade his spouse and maidens spread the board
 At once with remnants of the last regale 110
 Then Eteoneus came, Boetheus' son
 Newly arisen, for nigh at hand he dwelt,
 Whom Menelaus bade kindle the fire
 By which to dress their food, and he obey'd
 He, next, himself his fragrant chamber sought, 115
 Not sole, but by his spouse and by his son
 Attended, Megapenthes There arrived
 Where all his treasures lay, Atides, first,
 Took forth, himself, a goblet, then consign'd
 To his son's hand an argent beaker bright 120
 Meantime, beside her coffers Helen stood
 Where lay her variegated robes, fair works
 Of her own hand Producing one, in size
 And in magnificence the chief, a star
 For splendour, and the lowest place of all, 125
 Loveliest of her sex, she bore it thence
 Then, all proceeding through the house, they sought
 Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus
 The Hero of the golden locks began
 May Jove the Thunderer, dread Juno's mate, 130
 Grant thee, Telemachus, such voyage home
 As thy own heart desires ! accept from all
 My stores selected as the richest far
 And noblest gift for finish'd beauty—This
 I give thee wrought elaborate a cup, 135
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
 The Hero Phædimus imparted, King
 Of the Sidonians, when on my return,
 Beneath his roof I lodged. I make it thine 140
 So saying, the Hero, Atreus' son, the cup
 Placed in his hands, and Megapenthes set
 Before him, next, the argent beaker bright,
 But lovely Helen drawing nigh, the robe
 Presented to him, whom she thus address'd 145
 I also give thee, oh my son, a gift,
 Which seeing, thou shalt think on her whose hands
 Wrought it , a present on thy nuptial day

In thy own mother's keeping Now, farewell ! 150
 Prosperous and happy be thy voyage home !

She ceased, and gave it to him, who the gift
 Accepted glad, and in the chariot-chest
 Pisinfratus the Hero all disposed,
 Admiring them the while. They, following, next, 155
 The Hero Menelaus to his hall
 Each on his couch or on his throne repos'd
 A maiden, then, with golden ewer chaig'd
 And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
 And spread the polish'd table, which with food 160
 Various, selected from her present stores,
 The mistress of the household charge supplied
 Boetheus' son stood carv'd, and to each
 His portion gave, while Megapenthes, son
 Of glorious Menelaus, served the cup 165
 Then, all with outstretch'd hands the feast assai'd,
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst of wine
 They felt, Telemachus and Nestor's son
 Yoked the swift steeds, and, taking each his seat
 In the resplendent chariot, drove at once 170
 Right through the sounding portico abroad
 But Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,
 A golden cup bearing with richest wine
 Replete in his right hand, follow'd them forth,
 That not without libation first perform'd 175
 They might depart, he stood before the steeds,
 And drinking first, thus, courteous, them bespeak
 Health to you both, young friends ! and from my lips
 Like greeting bear to Nestor, royal Chief,
 For he was ever as a father kind 180
 To me, while the Achaians warr'd at Troy
 To whom Telemachus discreet replied
 And doubtless, so we will, at our return
 We will report to him, illustrious Prince !
 Thy every word And oh, I would to heaven 185
 That reaching Ithaca, I might at home
 Ulysses hail as sure, as I shall hence
 Depart, with all benevolence by thee
 Treated, and rich in many a noble gift
 While thus he spake, on his right hand appear'd 190

An eagle, in his talons pounced he bore
 A white-plumed goose domestic, newly taken
 From the house court Ran females all and males
 Clamorous after him, but he the steeds
 Approaching on the right, sprang into air
 That sight rejoicing and with hearts revived
 They view'd, and thus Pisistratus his speech
 Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd

195

Now, Menelaus, think, illustrious Chief!
 If us, this omen, or thyself regard.

200

While warlike Menelaus musing stood
 What answer fit to frame, Helen meantime,
 His spouse long-stoled preventing him, began.

Hear me, for I will answer as the Gods
 Teach me, and as I think shall come to pass
 As he, descending from his place of birth
 The mountains, caught our pamper'd goose away,
 So shall Ulysses, after many woes
 And wanderings, to his home restored, avenge
 His wrongs, or even now is at his home
 For all those suitors sowing seeds of woe

205

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 Oh grant it Jove, Juno's high-thundering mate!
 So will I, there arrived, with vow and prayer
 Thee worship, as thou wert thyself divine

210

He said, and lash'd the coursers, fiery they
 And fleet, sprang through the city to the plain
 All day the yoke on either side they shook,
 Journeying swift, and now the setting sun
 To gloomy evening had resign'd the roads,
 When they to Pheræ came, and in the house
 Of good Diocles slept, their liberal host,
 Whose sire Orsilochus from Alpheas sprang
 But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
 Look'd rosy from the East, yoking their steeds,
 They in the sumptuous chariot sat again
 Forth through the vestibule they drove, and through
 The sounding portico, when Nestor's son
 Phid brisk the scourge, and willing flew the steeds
 Thus whirl'd along, soon they approach'd the gate

215

220

225

230

Turning to his companion, thus began

How, son of Nestor ! shall I win from thee
Not promise only, but performance kind
Of my request ? we are not bound alone
To friendship by the friendship of our sires,
But by equality of years, and this
Our journey shall unite us still the more
Bear me not, I entreat thee, noble friend !
Beyond the ship, but drop me at her side,
Lest ancient Nestor, though against my will,
Detain me in his palace through desire
To feast me, for I dread the least delay

He spake, then mused Pisistratus how best
He might effect the wishes of his friend,
And thus at length resolved, turning his steeds
With sudden deviation to the shore,
He sought the bark, and placing in the stern
Both gold and raiment, the illustrious gifts
Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd
With ardour, urged Telemachus away

Dispatch, embark, summon thy crew on board,
Ere my arrival notice give of thine
To the old King, for vehement I know
His temper, neither will he let thee hence,
But, hastening hither, will himself enforce
Thy longer stay, that thou may'st not depart
Ungifted, nought will fire his anger more

So saying, he to the Pylian city urged
His steeds bright-maned, and at the palace-gate
Arrived of Nestor speedily, meantime
Telemachus exhorted thus his crew

My gallant friends ! set all your tackle, climb
The sable bark, for I would now return

He spake, they heard him gladly, and at once
All fill'd the benches While his voyage he
Thus expedited, and beside the stern
To Pallas sacrifice perform'd and pray'd,
A stranger, born remote, who had escaped
From Argos' fugitive for blood, a seer,
And of Melampus' progeny approach'd.
Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,

235

240

245

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255

260

265

270

Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd And the magnificence of his abode.	
He, flying from the far-famed Pylian King, The mighty Neleus, migrated at length	275
Into another land, whose wealth, the while, Neleus by force possess'd a year complete	
Meantime, Melampus in the house endured Of Phylacus ¹ imprisonment and woe,	280
And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter's sake By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart	
But 'scaping death, he drove the lowing beeves From Phylace to Pylus, well avenged	
His numerous injuries at Neleus' hands	285
Sustain'd, and gave into his brother's arms King Neleus' daughter fair, the promised bride	
To Argos steed-renown'd he journey'd next, There destined to inhabit and to rule	
Multitudes of Achaians In that land	290
He married, built a palace, and became Father of two brave sons, Antiphates	
And Mantius, to Antiphates was born The brave Oicleus, from Oicleus sprung	
Amphiarau, demagogue renown'd,	295
Whom with all tenderness, and as a friend, Alike the Thunderer and Apollo prized,	
Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age, But by his mercenary consort's arts	
Peruaded, ² met his destiny at Thebes	300
He 'gat Alcmæon and Amphilochus Mantius was also father of two sons,	
Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus pass'd From earth to heaven, and dwells among the Gods,	

¹ Iphyclus, the son of Phylacus, had seized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus, Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as security for his obedience seized on a considerable part of his possessions. Melampus attempted the service, failed, and was cast into prison, but at length escaping, accomplished his errand, vanquished Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promised to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refused her.

² His wife Erphyle, bribed by Polynices, persuaded him, though aware that death awaited him in that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.

Stolen by Aurora for his beauty's sake
 But (brave Amphiaraus once deceased)
 Phœbus exalted Polyphides far
 Above all others in the prophet's part.
 He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away
 To Hyperesia, where he dwelt renown'd
 Throughout all lands the oracle of all

305

His son, named Theoclymenus, was he
 Who now approach'd, he found Telemachus
 Libation offering in his bark, and prayer,
 And in wing'd accents ardent him address'd

310

Ah, friend! since sacrificing in this place
 I find thee, by these sacred rites and those
 Whom thou ador'st, and by thy own dear life,
 And by the lives of these thy mariners
 I beg true answer, hide not what I ask.

315

Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from whom?

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 I will inform thee, stranger! and will solve
 Thy questions with much truth. I am by birth
 Ithacan, and Ulysses was my sire .
 But he hath perish'd by a woful death,
 And I, believing it, with these have plough'd
 The Ocean hither, interested to learn
 A father's fate long absent from his home

325

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus
 I also am a wanderer, having slain
 A man of my own tribe, brethren and friends
 Numeious had he in Argos steed-renown'd,
 And powerful aie the Achaians dwelling there
 From them, through terror of impending death,
 I fly, a banish'd man henceforth for ever
 Ah, save a suppliant fugitive! lest death
 O'ertake me, for I doubt not then pursuit

335

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discreet.

I shall not, be assured, since thou desirest
 To join me, chase thee from my bark away
 Follow me, therefore, and with us partake,
 In Ithaca, what best the land affords

340

So saying, he at the stranger's hand received
 His spear, which on the deck he laid, then climb'd

345

Himself the bark, and seated in the stern, At his own side placed Theoclymenas They cast the hawsers loose , then with loud voice Telemachus exhorted all to haul The tackle, whom his sailors prompt obey'd	350
The tall mast heaving, in its socket deep They lodged it, and its cordage braced secure, Then, straining at the halyards, hoised the sail Fair wind, and blowing fresh through æther pure Minerva sent them, that the bark might run	355
Hei nimblest course through all the briny way Now sank the sun, and dusky evening dimm'd The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove, His bark stood right for Pheæ, thence she stretch'd To sacred Elis, where the Epeans rule,	360
And through the sharp Echinades he next Steer'd her uncertain whether fate ordain'd His life or death, supposal or escape	
Meantime Ulysses and the swineherd ate Their cottage-mess, and the assistant swains Theirs also , and when hunger now and thirst Had ceas'd in all, Ulysses thus began, Proving the swineherd, whether friendly still,	365
And anxious for his good, he would entreat His stay, or thence hasten him to the town	
Eumeus, and all ye his servants, hear ! It is my purpose, lest I wear thee out, Thee and thy friends, to seek at early dawn The city, there to beg —but give me first Needful instructions, and a trusty guide	370
Who may conduct me thither , there my task Must be to roam the streets , some hand humane Perchance shall give me a small pittance there, A little bread, and a few drops to drink.	375
Ulysses' palace I shall also seek, And to discreet Penelope report My tidings , neither shall I fail to mix With those imperious suitors, who, themselves Full-fed, may spare perhaps some boon to me.	380
Me shall they find, in whatsoe'er they wish Their ready servitor, for (understand	385

And mark me well,) the herald of the skies,
Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind
Their grace receive and polish, is my friend ,
So that in menial offices I fear

390

No rival, whether I be call'd to heap
The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,
To roast, to carve, or to distribute wine,
As oft the poor are wont who serve the great

To whom, Eumæus' at those words displeased,
Thou didst reply Gods ! how could such a thought
Possess thee, stranger ? surely thy resolve
Is altogether fix'd to perish there,

395

If thou indeed hast purposed with that throng
To mix, whose riot and outrageous acts

400

Of violence echo through the vault of heaven
None, such as thou, seive *them*, their servitors

Are youths well-cloak'd, well-vested , sleek their heads,
And smug their countenances , such alone

Are their attendants, and the polish'd boards

405

Groan overcharged with bread, with flesh, with wine.

Rest here content , for neither me nor these

Thou weariest aught, and when Ulysses' son
Shall come, he will with vest and mantle fair

Clothe thee, and send thee whither most thou would st

410

To whom, Ulysses, Heio toil-inured

I wish thee, O Eumæus' dear to Jove

As thou art dear to me, for this reprieve

Vouchsafed me kind, from wandering and from woe !

No worse condition is of mortal man

415

Than his who wanders , for the poor man, driven

By woe and by misfortune homeless forth,

A thousand miseries, day by day, endures

Since thou detain'st me then, and bidd'st me wait

His coming, tell me if the father still

420

Of famed Ulysses live, whom, going hence,

He left so nearly on the verge of life ?

And lives his mother ? or have both deceased

Already, and descended to the shades ?

To whom the master swineherd thus replied.

425

I will inform thee, and with strictest truth,

Of all that thou hast ask'd. Laertes lives,

But supplication offering to the Gods
 Ceaseless, to free him from a weary life,
 So deeply his long-absent son he mourns,
 And the dear consort of his early youth,
 Whose death is his chief sorrow, and hath brought
 Old age on him, or ere its date arrived
 She died of sorrow for her glorious son,
 And died deplorably³, may never friend
 Of mine, or benefactor die as she !
 While yet she lived, dejected as she was,
 I found it yet some solace to converse
 With her, who rear'd me in my childish days,
 Together with her lovely youngest-born
 The Princess Ctimena , for side by side
 We grew, and I scarce honour'd less than she.
 But soon as our delightful prime we both
 Attain'd, to Samos her they sent, a bride,
 And were requited with rich dowry , but me
 Clothed handsomely with tunic and with vest,
 And with fair sandals furnish'd, to the field
 She ordered forth, yet loved me still the more
 I miss her kindness now , but gracious heaven
 Prospects the work on which I here attend ,
 Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence
 Refresh sometimes a worthy guest like thee
 But kindness none experience I, or can,
 From fair Penelope (my mistress now)
 In word or action, so is the house cursed
 With that lewd throng Glad would the servants be
 Might they approach their mistress, and receive
 Advice from her , glad too to eat and drink,
 And somewhat bear each to his rural home,
 For perquisites are every servant's joy

Then answer thus, Ulysses wise return'd
 Alas ! good swain, Eumæus, how remote
 From friends and country wast thou forced to roam
 Even in thy infancy ! But tell me true
 The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes
 Pillage it ? or did else some hostile band
 Surprising thee alone, on herd or flock

430

435

440

445

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455

460

465

³ She is said to have hanged herself

Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,
And sell thee at this Hero's house, who paid
Doubtless for *thee* no sordid price or small?

470

To whom the master swineherd in reply.
Stranger! since thou art curious to be told
My story, silent listen, and thy wine
At leisure quaff. The nights are longest now,
And such as time for sleep afford, and time
For pleasant conference; neither were it good
That thou should'st to thy couch before thy hour,
Since even sleep is hurtful, in excess.

475

Whoever here is weary, and desires
Early repose, let him depart to rest,
And at the peep of day, when he hath fed
Sufficiently, drive forth my master's herd;
But we with wine and a well-furnish'd board
Supplied, will solace mutually derive
From recollection of our sufferings past;

480

For who hath much endured, and wander'd far,
Finds the recital even of sorrow sweet.

Now hear thy question satisfied; attend!
There is an island (thou hast heard, perchance,
Of such an isle,) named Syria⁴; it is placed
Above Ortygia, and a dial owns

485

True to the tropic changes of the year.⁵
No great extent she boasts, yet is she rich
In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.

490

No famine knows that people, or disease
Noisome of all that elsewhere seize the race
Of miserable man; but when old age
Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd
With silver bow and bright Diana come,
Whose gentle shafts dismiss them soon to rest.

495

Two cities share between them all the isle,

500

⁴ Not improbably the isthmus of Syracuse, an island, perhaps, or peninsula at that period, or at least imagined to be such by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia. F.

⁵ Ὀθι τροπαι ηλιοῦ.—The Translator has rendered the passage according to that interpretation of it to which several of the best expositors incline. Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose that Homer, so correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean island under the Tropic.

And both were subject to my father's sway,
 Ctesias Ormenides, a godlike Chief
 It chanced that from Phœnicia, famed for skill
 In arts marine, a vessel thither came
 By shapers mann'd, and laden deep with toys
 Now, in my father's family abode
 A fair Phœnician, tall, full-sized, and skill'd
 In works of elegance, whom they beguiled
 While she wash'd linen on the beach, beside
 The ship, a certain mainer of those
 Seduced her, for all women, even the wise
 And sober, feeble prove by love assal'd
 Who was she, he enquired, and whence? nor she
 Scrupled to tell at once her father's home

505

510

515

I am of Sidon,⁶ famous for her works
 In brass and steel, daughter of Arybas,
 Who rolls in affluence, Taphian pirates thence
 Stole me returning from the field, from whom
 This Chief procured me at no little cost

520

Then answer thus hei paramour return'd
 Wilt thou not hence to Sidon in our ship,
 That thou may'st once more visit the abode
 Of thy own wealthy parents, and themselves?
 For still they live, and still are wealthy deem'd.

525

To whom the woman Even that might be,
 Would ye, ye seamen, by a solemn oath
 Assure me of a safe conveyance home

Then sware the mariners as she required,
 And, when their oath was ended, thus again
 The woman of Phœnicia them bespake

530

Now, silence! no man henceforth of you all
 Accost me, though he meet me on the road,
 Or at yon fountain, lest some tattler run
 With tidings home to my old master's ear,
 Who, with suspicion touch'd, may me confine
 In cruel bonds, and death contrive for *you*
 But be ye close, purchase your stores in haste,
 And when your vessel shall be freighted full,
 Quick send me notice, for I mean to bring
 What gold soever opportune I find,

535

540

⁶ A principal city of Phœnicia

And will my passage cheerfully defray
 With still another moveable. I nurse
 The good man's son, an urchin shrewd, of age
 To scamper at my side ; him will I bring,
 Whom at some foreign market ye shall prove
 Saleable at what price soe'er ye will.

545

So saying, she to my father's house return'd.
 They, there abiding the whole year, their ship
 With purchased goods freighted of every kind,
 And when her lading now complete, she lay
 For sea prepared, their messenger arrived
 To summon down the woman to the shore.
 A mariner of theirs, subtle and shrewd,
 Then, entering at my father's gate, produced

550

A splendid collar, gold with amber strung.
 My mother (then at home) with all her maids
 Handling and gazing on it with delight,
 Proposed to purchase it, and he the nod
 Significant, gave unobserved, the while,

555

To the Phoenician woman, and return'd.
 She, thus inform'd, leading me by the hand
 Went forth, and finding in the vestibule
 The cups and tables which my father's guests
 Had used, (but they were to the forum gone
 For converse with their friends assembled there,) 565
 Convey'd three cups into her bosom-folds,
 And bore them off, whom I a thoughtless child
 Accompanied, at the decline of day,

When dusky evening had embrown'd the shore.

570

We, stepping nimbly on, soon reach'd the port
 Renown'd, where that Phoenician vessel lay.

They shipp'd us both, and all embarking cleaved
 Their liquid road by favourable gales,

Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night

575

Continual sail'd, but when Saturnian Jove

Now bade the seventh bright morn illume the skies,
 Then shaft-arm'd Dian struck the woman dead.

At once she pitch'd headlong into the bilge

580

Like a sea-coot, whence heaving her again,

The seamen gave her to be fishes' food,

And I survived to mourn her. But the winds

And rolling billows them bore to the coast
 Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods
 Laertes bought me By such means it chanced 585
 That e'er I saw the isle in which I dwell

To whom Ulysses, glorious Chief replied
 Eumeus! thou hast moved me much, thy woes
 Enumerating thus at large But Jove
 Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good, 590
 That after numerous sorrows thou hast reach'd
 The house of a kind master, at whose hands
 Thy sustenance is sure, and here thou lead'st
 A tranquil life, but I have late arrived,
 City after city of the world explored 595

Thus mutual they confer'd, nor leisure found
 Save for short sleep, by morning soon surprised
 Meantime the comrades of Telemachus
 Approaching land, cast loose the sail, and lower'd
 Alert the mast, then oar'd the vessel in 600
 The anchors heaved aground,⁷ and hawsers tied
 Secure, themselves, forth-issuing on the shore,
 Breakfast prepared, and charged their cups with wine
 When neither hunger now, nor thirst remain'd
 Unsatisfied, Telemachus began 605

Push ye the sable bark without delay
 Home to the city I will to the field
 Among my shepherds, and (my rural works
 Survey'd) at eve will to the town return
 To-morrow will I set before you wine 610
 And plenteous viands, wages of your toil

To whom the godlike Theoclymenus
 Whither must I, my son? who, of the Chiefs
 Of rugged Ithaca, shall harbour me?
 Shall I to thine and to thy mother's house? 615

Then thus Telemachus, discreet, replied.
 I would invite thee to proceed at once
 To our abode, since nought should fail thee there
 Of kind reception, but it were a course
 Now not advisable, for I must myself 620
 Be absent, neither would my mother's eyes
 Behold thee, so unfrequent she appears

⁷ The anchors were lodged on the shore, not plunged as ours

Before the suitors, shunning whom, she sits Weaving continual at the palace-top But I will name to thee another Chief Whom thou may'st seek, Eurymachus, the son Renown'd of prudent Polybus, whom all The people here reverence as a God Far noblest of them all is he, and seeks More ardent than his rivals far, to wed My mother, and to fill my father's throne But He who dwells above, Jove only knows If some disastrous day be not ordain'd For them, or ere those nuptials shall arrive	625
While thus he spake, at his right hand appear'd, Messenger of Apollo, on full wing,	635
A falcon, in his pounces clench'd he bore A dove, which i'ending, down he pour'd her plumes Between the galley and Telemachus	
Then calling him apart the prophet lock'd His hand in his, and thus explain'd the sign	640
Not undirected by the Gods his flight On our right hand, Telemachus! this hawk Hath wing'd propitious, soon as I perceived I knew him ominous —In all the isle	
No family of a more royal note Than yours is found, and yours shall still prevail	645
Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discreet Grant heaven, my guest! that this good woid of thine Fail not, and soon thou shalt such bounty share	
And friendship at my hands, that at first sight, Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest	650
Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved. Piræus, son of Clytius! (for of all	
My followers to the shore of Pylus, none	655
More prompt than thou hath my desires perform'd,) Now also to thy own abode conduct	
This stranger, whom with hospitable care Cherish and honour till myself arrive	
To whom Piræus answer'd, spear-renown'd Telemachus! however long thy stay,	660
Punctual I will attend him, and no want Of hospitality shall he find with me.	

So saying, he climbed the ship, then bade the crew
Embarking also, cast the hawsers loose, 665
And each obedient to his beuch repaired
Meantime Telemachus his sandals bound,
And lifted from the deck his glittering spear
Then as Telemachus had bidden them,
Son of divine Ulysses, casting loose 670
The hawsers, foith they push'd into the Deep
And sought the city, while with nimble pace
Proceeding thence, Telemachus attain'd
The cottage soon where good Eumæus slept,
The swine herd, faithful to his numerous charge. 675

BOOK XVI

ARGUMENT

Telemachus dispatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his safe return from Pylos, during his absence, Ulysses makes himself known to his son. The suitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

IT was the hour of dawn, when in the cot
 Kindling fresh fire, Ulysses and his friend
 Noble Eumæus dress'd their morning fare,
 And sent the herdsmen with the swine abroad
 Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs 5
 Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him At that sight,
 And at the sound of feet which now approach'd,
 Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd
 Eumæus! certain, either friend or thine
 Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know st , 10
 Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach
 Obsequious, and the sound of feet I hear
 Scarce had he ceased, when his own son himself
 Stood in the vestibule Upsprang at once
 Eumæus wonder-stuck, and from his hand 15
 Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd
 Mingling rich wine, to his young Lord he ran,
 His forehead kiss'd, kiss'd his bright-beaming eyes
 And both his hands, weeping profuse the while
 As when a father holds in his embrace, 20
 Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year,
 His darling son, the offspring of his age,
 His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
 So kiss'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er
 Godlike Telemachus, as from death escaped, 25
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began
 Light of my eyes, thou comest , it is thyself,

Sweetest Telemachus ! I had no hope
 To see thee more, once told that o'er the Deep
 Thou hadst departed for the Pylian coast 30
 Enteि, my precious son , that I may soothe
 My soul with sight of thee from far arrived,
 For seldom thou thy feeders and thy farm
 Visitest, in the city custom'd much
 To make abode, that thou may'st witness there 35
 The manners of those hungry suitors proud
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 It will be so There is great need, my friend !
 But here, for thy sake, have I now arrived,
 That I may look on thee, and from thy lips 40
 Learn if my mother still reside at home,
 Or have become spouse of some other Chief,
 Leaving untenanted Ulysses' bed
 To be by noisome spiders webb'd around
 To whom the master-swineherd in return 45
 Not so, she, patient still as ever, dwells
 Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerless davs
 Despairing wastes, and all her nights in tears
 So saying, Eumæus at his hand received
 His brazen lance, and o'er the step of stone 50
 Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his sire
 Relinquish'd, soon as he appear'd, his seat,
 But him Telemachus forbidding, said—
 Guest, keep thy seat, our cottage will afford
 Some other, which Eumæus will provide 55
 He ceased, and he, returning at the word,
 Reposed again , then good Eumæus spread
 Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,
 Supplied Ulyses' offspring with a seat
 He next disposed his dishes on the board 60
 With relics charged of yesterday , with bread
 Alert, he heap'd the baskets, with rich wine
 His ivy-cup replenish'd , and a seat
 Took opposite to his illustrious Lord
 Ulysses They toward the plenteous feast 65
 Stretch'd forth their hands, (and hunger now and thirst
 Both satisfied,) Telemachus, his speech
 Addressing to their generous host, began.

Whence is this guest, my father ? How convey'd
Came he to Ithaca ? What country boast
The mariners with whom he here arrived ?
For that on foot he found us not, is sure.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.
I will with truth answer thee, O my son !
He boasts him sprung from ancestry renown'd
In spacious Crete, and hath the cities seen
Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.
Even now, from a Thesprotian ship escaped,
He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own ;
I yield him to thee ; treat him as thou wilt ;
He is thy suppliant, and depends on thee.

Then thus, Telemachus, discreet, replied.
Thy words, Eumæus, pain my very soul.
For what security can I afford
To any in my house ? myself am young,
Nor yet of strength sufficient to repel
An offer'd insult ; and my mother's mind
In doubtful balance hangs, if still with me
An inmate, she shall manage my concerns,
Attentive only to her absent Lord

And her own good report, or shall espouse
The noblest of her wooers, and the best
Entitled by the splendour of his gifts.
But I will give him, since I find him lodged
A guest beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak,
Sword double-edged, and sandals to his feet,
With convoy to the country of his choice.

Still, if it please thee, keep him here thy guest,
And I will send him raiment, with supplies
Of all sorts, lest he burden thee and thine.
But where the suitors come, there shall not he
With my consent, nor stand exposed to pride
And petulance like theirs, lest by some sneer
They wound him, and through him wound also me ;
For little is it that the boldest can
Against so many ; numbers will prevail.

Him answer'd then Ulysses toil-inured.
Oh amiable and good ! since even I
Am free to answer thee, I will avow

My heart within me torn by what I hear
Of those injurious suitors, who the house
Infest of one noble as thou appear'st
But say—submittest thou to their control
Willingly, or because the people, sway'd
By some response oracular, incline
Against thee? Thou hast brothers, it may ch'nce,
Slow to assist thee,—for a brother's aid
Is of importance in whatever cause
For oh that I had youth as I have will,
Or that renown'd Ulysses were my sene,
Or that myself might wander home again,
Whereof hope yet remains! then might I lose
My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,
If I would fail, entering Ulysses' gate,
To be the bane and mischief of them all
But if alone to multitudes opposed
I should perchance be foil'd, nobler it were
With my own people, under my own roof
To perish, than to witness evermore
Their unexampled deeds, guests shoved aside,
Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,
Casks emptied of their rich contents, and them
Indulging gluttonous appetite day by day
Enormous, without measure, without end
To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
Stranger! thy questions shall from me receive
True answer. Enmity or hatred none
Subsists the people and myself between,
Nor have I brothers to accuse, whose aid
Is of importance in whatever cause,
For Jove hath from of old with single heirs
Our house supplied, Arcesias none begat
Except Laertes, and Laertes none
Except Ulysses, and Ulysses me
Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd
Thence comes it that our palace swarms with foes,
For all the rulers of the neighbour-isles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
Zacynthus, others also rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek

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In marriage, and my household stores consume
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorri'd
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents
 To end them, they my patrimony waste
 Meantime, and will destroy me also soon,
 As I expect, but heaven disposes all

Eumæus! haste, my father! bear with speed
 News to Penelope that I am safe,

And have arrived from Pylus, I will wait
 Till thou return, and well beware that none
 Hear thee beside, for I have many foes

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply
 It is enough I understand Thou speak'st
 To one intelligent But say beside,

Shall I not also, as I go, inform
 Distress'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd
 Ulisses only, could o'ersee the works,
 And dieted among his menials oft
 As hunger prompted him, but now, they say,
 Since thy departure to the Pylian shore,
 He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,
 Nor oversees his hinds, but sighing sits
 And weeping, wasted even to the bone

Him then Telemachus answer'd discreet,
 Haid though it be, yet to his tears and sighs
 Him leave we now We cannot what we would
 For were the ordering of all events

Refeir'd to our own choice, our first desire
 Should be to see my father's glad return
 But once thy tidings told, wander not thou
 In quest of Him, but hither speed again
 Rather request my mother that she send
 Her household's governess without delay
 Privately to him, she shall best inform
 The ancient King that I have safe arrived

He said, and urged him forth, who binding on
 His sandals, to the city bent his way
 Nor went Eumæus from his home unmark'd
 By Pallas, who in semblance of a fair
 Damsel, accomplish'd in domestic arts,
 Approaching to the cottage' entrance, stood

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Opposite, by Ulysses plain discern'd, But to his son invisible, for the Gods Appear not manifest alike to all The mastiffs saw her also, and with tone Querulous hid themselves, yet bark'd they not She beckon'd him abroad Ulysses saw The sign, and issuing through the outer court, Approach'd her, whom the Goddess thus bespake	195
Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd ! Disclose thyself to thy own son, that death Concerting and destruction to your foes, Ye may the royal city seek, nor long Shall ye my presence there desire in vain, For I am aident to begin the fight	200
Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold Touch'd him, his mantle, fist, and vest she made Pure as new-blanch'd, dilating, next, his form, She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs, Swarthy again his manly hue became, Round his full face, and black his bushy chin The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd, And the illustrious Hero turn'd again Into the cottage, wonder at that sight Seized on Telemachus, askance he look'd, Awe-struck, not unsuspicious of a God, And in wing'd accents eager thus began	215
Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw, Nor are thy clothes, nor is thy port the same. Thou art a God, I know, and dwell'st in heaven Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts Elaborate, ah spare us, Power divine !	220
To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-mured I am no God Why deem'st thou me divine ? I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st A life of woe, by violence oppress'd	225
So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks Tears trickled, tears till then perforce restrain'd Telemachus, (for he believed him not His father yet,) thus wondering spake again	230
My father, saidst thou ? no. Thou art not He,	

But some Divinity beguiles my soul
 With mockeries, to afflict me still the more ;
 For never mortal man could so have wrought
 By his own power ; some interposing God
 Alone could render thee both young and old,
 For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,
 But wear'st the semblance now of those in heaven !

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 240

Telemachus ! it is not well, my son !
 That thou should'st greet thy father with a face
 Of wild astonishment, and stand aghast.
 Ulysses, save myself, none comes, be sure.
 Such as thou seest, after ten thousand woes
 Which I have borne, I visit once again
 My native country in the twentieth year.
 This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,
 She clothed me even in what form she would,
 For so she can. Now poor I seem and old,
 Now young again, and clad in fresh attire.
 The Gods who dwell in yonder heaven, with ease
 Dignify or debase a mortal man.

So saying, he sat. Then threw Telemachus
 His arms around his father's neck, and wept. 255
 Desire intense of lamentation seized
 On both ; soft murmurs uttering, each indulged
 His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird,
 (Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whose nest
 Some swain hath stolen her yet unfeather'd young.
 So from their eyelids they big drops distill'd
 Of tenderest grief, nor had the setting sun
 Cessation of their weeping seen, had not
 Telemachus his father thus address'd.

What ship convey'd thee to thy native shore, 265
 My father ! and what country boast the crew ?
 For that on foot thou not arrivedst, is sure.

Then thus divine Ulysses toil-inured.
 My son ! I will explicit all relate.
 Conducted by Phœacia's maritime sons
 I came, a race accustomed to convey
 Strangers who visit them across the Deep.
 Me o'er the billows in a rapid bark

Boine sleeping, on the shores of Ithaca
 They laid, rich gifts they gave me also, brass,
 Gold in full bags, and beautiful attire, 275
 Which, wain'd from heaven, I have in caves conceal'd
 By Pallas prompted, hither I repair'd
 That we might plan the slaughter of our foes,
 Whose numbers tell me now, that I may know 280
 How powerful, certainly, and who they are,
 And consultation with my dauntless heart
 May hold, if we be able to contend
 Ourselves with all, or must have aid beside
 Then answer thus his son, discreet, return'd. 285
 My father! thy renown hath ever rung
 In thy son's ears, and by report thy force
 In arns, and wisdom I have oft been told
 But terribly thou speak'st, amazement-fixt
 I hear, can two a multitude oppose, 290
 And valiant warriors all? For neither ten
 Are they, nor twenty, but moie numerous far
 Leain now their numbers Fifty youths and two
 Came from Dulichium, they aie chosen men,
 And six attendants follow in their train, 295
 From Samos twenty youths and four arrive,
 Zacynthus also of Achaea's sons
 Sends twenty more, and our own island adds,
 Herself, her twelve chief rulers, Medon, too,
 Is there the herald, and the baid divine, 300
 With other two, intendants of the boaid
 Should we within the palace, we alone,
 Assal them all, I feai lest thy revenge
 Unpleasant to thyself and deadly prove,
 Frustrating thy return But recollect— 305
 Think, if thou canst, on whose confederate arm
 Strenuous on our behalf we may rely
 To him replied his patient fathei bold
 I will inform thee Mark Weigh well my words
 Will Pallas and the everlasting Sire 310
 Alone suffice? or need we other aids?
 Then answer thus Telemachus return'd
 Good fiends indeed are they whom thou hast nam'd,
 Though throned above the clouds, for their control

Is universal both in earth and heaven	315
To whom Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd Not long will they from battle stand aloof, When once within my palace, in the strength Of Mars, to sharp decision we shall urge	
The suitors But thyself at early dawn	320
Our mansion seek, that thou may'st mingle there With that imperious throng, me in due time Eumeus to the city shall conduct, In form a miserable beggar old	
But should they with dishonourable scorn	325
Insult me, thou unmoved my wrongs endure, And should they even drag me by the feet Abroad, or smite me with the spear, thy wrath Refraining, gently counsel them to cease	
From such extravagance, but well I know	330
That cease they will not, for their hour is come And mark me well, treasure what now I say Deep in thy soul When Pallas shall, herself, Suggest the measure, then shaking my brows,	
I will admonish thee, thou at the sign,	335
Remove what arms soever in the hall Remain, and in the upper palace safe Dispose them, should the suitors, missing them, Perchance interrogate thee, then reply	
Gently—I have removed them from the smoke, For they appear no more the arms which erst	340
Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left, But smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire This weightier reason (thou shalt also sav,) Jove taught me, lest, intoxicate with wine,	
Ye should assault each other in your brawls, Shaming both feast and courtship, for the view	345
Itself of arms incites to their abuse Yet leave two faulchions for ourselves alone,	
Two spears, two bucklers, which with sudden force	350
Impetuous we will seize, and Jove all-wise Their valour shall, and Pallas, steal away	
This word store also in remembrance deep— If mine in truth thou art, and of my blood,	
Then, of Ulysses to his home return'd	355

Let none hear news from thee, no, not my sire Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all The menials any, or even Penelope, That thou and I, alone, may search the drift Of our domestic women, and may prove Our serving-men, who honours and reveres And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee So gracious, and so worthy to be loved	360
Him then thus answer'd his illustrious son Trust me, my father! thou shalt soon be taught That I am not of drowsy mind obtuse. But this I think not likely to avail Or thee or me, ponder it yet again, For tedious were the task, farm after farm To visit of those servants, proving each, And the proud suitors merciless devour	365
Meantime thy substance, noi abstain from aught Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that course myself Advise) who slightst thee of the female train, And who is guiltless, but I would not try From house to house the men, fai better proved Hereafter, if in truth by signs from heaven Inform'd, thou hast been taught the will of Jove	370
Thus they conferr'd The gallant bark, meantime, Reach d Ithaca, which from the Pyhan shore Had brought Telemachus with all his band Within the many-fathom'd port arrived His lusty followers haled her fai aground, Then carried thence their arms, but to the house Of Clytus the ill strious gifts convey'd	375
Next to the royal mansion they dispatch'd An herald, charged with tidings to the Queen, That her Telemachus had reach'd the cot Of good Eumæus, and the bark had sent Home to the city, lest the matchless dame Should still deplore the absence of her son	380
They then, the herald and the swine-herd, each Bearing like message to his mistress, met, And at the palace of the godlike Chief Arriving, compass d by the female throng Inquisitive, the herald thus began,	385
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Thy son, O Queen ! is safe , even now return'd
 Then, drawing nigh to her, Eumæus told
 His message also from her son received,
 And, his commission punctually discharged,
 Leaving the palace, sought his home again 404
 Grief seized and anguish, at those tidings, all
 The suitors , issuing forth, on the outside
 Of the high wall they sat, before the gate,
 When Polybus' son, Eurymachus began 405
 My friends ! his arduous task, this voyage, deem'd
 By us impossible, in our despite
 Telemachus hath achieved Haste ! launch we forth
 A sable bark, our best, which let us man
 With mariners expert, who, rowing forth 410
 Swiftly, shall summon our companions home
 Scaice had he said, when turning where he sat,
 Amphionomus beheld a bark arrived
 Just then in port , he saw them furling sail,
 And seated with their oars in hand , he laugh'd
 Through pleasure at that sight, and thus he spake 415
 Our message may be spared Lo ! they arrive
 Either some God inform'd them, or they saw,
 Themselves, the vessel of Telemachus
 Too swiftly passing to be reach'd by theirs 420
 He spake , they, rising, hastened to the shore
 Alert they view'd the sable bark aground,
 And by his servant each his arms dispatch'd
 To his own home Then all to council close
 Assembling, neither elder of the land 425
 Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the rest
 Eupithe's son, Antinous, thus bespeak
 Ah ! how the Gods have rescued him ! all day
 Perch'd on the airy mountain-top, our spies
 Successive watch'd , and when the sun declined,
 We never slept on shore, but all night long, 430
 Till sacred dawn arose, plough'd the abyss,
 Hoping Telemachus, that we might seize
 And slay him, whom some Deity hath led,
 In our despite safe to his home again
 But frame we yet again means to destroy 435
 Telemachus , ah—let not Him escape !

For end of this our task, while he survives,
 None shall be found, such prudence he displays
 And wisdom, neither are the people now 440
 Unanimous our friends as heretofore
 Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks
 To council, for he will not long delay,
 But will be angry, doubtless, and will tell
 Amid them all, how we in vain devised 445
 His death, a deed which they will scarce applaud,
 But will, perhaps, punish and drive us forth
 From our own country to a distant land —
 Prevent him, therefore, quickly, in the field
 Slay him, or on the road, so shall his wealth 450
 And his possessions on ourselves devolve,
 Which we will share equally, but his house
 Shall be the Queen's, and his whom she shall wed.
 Yet, if not so inclined, ye rather choose
 That he should live and occupy entire 455
 His patrimony, then, no longer, here
 Assembled, let us revel at his cost,
 But let us all with spousal gifts produced
 From our respective treasures, woo the Queen,
 Leaving her in full freedom to espouse 460
 Who proffers most, and whom the fates ordain
 He ceased, the assembly silent sat and mute
 Then rose Amphinomus amid them all,
 Offspring renown'd of Nisus, son himself
 Of King Aretas. He had thither led 465
 The suitor train who from the pleasant isle
 Corn-clad of green Dulichium had arrived,
 And by his speech pleased far beyond them all
 Penelope, for he was just and wise,
 And thus, well-counselling the rest, began 470
 Not I, my friends! far be the thought from me
 To slay Telemachus! it were a deed
 Momentous, terrible, to slay a prince
 First, therefore, let us counsel ask of heaven,
 And if Jove's oracle that course approve, 475
 I will encourage you, and will myself
 Be active in his death, but if the Gods
 Forbid it, then, by my advice, forbear.

So spake Amphionomus, whom all approved Arising then, into Ulysses' house They went, where each his splendid seat resumed.	480
A novel purpose occupied, meantime, Penelope, she purposed to appear Before her suitors, whose design to slay Telemachus she had from Medon leain'd,	485
The herald, for his ear had caught the sound Toward the hall with her attendant train She moved, and when, most graceful of hei sex Where sat the suitors she arrived, between	490
The columns standing of the stately dome, And covering with her white veil's lucid folds Her features, to Antinous thus she spake	
Antinous, proud, contentious, evermore To mischief prone! the people deem thee wise Past thy compeers, and in all grace of speeli Pieeminent, but such wast never thou.	495
Inhuman! why is it thy dark design To slay Telemachus? and why with scorn Rejectest thou the suppliant's prayer, ¹ which Jove Himself hath witness'd? Plots please not the Gods	500
Know'st not that thy own father refuge found Here, when he fled before the people's wrath Whom he had irritated by a wrong Which, with a band of Taphian robbers join d,	
He offered to the Thespiots, our allies?	505
They would have torn his heait, and would have laid All his delights and his possessions waste, But my Ulysses slaked the furious heat Of their revenge, whom thou requitest now	
Wasting his goods, soliciting his wife, Slaying his son, and filling me with woe But cease, I charge thee, and bid cease the rest	510
To whom the son of Polybus replied, Eurymachus —Icaius' daughter wise! Take courage, fair Penelope, and chase These fears unreasonable from thy mind!	515
The man lives not, nor shall, who while I live,	

¹ Alluding probably to entreaties made to him at some former time by herself and Telemachus, that he would not harm them Clarke

And faculty of sight retain, shall harm
 Telemachus, thy son For thus I say,
 And thus will I perform, his blood shall stream 520
 A sable current from my lance's point
 That moment, for the city-waster Chief
 Ulysses, oft, me placing on his knees,
 Hath fill'd my infant grasp wth savoury food,
 And given me ruddy wine I, therefore, hold 525
 Telemachus of all men most my friend,
 Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.
 Yet, if the Gods shall doom him, die he must
 So he encouraged her, who yet, himself,
 Plotted his death She, re-ascending, sought 530
 Her stately chamber, and, arriving there,
 Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord
 Till Athenæan Pallas azure-eyed
 Dews of soft slumber o'er her lids diffused.
 And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd 535
 Ulysses and his son A yearling swine
 Just slain they skilfully for food prepared,
 When Pallas, drawing nigh, smote with her wand
 Ulysses, at the stroke rendering him old,
 And his apparel sordid as before, 540
 Lest, knowing him, the swain at once should seek
 Penelope, and let the secret forth
 Then foremost him Telemachus address'd.
 Noble Eumæus! thou art come, what news
 Bring'st from the city? Have the wairior band 545
 Of suitors, hopeless of their ambush, reach'd
 The port again, or wait they still for me?
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply
 No time for such enquiry, nor to range,
 Curious, the streets had I, but anxious wish'd 550
 To make my message known, and to return
 But, as it chanced, a nimble herald sent
 From thy companions, met me on the way,
 Who reach'd thy mother first Yet this I know,
 For this I saw Passing above the town 555
 Where they have piled a way-side hill of stones
 To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark

Enteining the port , a bark she was of ours,
The crew were numeious, and I mark'd hei deep-
Laden with shields and speais of double edge 560
Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more

He spake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,
Telemachus his father eyed and smiled
Their task accomplish'd, and the table spread,
They ate, nor any his due portion miss'd, 565
And hunger now and thirst both sated, all
To rest repair'd, and took the gift of sleep

BOOK XVII

A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal passages of his voyage, Ulysses, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there also, and enters among the suitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. The curiosity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulysses, she orders him immediately into her presence, but Ulysses postpones the interview till evening, when the suitors having left the palace, there shall be no danger of interruption. Eumæus returns to his cottage.

N^ow look'd Aurora from the East abroad,
 When the illustrious offspring of divine
 Ulysses bound his sandals to his feet,
 He seized his sturdy spear match'd to his gripe,
 And to the city meditating quick
 Departure now, the swine-herd thus bespake
 Father! I seek the city to convince
 My mother of my safe return, whose tears,
 I judge, and lamentations shall not cease
 Till her own eyes behold me. But I lay
 On thee this charge. Into the city lead,
 Thyself, this hapless guest, that he may beg
 Provision there, a morsel and a drop
 From such as may, perchance, vouchsafe the boon.
 I cannot, vex'd and harass'd as I am,
 Feed all, and should the stranger take offence,
 The worse for him. Plain truth is my delight.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.

Nor is it my desire to be detained
 Better the mendicant in cities seeks
 His dole, vouchsafe it whosoever may,
 Than in the villages. I am not young,
 Nor longer of an age that well accords
 With rural tasks, nor could I all perform

5

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That it might please a master to command. 25
 Go then, and when I shall have warm'd my limbs
 Before the hearth, and when the risen sun
 Shall somewhat chase the cold, thy servant's task
 Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'st
 For this is a vile garb, the frosty air 30
 Of morning will benumb me thus attired,
 And, as ye say, the city is remote

He ended, and Telemachus in haste
 Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went,
 With dire revenge Soon in the palace-courts 35
 Arriving, he reclined his spear ag'inst
 A column and proceeded to the hall
 Him Euryklea, first, his nurse percieved,
 While on the variegated seats she spread
 Their fleecy covering, swift with tearful eyes 40
 She flew to him, and the whole female train
 Of brave Ulysses swam'd around his son,
 Clasping him, and his forehead and his neck
 Kissing affectionate, then came herself,
 As golden Venus or Diana fair, 45
 Forth from her chamber to her son's embrace,
 The chaste Penelope, with tears she threw
 Her arms around him, his blight-beaming eyes
 And forehead kiss'd, and with a murmur'd plaint
 Maternal in wing'd accents thus began 50

Thou hast return'd, light of my eyes! my son!
 My loved Telemachus! I had no hope
 To see thee more when once thou hadst embark'd
 For Pylus, privily, and with no consent
 From me obtain'd, news seeking of thy sire 55
 But haste, unfold Declare what thou hast seen
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 Ah mother! let my sorrows rest, nor me
 From death so lately 'scaped afflict anew,
 But, bathed and habited in fresh attire, 60
 With all the maidens of thy train ascend
 To thy superior chamber, there to vow
 A perfect hecatomb to all the Gods,
 When Jove shall have avenged our numerous wrongs
 I seek the forum, there to introduce 65

A guest, my follower from the Pylian shore,
 Whom sending forward with my noble band,
 I bade Piræus to his own abode
 Lead him, and with all kindness entertain
 The stranger, till I should myself arrive

70

He spake, nor flew his words useless away
 She, bathed and habited in fresh attire,
 Vow'd a full hecatomb to all the Gods,
 Would Jove but recompense her numerous wrongs
 Then, spear in hand, went forth her son, two dogs

75

Fleet-footed following him O'er all his form
 Pallas diffused a dignity divine,

And every eye gazed on him as he pass'd
 The suitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips

80

And welcome, but deep mischief in their hearts
 He, shunning all that crowd, chose to himself

A seat, where Mentor sat, and Antiphus,
 And Halytherses, long his father's friends

Sincere, who of his voyage much enquired
 Then diew Piræus nigh, leading his guest

85

Toward the forum , nor Telemachus

Stood long aloof, but greeted his approach,
 And was accosted by Piræus thus

Sir ! send thy menial women to bring home
 The precious charge committed to my care,
 Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.

90

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied

Piræus ! wait , for I not yet foresee
 The upshot Should these haughty ones effect

My death, clandestine, under my own roof,
 And parcel my inheritance by lot,

95

I rather wish those treasures thine, than theirs
 But should I with success plan for them all
 A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyself
 Bring home those presents to thy joyful friend

100

So saying, he led the anxious stranger thence
 Into the royal mansion, where arrived,
 Each cast his mantle on a couch or throne,
 And plunged his feet into a polish'd bath
 There wash'd and lubricated with smooth oils,

105

From the attendant maidens each received

Tunic and shaggy mantle Thus attired,
 Forth from the baths they stepp'd, and sat again
 A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,
 And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands, 110
 And spread the polish'd table, which with food
 Of all kinds, remnants of the last regale,
 The mistress of the household charge supplied,
 Meantime, beside a column of the dome
 His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd
 Her slender threads They to the furnish'd board 115
 Stretch'd forth their hands, and hunger now and thirst
 Both satisfied, Penelope began
 Telemachus! I will ascend again,
 And will repose me on my woful bed, 120
 For such it hath been, and with tears of mine
 Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went
 With Atreus' sons to Troy For not a word
 Thou wouldst vouchsafe me till our haughty guests
 Had occupied the house again, of all 125
 That thou hast heard (if aught indeed thou hast)
 Of thy long-absent father's wish'd return.
 Her answei'd then Telemachus discreet.
 Mother! at thy request I will with truth
 Relate the whole At Pylus' shore arrived 130
 We Nestor found, chief of the Pylian race
 Receiving me in his august abode,
 He entertain'd me with such welcome kind
 As a glad father shews to his own son
 Long-lost and newly found, so Nestor me, 135
 And his illustrious offspring, entertain'd,
 But yet assured me that he nought had heard
 From mortal lips of my magnanimous sire,
 Whether alive or dead, with his own steeds
 He sent me, and with splendid chariot thence 140
 To spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son
 There saw I Helen, by the Gods' decree
 Authoress of trouble both to Greece and Troy
 The Hero Menelaus then enquired
 What cause had urged me to the pleasant vale 145
 Of Lacedæmon, plainly I rehearsed
 The occasion, and the Hero thus replied.

Ye Gods ! they are ambitious of the bed
 Of a brave man, however base themselves
 But, as it chances when the hart hath laid
 Her fawns new-yean'd and sucklings yet, to rest 150
 In some resistless lion's den, she roams
 Meantime the hills, and in the grassy vales
 Feeds heedless, but the lion to his lair
 Returning soon, both he and hers destroys, 155
 So shall thy father, brave Ulysses, them
 Jove ! Pallas ! and Apollo ! oh that such
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove
 With Philomelides, whom wrestling, flat
 He threw, when all Achaia's sons rejoiced,
 Ulysses now might mingle with his foes ! 160
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs
 But thy inquiries neither indirect
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,
 But all that from the Ancient of the Deep¹ 165
 I have received will utter, hiding nought
 The God declared that he had seen thy sire
 In a lone island, sorrowing, and detain'd
 An inmate in the grotto of the nymph
 Calypso, wanting also means by which 170
 To reach the country of his birth again,
 For neither gallant barks nor friends had he
 To speed his passage o'er the boundless waves
 So Menelaus spake, the spear-renown'd
 My errand thus accomplish'd, I return'd— 175
 And by the Gods with gales propitious blest,
 Was wafted swiftly to my native shore
 He spake, and tumult in his mother's heart
 So speaking, raised Consolatory, next,
 The godlike Theoclymenus began 180
 Consort revered of Laertades !
 Little the Spartan knew, but list to me,
 For I will plainly prophesy and sure
 Be Jove of all in heaven my witness first,
 Then, this thy hospitable board, and, last, 185
 The household Gods of the illustrious Chief

¹ Proteus

Ulysses, at whose heath² I have arriv'd,
 That, even now, within his native isle
 Ulysses somewhere sits, or creeps obscure,
 Witness of these enomities, and seeds
 Sowing of dire destruction for his foes , 190
 So sure an augury, while on the deck
 Reclining of the gallant bark, I saw,
 And with loud voice proclaim'd it to thy son
 Him answer'd then Penelope discreet 195
 Giant heaven, my guest, that this good word of thine
 Fail not! then shalt thou soon such bounty share
 And friendship at my hands, that at first sight
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pionounce thee blest
 Thus they confer'd Meantime the suitors hui'd 200
 The quoit and lance on the smooth area spread
 Before Ulysses' gate, the custom'd scene
 Of their contentions, sports, and clamours rude
 But when the hour of supper now approach'd,
 And from the pastures on all sides the sheep 205
 Came with their wonted drives, Medon then
 (For he of all the heralds pleased them most,
 And waited at the board) them thus address'd
 Enough of play, young princes! entering now
 The house, prepaire we sedulous our feast, 210
 Since in well-timed refreshment harm is none
 He spake, whose admonition pleased At once
 All rising sought the palace , the.e arrived,
 Each cast his mantle off, which on his throne
 Or couch he spread, then brisk to slaughter fell 215
 Of many a victim , sheep and goats and swains
 They slew, all fatted, and a pastured ox,
 Hastening the banquet, nor with less dispatch
 Ulysses and Eumeus now prepared
 To seek the town, when thus the swain began 220
 My guest! since thy fix'd purpose is to see
 This day the city as my master bade,
 Though I, in truth, much rather wish thee here
 A keeper of our herds yet through respect
 And reverence of his orders, whose reproof 225

² The hearth was the altar on which the lares or house^l old gods were worshipped

I dread, for masters seldom gently chide,
I would be gone Arise, let us depart,
For day already is far-spent, and soon
The air of even-tide will chill thee more

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied

230

It is enough I understand Thou speak'st
To one intelligent Let us depart,
And lead, thyself, the way , but give me, first,
(If thou have one already hewn,) a staff
To lean on, for ye have descried the road
Rugged, and oftentimes dangerous to the foot

235

So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
He cast, suspended by a leathern twist,
Eumeus gratified him with a staff,
And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept
By dogs and swains He city-ward his King
Led on, in form a squalid beggar old,
Halting, and in unseemly garb attired
But when, slow-travelling the craggy way,

240

They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd
The marble fountain deep, which with its streams
Pellucid all the citizens supplied,

245

(Ithacus had that fountain framed of old
With Neritus and Polycitor, over which
A grove of water nourish'd aldeis hurg
Circular on all sides, while cold the rill

250

Ran from the rock, on whose tall summit stood
The altar of the nymphs, by all who pass'd
With sacrifice frequented, still, and piayeī ,)
Melanthius, son of Dolius, at that fount
Met them , the chosen goats of every flock,
With two assistants, from the field he drove,
The suitors' supper He, seeing them both,
In surly accent boorish, such as fired
Ulysses with resentment, thus began

255

Ay—this is well—the villain leads the vile,—
Thus evermore the Gods join like to like
Thou clumsy swine-heid, whither would'st conduct
This morsel-hunting mendicant obscene,
Defiler base of banquets? many a post
Shall he rub smooth that props him while he begs

260

265

Lean alms, sole object of his low pursuit,
Who ne'er to sword or tripod yet aspired
Would'st thou afford him to me for a guard
Or sweeper of my stalls, or to supply 270
My kids with leaves, he should on bulkier thewes
Supported stand, though nourish'd but with vhey
But no such useful arts hath he acquired,
Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort
From others food for his unsated maw 275
But mark my prophecy, for it is true,
At famed Ulysses' house should he arrive,
His sides shall shatter many a footstool hurl'd
Against them by the offended princes there

He spake, and drawing nigh, with his raised foot,
Insolent as he was and brutish, smote
Ulysses' haunch, yet shook not from his path
The firm-set Chief, who doubtful mused awhile
Whether to rush on him, and with his staff 280
To slay him, or uplifting him on high,
Downward to dash him headlong, but his wrath
Restraining, calm he suffer'd the affront
Him then Eumeus with indignant look
Rebuking, raised his hands, and fervent pray'd 285

Nymphs of the fountains, progeny of Jove !
If e'er Ulysses on your altar burn'd
The thighs of fatted lambs or kidlings, grant
This my request O let the Hero soon,
Conducted by some Deity, return ! 290

So shall he quell that arrogance which safe
Thou now indulgest, roaming day by day
The city, while bad shepherds mar the flock's
To whom the goat-herd answer thus return'd
Melanthius Marvellous ! how rare a speech 295
The subtle cur hath framed ! whom I will send
Far hence at a convenient time on board
My bark, and sell him at no little gain
I would, that he who bears the silver bow
As sure might pierce Telemachus this day
In his own house, or that the suitors might,
As that same wanderer shall return no more ! 305

He said, and then left pacing slow along,

But soon, himself, at his Lord's house arrived ,	
There entering bold, he with the suitors sat	
Opposite to Eurymachus, for him	
He valued most The sewers his portion placed	310
Of meat before him, and the maiden, chief	
Directress of the household, gave him bread	
And now, Ulysses, with the swain his friend	
Approach'd, when, hearing the harmonious lyre,	315
Both stood, for Phemius had begun his song	
He grasp'd the swine herd's hand, and thus he said	
This house, Eumæus ! of Ulysses seems	
Passing magnificent, and to be known	
With ease for his among a thousand more	320
One pile supports another, and a wall	
Crested with battlements surrounds the court ,	
Firm too the folding doors all force of man	
Defy , but numerous guests, as I perceive,	
Now feast within , witness the savoury steam	325
Fast fuming upward, and the sounding harp,	
Divine associate of the festive board	
To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply	
Thou hast well guess'd , no wonder , thou art quick	
On every theme , but let us well forecast	330
This business Wilt thou, entering first thyself	
The splendid mansion, with the suitors mix,	
Me leaving here ? or shall I lead the way	
While thou remain'st behind ? yet linger not,	
Lest seeing thee without, some servant strike	335
Or drive thee hence Consider which were best	
Him answer'd then the patient Hero bold	
It is enough I understand. Thou speak st	
To one intelligent Lead thou the wav,	
Me leaving here, for neither stripes nor blows	340
To me are strange Much exercised with pain	
In fight and on the Deep, I have long since	
Learn d patience Follow next what follow may '	
But to suppress the appetite, I deen'	
Impossible , the stomach is a source	
Of ills to man, an avaricious gulf	
Destructive, which to satiate, ships are rigg'd	
Seas traversed, and fierce battles waged remote.	345

Thus they discoursing stood, Argus the while,
Ulysses' dog, uplifted where he lay 360
His head and ears erect Ulysses him
Had bred long since himself, but rarely used,
Departing first to Ilum Him the youths
In other days led frequent to the chase
Of wild goat, hart, and hare, but now he lodged
A poor old cast-off, of his Lord forlorn,
Where mules and oxen had before the gate
Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds
Should in due time manure his spacious fields
There lay, with dog-devouring vermin foul 360
All over, Argus, soon as he perceived
Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears
Clapp'd close, and with his tail glad sign he gave
Of gratulation, impotent to rise
And to approach his master as of old 365
Ulysses, noting him, wiped off a tear
Unmark'd, and of Eumæus quick enquired
I can but wonder seeing such a dog
Thus lodged, Eumæus ! beautiful in form
He is, past doubt, but whether he hath been 370
As fleet as fair I know not, rather such
Perchance as masters sometimes keep to grace
Then tables, nourish'd more for show than use
To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply
He is the dog of one dead far remote 375
But had he now such feat-performing strength
As when Ulysses left him going hence
To Ilum, in one moment thou shouldst mark,
Astonish'd, his agility and force
He never in the sylvan deep recess 380
The wild beast saw that 'scaped him, and he trac'd
Their steps infallible, but he hath now
No comfort, for (the master dead afar)
Their heedless servants care not for his dog
Domestics, musing once their Lord's control, 385
Grow wilful, and refuse their proper tasks,
For whom Jove dooms to servitude, he takes
At once the half of that man's worth away
He said, and, entering at the portal, join'd

The suitors	Then his destiny released	390
Old Argus, soon as he had lived to see		
Ulysses in the twentieth year restored		
Godlike Telemachus, long ere the rest,		
Marking the swine-herd's entrance, with a nod		
Summon'd him to approach Eumæus cast	395	
His eye around, and seeing vacant there		
The seat which the dispenser of the feast		
Was wont to occupy while he supplied		
The numerous guests, planted it right before		
Telemachus, and at his table sat,	400	
On which the herald placed for him his share		
Of meat, and from the baskets gave him bread		
Soon after <i>him</i> , Ulysses enter'd slow		
The palace, like a squalid beggar old,		
Staff-prop'd, and in loose tatters foul attired.	405	
Within the portal on the ashen sill		
He sat, and seeming languid, lean'd against		
A cypress pillar by the builder's art		
Polish'd long since, and planted at the door		
Then took Telemachus a loaf entire	410	
Forth from the elegant basket, and of flesh		
A portion large as his two hands contain'd,		
And beck'ning close the swine-herd, charged him thus		
These to the stranger, whom advise to ask		
Some dole from every suitor, bashful fear	415	
Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd		
He spake, Eumæus went, and where he sat		
Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began		
Telemachus, oh stranger, sends thee these,		
And counsels thee to importune for more	420	
The suitors, one by one, for bashful feai		
Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.		
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied		
Jove, King of all, grant every good on earth		
To kind Telemachus, and the complete	425	
Accomplishment of all that he desires !		
He said, and with both hands outspread, the mess		
Receiving as he sat, on his worn bag		
Disposed it at his feet Long as the bard		
Chaunted, he ate, and when he ceased to eat,	430	

Then also ceased the bard divine to sing
 And now ensued loud clamour in the hall
 And tumult, when Minerva, drawing nigh
 To Laertiades, impelled the Chief
 Crusts to collect, or any pittance small 435
 At every suitor's hand, for trial's sake
 Of just and unjust, yet deliverance none
 From evil she design'd for any there
 From left to right³ his progress he began
 Petitioning, with outstretch'd hands, the throng, 410
 As one familiar with the beggar's art
 They pitying gave to him, but view'd him still
 With wonder, and enquiries mutual made
 Who, and whence was he? Then the goat herd rose
 Melanthius, and the assembly thus address'd 415
 Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen!
 This guest, of whom ye ask, I have beheld
 Elsewhere, the swine-herd brought him, but himself
 I know not, neither who nor whence he is
 So he, then thus Antinous stern rebuked 450
 The swine-herd Ah, notorious as thou art,
 Why hast thou shewn this vagabond the way
 Into the city? are we not enough
 Infested with these troublers of our feasts?
 Deem'st it a tuffe that such numbers eat 455
 At thy Lord's cost, and hast thou, therefore, led
 This fellow hither, found we know not where?
 To whom, Eumeus, thou didst thus reply
 Antinous! though of high degree, thou speak'st
 Not wisely What man to another's house 460
 Repairs to invite him to a feast, unless
 He be of those who by profession serve
 The public, prophet, healer of disease,
 Ingenious artist, or some baird divine
 Whose music may exhilarate the guests? 465
 These, and such only, are in every land
 Call'd to the banquet, none invites the poor,
 Who much consume, and no requital yield
 But thou of all the suitors roughly treat'st

³ That he might begin auspiciously. Wine was served in the same direction.

Ulysses' servants most, and chiefly me , 470
 Yet thee I heed not, while the virtuous Queen
 Dwells in this palace, and her godlike son

To whom Telemachus, disceet, replied
 Peace ! answer not verbose a man like him
 Antinous hath a tongue accustom'd much 475
 To taunting, and promotes them in the rest

Then, turning to Antinous, quick he said—
 Antinous ! as a father for his son
 Takes thought, so thou for me, who bidd'st me chase
 The stranger harshly hence , but God⁴ forbid '
 Impart to him I grudge not, but myself 480
 Exhort thee to it , neither, in this cause,
 Fear thou the Queen, or in the least regard
 Whatever menial throughout all the house
 Of famed Ulysses Ah ! within thy breast
 Dwells no such thought ; thou lovest not to impart 485
 To others, but to gratify thyself

To whom Antinous answer thus return'd
 High-soaring and intemperate in thy speech,
 How hast thou said, Telemachus ? Would all 490
 As much bestow on him, he should not seek
 Admittance here again thiee months to come

So saying, he seized the stool which, banquetting,
 He press'd with his nice feet, and from beneath
 The table forth advanced it into view 495
 The rest all gave to him, with bread and flesh
 Filling his wallet, and Ulysses, now,
 Returning to his threshold, there to taste
 The bounty of the Greeks, paused in his way
 Beside Antinous, whom he thus address'd 500

Kind sir, vouchsafe to me ! for thou appeai'st
 Not least, but greatest of the Achaians heic,
 And hast a kingly look It might become
 Thee therefore above others to bestow,
 So should I praise thee wheresoe'er I roam 505

I also lived the happy owner once
 Of such a stately mansion, and have given
 To numerous wandereis (whencesoe'er they came)
 All that they needed , I was also served

⁴ Here again Θεος occurs in the abstract

By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes
The envied owner opulent and blest. 510

But Jove (for so it pleased him) hath reduced
My all to nothing, prompting me, in league
With rovers of the Deep, to sail afar
To Egypt, for my sure destruction there. 515

Within the Egyptian stream my barks well oar'd
I station'd, and, enjoining strict my friends
To watch them close-attendant at their side,
Commanded spies into the hill-tops ; but they,
Under the impulse of a spirit rash 520

And hot for quarrel, the well-cultured fields
Pillaged of the Egyptians, captive led
Their wives and little-ones, and slew the men.
Ere long, the loud alarm their city reach'd.
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day, 525

With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread
Struck all my people ; none found courage more
To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on every side.
There, numerous by the glittering spear we fell 530

Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence
Alive to servitude ; but me they gave
To Dmetor, King in Cyprus, Jasus' son ;
He entertain'd me liberally, and thence
This land I reach'd, but poor and woe-begone. 535

Then answer thus Antinoüs harsh return'd.
What demon introduced this nuisance here,
This troubler of our feast ? stand yonder, keep
Due distance from my table, or expect
To see an Egypt and a Cyprus worse 540

Than those, bold mendicant, and void of shame !
Thou hauntest each, and inconsiderate each
Gives to thee, because gifts at others' cost
Are cheap, and, plentifully served themselves,
They squander, heedless, viands not their own. 545

To whom Ulysses, while he slow retired.
Gods ! how illiberal with that specious form !
Thou wouldst not grant the poor a grain of salt
From thy own board, who at another's fed
So nobly, canst not spare a crust to me. 550

He spake, then raged Antinous still the more,
And in wing'd accents, louring, thus replied

Take such dismission now as thou deservest,
Opprobrious! hast thou dared to scoff at me?

So saying, he seized his stool, and on the joint
Of his right shoulder smote him, firm as rock
He stood, by no such force to be displaced,
But silent shook his brows, and dreadful deeds
Of vengeance ruminating, sought again
His seat the threshold, where his bag full-charged
He grounded, and the suitors thus address'd.

Hear now, ye suitors of the matchless Queen,
My bosom's dictates Trivial is the harm,
Scarce felt, if, fighting for his own, his sheep
Perchance, or beeves, a man receive a blow
But me Antinous struck, for that I ask'd
Food from him merely to appease the pangs
Of hunger, source of numerous ills to man
If then the poor man have a God to avenge
His wrongs, I pray to him that death may seize
Antinous, ere his nuptial hour arrive!

To whom Antinous answei thus return'd,
Son of Eupithes Either seated there
Or going hence, eat, stranger, and be still,
Lest for thy insolence, by hand or foot
We drag thee forth, and thou be flay'd alive.

He ceased, whom all indignant heard, and thus
Even his own proud companions censured him.

Antinous! thou didst not well to smite
The wretched vagabond O thou art doom'd
For ever, if there be a God in heaven^o,
For in similitude of strangers oft,
The Gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,
Repair to populous cities, where they mark
The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men

^o Εἰ δὴ περ τις επουρανιος Θεος εστι;

Eustathius, and Clarke after him understand an apostrophe here, as if the speaker meant to say—what if there should be? or—suppose there should be? But the sentence seems to fall in better with what follows interpreted as above, and it is a sense of the passage not unwarranted b the opinion of other commentators —See Schaufelbergerus

So they, for whose reproof he little cared
 But in his heart Telemachus that blow
 Resented, anguish-torn, yet not a tear
 He shed, but silent shook his brows, and mused
 Terrible things Penelope, meantime,
 Told of the wanderer so abused beneath
 Her roof, among her maidens thus exclaim'd
 So may Apollo, glorious archer, smite
 Thee also! Then Eurynome replied,

Oh might our prayers prevail, none of them all
 Should see bright-charioted Aurora more

Her answer'd then Penelope discreet
 Nurse! they are odious all, for that alike
 All teem with mischief! but Antinous' looks
 Remind me ever of the gloom of death
 A stranger hath arrived, who, begging, roams
 The house (for so his penury enjoins),
 The rest have given him, and have fill'd his bag
 With viands, but Antinous hath bruised
 His shoulder with a foot-stool hurl'd at him

While thus the Queen conversing with her train
 In her own chamber sat, Ulysses made
 Plenteous repast Then calling to her side
 Eumæus, thus she signified her will

Eumæus, noble friend! bid now approach
 Yon stranger I would speak with him, and ask
 If he have seen Ulysses, or have heard
 Tidings, perchance, of the afflicted Chief,
 For much a wanderer by his garb he seems

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply
 Were those Achaians silent, thou should'st hear,
 O Queen! a tale that would console thy heart
 Three nights I housed him, and within my cot
 Three days detain'd him, (for his ship he left
 A fugitive, and came direct to me,) 610
 But half untold his history still remains
 As when his eye one fixes on a bard
 From heaven instructed in such themes as charm
 The ear of mortals, ever as he sings
 The people press insatiable to hear,
 So, in my cottage, seated at my side,

590

600

605

610

615

620

625

That stranger with his tale enchanted me
 Laertes, he affirms, hath been his guest
 Erewhile in Crete, where Minos' race resides
 And thence he hath arrived, after great loss,
 A suppliant to the very earth abased,
 He adds, that in Thesprotia's neighbour realm
 He of Ulysses heard, both that he lives,
 And that he comes laden with riches home

630

To whom Penelope, discreet, replied
 Haste, call him I would hear myself his tale
 Meantime, let these, or in the palace gate
 Sport jocular, or here, their hearts are light,
 For their possessions are secure, *their* wine
 None drinks, or eats *their* viands, save their own,
 While my abode, day after day, themselves
 Haunting, my beeves and sheep, and fatted goats
 Slay for the banquet, and my casks exhaust
 Extravagant, whence endless waste ensues,
 For no such friend as was Ulysses once
 Have I to expel the mischief But might he
 Revisit once his native shores again,
 Then aided by his son, he should avenge,
 Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn

640

Then sneezed Telemachus with sudden force,
 That all the palace rang, his mother laugh'd,
 And in wing'd accents thus the swain bespake

650

Haste—bid him hither—heard'st thou not the sneeze
 Propitious of my son? oh might it prove
 A presage of inevitable death

655

To all these revellers! may none escape!
 Now mark me well Should the event his tale
 Confirm, at my own hands he shall receive
 Mantle and tunic both for his reward

She spake, he went, and where Ulysses sat
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

660

Penelope, my venerable friend!
 Calls thee, the mother of Telemachus
 Oppress'd by numerous troubles, she desues
 To ask thee tidings of her absent Lord
 And should the event verify thy report,
 Thy meed shall be (a boon which much thou need'st)

665

Tunic and mantle , but she gives no more ,
 Thy sustenance⁶ thou must, as now, obtain,
 Begging it at their hands who choose to give

670

Then thus Ulysses, Hero toil-inured
 Eumæus' readily I can relate
 Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen
 Icarius' daughter , for of him I know
 Much, and have suffer'd sorrows like his own.

675

But dread I feel of this imperious throng
 Perverse, whose riot and outrageous acts
 Of violence echo through the vault of heaven
 And even now, when for no fault of mine
 Yon suitor struck me as I pass'd, and fill'd
 My flesh with pain, neither Telemachus
 Nor any interposed to stay his arm

680

Now, therefore, let Penelope, although
 Impatient, till the sun descend postpone
 Her questions , then she may enquire secure
 When comes her husband, and may nearer place
 My seat to the hearth-side, for thinly clad
 Thou know'st I am, whose aid I first implored

685

He ceased , at whose reply Eumæus sought
 Again the queen, but ere he yet had pass'd
 The threshold, thus she greeted his return

690

Comest thou alone, Eumæus ? why delays
 The invited wanderer ? dreads he other harm ?
 Or sees he aught that with a bashful awe
 Fills him ? the bashful poor are poor indeed

695

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply
 He hath well spoken , none who would decline
 The rudeness of this contumelious throng
 Could answer otherwise , thee he entreats
 To wait till sun-set, and that course, O Queen,
 Thou shalt thyself far more commodious find,

700

To hold thy conference with the guest, alone

Then answei thus Penelope return'd
 The stranger, I perceive, is not unwise,
 Whoe'er he be, for on the earth are none
 Proud, insolent, and profligate as these

705

⁶ This seems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulysse the hope that might otherwise tempt him to use fiction

So spake the Queen Then (all his message told)
 The good Eumæus to the suitors went
 Again, and with his head inclined toward
 Telemachus, lest others should his words
 Witness, in accents wing'd him thus address'd. 710

Fiend and kind master! I return to keep
 My herds, and to attend my rural charge,
 Whence we are both sustain'd Keep thou, meantime,
 All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch 715
 For thy own good, and save *thyself* from harm,
 For numerous here brood mischief, whom the Gods
 Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail!

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied.
 So be it, father! and (thy evening-mess
 Eaten) depart, to-morrow come again,
 Bringing fair victims hither, I will keep,
 I and the Gods, meantime, all here secure 720

He ended, then resumed once more the swain
 His polish'd seat, and both with wine and food
 Now satiate, to his charge return'd, the court
 Leaving and all the palace throng'd with guests,
 They (for it now was evening) all alike 725
 Turn'd jovial to the song and to the dance.

BOOK XVIII

A R G U M E N T.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace, a combat takes place between him and Ulysses, in which Irus is by one blow vanquished. Penelope appears to the suitors, and having reminded them of the presents which she had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a speech of Ulysses, flings a footstool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer, a general tumult is the consequence, which continues until, by the advice of Telemachus, seconded by Amphionomus, the suitors retire to their respective homes.

Now came a public mendicant, a man
 Accustom'd, seeking alms, to roam the streets
 Of Ithaca, one never sated yet
 With food or drink, yet muscle had he none,
 Of strength of limb, though giant-built in show 5
 Arneæus was the name which at his birth
 His mother gave him, but the youthful band
 Of suitors, whom as messenger he served,
 All named him Irus. He, arriving, sought
 To drive Ulysses forth from his own home, 10
 And in rough accents rude him thus rebuked
 Forth from the porch, old man! lest by the foot
 I drag thee quickly forth. Seest not how all
 Wink on me, and by signs give me command
 To drag thee hence? nor is it aught but shame
 That checks me. Yet arise, lest soon with fists 15
 Thou force me to adjust our difference
 To whom Ulysses, louring dark, replied
 Peace, fellow! neither word nor deed of mine
 Wrongs thee, nor feel I envy at the boon,
 However plentiful, which thou receivest
 The sill may hold us both, thou dost not well
 To envy others, thou appear'st like me
 A vagrant, plenty is the gift of heaven 20

But urge me not to trial of our fists,
Lest thou provoke me, and I stain with blood
Thy bosom and thy lips, old as I am
So, my attendance should to-morrow prove
More tranquil here, for thou should'st leave, I judge,
Ulysses' mansion never to return

25

Then answer'd Irus, kindling with disdain
Gods! with what volubility of speech
The table-hunter prates, like an old hag
Colled with chimney-smutch! but ah beware!
For I intend thee mischief, and to dash
With both hands every grinder from thy gums,
As men untooth a pig pilfering the corn
Come—gird thee, that all here may view the strife—
But how wilt thou oppose one young as I?

30

Thus on the threshold of the lofty gate
They, wrangling, chafed each other, whose dispute
The high-born youth Antinous mark'd, he laugh'd
Delighted, and the suitors thus address'd

40

Oh friends! no pastime ever yet occur'd
Pleasant as this which, now, the Gods themselves
Afford us Irus and the stranger brawl
As they would box Haste—let us urge them no

45

He said, at once loud-laughing all arose,
The ill-clad disputants they round about
Encompass'd, and Antinous thus began

50

Attend, ye noble suitors, to my voice
Two paunches lie of goats here on the fire,
Which fill'd with fat and blood we set apart
For supper, he who conquers, and in force
Superior proves, shall freely take the paunch
Which he prefers, and shall with us thenceforth
Feast always, neither will we here admit
Poor man beside to beg at our repasts

55

He spake, whom all approved, next, artful Chief
Ulysses thus, dissembling, them address'd

60

Princes! unequal is the strife between
A young man and an old with misery worn,
But hunger, always counsellor of ill,
Me moves to fight, that many a bruise received,
I may be foild at last Now swear ye all

65

A solemn oath, that none, for Irus' sake,
Shall, interposing, smite me with his fist
Clandestine, forcing me to yield the prize.

He ceased, and, as he bade, all present swore
A solemn oath ; then thus, amid them all 70
Standing, Telemachus majestic spake.

Guest ! if thy courage and thy manly mind
Prompt thee to banish this man hence, no force
Fear thou beside, for who smites thee, shall find
Yet other foes to cope with ; I am here 75
In the host's office, and the royal Chiefs
Eurymachus and Antinoüs, alike
Discreet, accord unanimous with me.

He ceased, whom all approved. Then, with his rags
Ulysses braced for decency his loins 80
Around, but gave to view his brawny thighs
Proportion'd fair, and stripp'd his shoulders broad,
His chest and arms robust ; while, at his side,
Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more,
Minerva stood ; the assembly with fix'd eyes 85
Astonish'd gazed on him, and looking full
On his next friend, a suitor thus remark'd.

Irus shall be in Irus found no more.
He hath pull'd evil on himself. What thewes
And what a haunch the senior's tatters hid ! 90

So he,—meantime in Irus' heart arose
Horrible tumult ; yet, his loins by force
Girding, the servants dragg'd him to the fight
Pale, and his flesh all quivering as he came ;
Whose terrors thus Antinoüs sharp rebuked. 95

Now, wherefore livest, and why wast ever born,
Thou mountain-mass of earth ! if such dismay
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man
Ancient as he, and worn with many woes ?
But mark, I threaten not in vain ; should he 100
O'ercome thee, and in force superior prove,
To Echetus thou goest ; my sable bark
Shall waft thee to Epirus, where he reigns
Euemy of mankind ; of nose and ears
He shall despoil thee with his ruthless steel, 105
And tearing by the roots the parts away

That mark thy sex, shall cast them to the dogs¹

He said, *His* limbs new terrors at that sound
Shook under him, into the middle space
They led him, and each raised his hands on high.

110

Then doubtful stood Ulysses toil-inured,
Whether to strike him lifeless to the earth
At once, or fell him with a managed blow
To smite with managed force at length he chose
As wisest, lest, betray'd by his own strength,

115

He should be known With elevated fists
Both stood, him Irus on the shoulder struck,
But he his adversary on the neck

Pash'd close beneath his ear, he split the bones,
And blood in sable streams ran from his mouth

120

With many an hideous yell he diopp'd, his teeth
Chatter'd, and with his heels he diumm'd the ground
The wooers, at that sight, lifting their hands

In glad surprise, laugh'd all their breath away
Then through the vestibule, and right across

125

The court, Ulysses dragg'd him by the foot
Into the portico, where piopping him

Against the wall, and giving him his staff,
In accents wing'd he bade him thus farewell

There seated now, dogs drive and swine away,

130

Nor claim (thyself so base) supreme control
O'er other guests and mendicants, lest harm
Reach thee, hereafter, heavier still than this

So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
He threw suspended by its leather twist,
And toward the threshold turning, sat again
They laughing ceaseless still, the palace-door
Re-enter'd, and him, courteous, thus bespake

135

Jove, and all Jove's assessors in the skies,
Vouchsafe thee, stranger, whatsoe'er it be,
Thy heart's desire! who hast our ears relieved
From that insatiate beggar's irksome tone
Soon to Epius he shall go, dispatch'd
To Echetus the King, pest of mankind.

140

¹ Tradition says that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter to lose her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains while her lover was doomed to suffer what Antinous threatens to Irus F

So they, to whose propitious words the Chief
Listen'd delighted. Then Antinous placed
The paunch before him, and Amphinomus
Two loaves, selected from the rest, he fill'd
A goblet also, drank to him, and said,

My father, hail! O stranger, be thy lot
Hereafter blest, though adverse now and haid!

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
To me, Amphinomus, endued thou seem'st
With much discretion, who art also son
Of such a sire, whose fair report I know,
Dulichian Nysus opulent and good

Fame speaks thee his, and thou appear'st a man
Judicious, hear me, therefore, mark me well
Earth nourishes, of all that breathe or creep,
No creature weak as man, for while the Gods
Grant him prosperity and health, no fear
Hath he, or thought, that he shall ever mourn,
But when the Gods with evils unforeseen
Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind,
For such as the complexion of his lot

By the appointment of the Sire of all,
Such is the colour of the mind of man
I, too, have been familiar in my day

With wealth and ease, but I was then self-will'd,
And many wrong'd, embolden'd by the thought
Of my own father's and my brethren's power
Let no man, therefore, be unjust, but each

Use modestly what gift soe'er of heaven
So do not these These ever bent I see
On deeds injurious, the possessions large
Consuming, and dishonouring the wife
Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain
Long absent from his home, but is, perchance,
Even at the door Thee, therefore, may the Gods
Steal hence in time, ah, meet not his return

To his own country! for they wil not part
(He and the suitors) without blood, I think,
If once he enter at these gates again!

He ended, and libation pouing, quaff'd
The generous juice, then in the prince's hand

145

150

155

160

165

170

175

180

185

Replaced the cup ; he, pensive, and his head
 Inclining low, pass'd from him ; for his heart
 Foreboded ill ; yet 'scaped not even he,
 But in the snare of Pallas caught, his life
 To the heroic arm and spear resign'd
 Of brave Telemachus. Reaching, at length,
 The seat whence he had risen, he sat again.

190

Minerva then, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,
 Prompted Icarius' daughter to appear
 Before the suitors ; so to expose the more
 Their drift iniquitous, and that herself
 More bright than ever in her husband's eyes
 Might shine, and in her son's. Much mirth she feign'd²,
 And bursting into laughter, thus began.

195

I wish, Eurynome ! (who never felt
 That wish till now) though I detest them all,
 To appear before the suitors, in whose ears
 I will admonish, for his good, my son,
 Not to associate with that lawless crew
 Too much, who speak him fair, but foul intend.

200

Then answer thus Eurynome return'd.
 My daughter ! wisely hast thou said and well.
 Go ! bathe thee and anoint thy face, then give
 To thy dear son such counsel as thou wilt
 Without reserve ; but show not there thy cheeks
 Sullied with tears, for profit none accrues
 From grief like thine, that never knows a change.
 And he is now bearded, and hath attain'd
 That age which thou wast wont with warmest prayer
 To implore the Gods that he might live to see.

210

Her answer'd, then, Penelope discreet.
 Persuade not me, though studious of my good,
 To bathe, Eurynome ! or to anoint
 My face with oil ; for all my charms the Gods,
 Inhabitants of Olympus, then destroy'd
 When he, embarking, left me. Go, command
 Hippodamia and Autonoe
 That they attend me to the hall, and wait
 Beside me there ; for decency forbids
 That I should enter to the men alone.

215

220

225

² This seems the sort of laughter intended by the word *Aχρεον*.

She ceased, and through the house the ancient dame
Hasted to summon whom she had enjoin'd

But Pallas, Goddess of the azure eyes,
Diffused, meantime, the kindly dew of sleep

230

Around Icarius' daughter, on her couch
Reclining, soon as she reclined, she dozed,

And yielded to soft slumber all her frame
Then, that the suitors might admire her more,

The glorious Goddess clothed her, as she lay,
With beauty of the skies, her lovely face

235

She with ambrosia purified, with such
As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs

Herself, when in the eye-ensnaring dance
She joins the Graces, to a statelier height

Beneath her touch, an ampler size she grew,
And fairer than the elephantine bone

240

Fresh from the carver's hand These gifts confer'd
Divine, the awful Deity retired

And now, loud-piattling as they came, arrived
Her handmaids, sleep forsook her at the sound,

245

She wiped away a tear, and thus she said
Me gentle sleep, sad mourner as I am,

Hath here involved O would that by a death
As gentle chaste Diana would herself

This moment set me free, that I might waste
My life no longer in heart-felt regret

Of a lamented husband's various worth
And virtue, for in Greece no Peer had he !

She said, and through her chamber's stately door
Issuing, descended, neither went she sole,

255

But with those two fair menials of her train
Arriving, most majestic of her sex,

In presence of the numerous guests beneath
The portal of the stately dome she stood

Between her maidens, with her lucid veil
Mantling her lovely cheeks Then every knee

260

Trembled, and every heart with amorous heat
Dissolved, her charms all coveting alike,

While to Telemachus her son she spake
Telemachus ! thou art no longer wise

265

As once thou wast, and even when a child

For thriven as thou art, and at full size
 Arrived of man, so fair-proportion'd too,
 That even a stranger, looking on thy growth
 And beauty, would pronounce thee nobly born,
 Yet is thy intellect still immature
 For what is this? why suffer'st thou a guest
 To be abused in thy own palace? how?
 Knowest not that if the stranger seated here
 Endure vexation, the disgrace is thine?

270

275

Hei answer'd then Telemachus discreet
 I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'st
 Thine anger moved, yet want I not a mind
 Able to mark and to discern between
 Evil and good, child as I lately was,
 Although I find not promptitude of thought
 Sufficient always, overawed and check'd
 By such a multitude, all bent alike
 On mischief, of whom none takes part with me
 But I¹ us and the stranger have not fought,
 Uged by the suitors, and the stranger proved
 Victorious, yes—Heaven knows how much I wish
 That, (in the palace some, some in the court,)
 The suitors all sat vanquish'd, with their heads
 Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs,
 Even as that same Irus, while I speak
 With chin on bosom propp'd at the hall-gate
 Sits drunkard-like, incapable to stand
 Erect, or to regain his proper home

280

285

290

295

So they, and now addressing to the Queen
 His speech, Eurymachus thus interposed

O daughter of Icarius³ could all eyes
 Throughout Iasian³ Argos view thy charms,
 Discreet Penelope¹ more suitors still
 Assembling in thy courts would banquet here
 From morn to eve, for thou surpassest far
 In beauty, stature, worth, all womankind

300

To whom replied Penelope discreet
 The Gods, Eurymachus¹ reduced to nought
 My virtue, beauty, stature, when the Greeks,
 Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy

305

³ From Iasus, once King of Peloponnesus

Could he, returning, my domestic charge
 Himself intend, far better would my fame
 Be so secured, and wider far diffused.
 But I am wretched now, such storms the Gods
 Of woe have sent me. When he left his home,
 Clasping my wrist with his right hand, he said. 310

My love! for I imagine not that all
 The warrior Greeks shall safe from Troy return,
 Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight,
 Skill'd in the spear, mighty to draw the bow,
 And nimble vaulters to the backs of steeds
 High-mettled, which to speediest issue bring
 The dreadful struggle of all-wasting war,—
 I know not, therefore, whether Heaven intend
 My safe return, or I must perish there. 320

But manage thou at home. Cherish, as now,
 While I am absent, or more dearly still
 My parents, and what time our son thou seest
 Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt,
 And hence to a new home.—Such were his words,
 All which shall full accomplishment ere long
 Receive. The day is near, when hapless I,
 Lost to all comfort by the will of Jove,
 Must meet the nuptials that my soul abhors. 325

But this thought now afflicts me, and my mind
 Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore
 The suitors custom'd practice; all who chose
 To engage in competition for a wife
 Well-qualified and well-endow'd, produced
 From their own herds and fatted flocks a feast
 For the bride's friends, and splendid presents made,
 But never ate as ye, at others' cost. 335

She ceased; then brave Ulysses, toil-inured,
 Rejoiced that, soothing them, she sought to draw
 From each some gift, although on other views,
 And more important far, himself intent. 340

Then thus Antinous, Eupitheus' son.
 Icarius' daughter wise! only accept
 Such gifts as we shall bring, for gifts demand
 That grace, nor can be decently refused;
 But to our rural labours, or elsewhere 345

Depart not we, till first thy choice be made Of the Achaian, chief in thy esteem	
Antinous spake, whose answer all approved. Then each dispatch'd his herald who should bring His master's gift. Antinous' herald, first, A mantle of surpassing beauty brought, Wide, various, with no fewer clasps adorn'd Than twelve, all golden, and to every clasp Was fitted opposite its eye exact	350
Next, to Eurymachus his herald bore A necklace of wrought gold, with amber rich Bestudded, every bead bright as a sun.	355
Two servants for Eurydamas produced Ear-pendants fashion'd with laborious art, Broad, triple-gemm'd, of brilliant light profuse,	360
The herald of Polycitor's son, the prince Pisander, brought a collar to his Lord, A sumptuous ornament Each Grecian gave,	365
And each a gift dissimilar from all Then, loveliest of her sex, turning away, She sought her chamber, whom her maidens fair	370
Attended, charged with those illustrious gifts Then turn'd they all to dance and pleasant song Joyous, expecting the approach of even	375
Ere long the dusky evening came, and them Found sporting still Then, placing in the hall Three hearths, that should illumine wide the house, They compass'd them around with fuel-wood	380
Long-season'd and new-split, mingling the sticks With torches The attendant women watch'd And fed those fires by turns, to whom, himself, Their unknown Sovereign thus his speech address'd	385
Ye maidens of the long regretted Chief Ulysses' to the inner courts retire, And to your virtuous Queen, that following there You several tasks, spinning and combing wool, Ye may amuse her, I, meantime, for these	390
Will furnish light, and should they choose to stay Till golden morn appear, they shall not tire My patience aught, for I can much endure	395
He said, they tittering on each other gazed	400

But one, MelanTho with the blooming cheeks,
Rebuked him rudely. Dolius was her sire, 390
But by Penelope she had been rear'd
With care maternal, and in infant years
Supplied with many a toy ; yet even she
Felt not her mistress' sorrows in her heart,
But of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft
His lewd embraces met ; she, with sharp speech
Reproachful, to Ulysses thus replied.

Why, what a brainsick vagabond art thou !
Who neither wilt to the smith's forge retire
For sleep, nor to the public portico, 400
But here remaining, with audacious prate
Disturb'st this numerous company, restrain'd
By no respect or fear ; either thou art
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,
Art always fool, and therefore babblest now. 405
Say, art thou drunk with joy, that thou hast foil'd
The beggar Irus ? Tremble, lest a man
Stronger than Irus suddenly arise,
Who on thy temples pelting thee with blows
Far heavier than his, shall drive thee hence 410
With many a bruise, and foul with thy own blood.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.
Snarler ! Telemachus shall be inform'd
This moment of thy eloquent harangue,
That he may hew thee for it, limb from limb. 415

So saying, he scared the women ; back they flew
Into the house, but each with faltering knees
Through dread, for they believed his threats sincere.
He then illumined by the triple blaze
Watch'd close the lights, busy from hearth to hearth, 420
But in his soul, meantime, far other thoughts
Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain.

Nor Pallas (that they might exasperate more
Laertes' son) permitted to abstain
From heart-corroding bitterness of speech
Those suitors proud, of whom Eurymachus, 425
Offspring of Polybus, while thus he jeer'd
Ulysses, set the others in a roar.

Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen !

I shall promulge my thought This man, methinks, 430
 Not unconduct'd by the Gods, hath reach'd
 Ulysses' mansion, for to me the light
 Of yonder torches altogether seems
 His own, an emanation from his head,
 Which not the smallest growth of hair obscures 435

He ended, and the city-waster Chief
 Himself accosted next Art thou disposed
 To serve me, friend! would I afford thee hire,
 A labourer at my farm? thou shalt not want
 Sufficient wages, thou may'st there collect 440
 Stones for my fences, and may'st plant my oaks,
 For which I would supply thee all the year
 With food, and clothes, and sandals for thy feet
 But thou hast learn'd less creditable arts,
 Nor hast a will to work, preferring much 445
 By beggary from others to extort
 Wherewith to feed thy never-sated maw

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd
 Forbear, Eurymachus, for we're we match'd
 In work against each other, thou and I, 450
 Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long,
 I with my well-bent sickle in my hand,
 Thou arm'd with one as keen, for trial sake
 Of our ability to toil unfed
 Till night, grass still sufficing for the proof, 455
 Or if, again, it were our task to drive
 Yoked oxen of the noblest breed, sleek-hair'd,
 Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with grass,
 Then age and aptitude for work the same,
 Not soon to be fatigued, and were the field 460
 In size four acres, with a glebe through which
 The share might smoothly slide, then should'st thou see
 How straight my furrow should be cut and true
 Or should Saturnian Jove this day excite
 Here, battle, or elsewhere, and were I arm'd 465
 With two bright spears and with a shield, and bore
 A brazen casque well-fitted to my brows,
 Me then thou should'st perceive mingling in fight
 Amid the foremost Chiefs, nor with the crime
 Of idle beggary should'st upbraid me more. 470

But thou art much a railer, one whose heart
 Pity moves not, and seem'st a mighty man
 And valiant to thyself, only because
 Thou herd'st with few, and those of little worth
 But should Ulysses come, at his own isle
 Again arrived, wide as these portals are,
 To thee, at once, too narrow they should seem
 To shoot thee forth with speed enough abroad

475

He ceased—then tenfold indignation fired
 Eurymachus, he furrow'd deep his brow
 With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied

480

Wretch, I shall roughly handle thee anon,
 Who thus with fluent prate presumptuous darest
 Disturb this numerous company, restrain'd
 By no respect or fear Either thou art
 With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,
 Art always fool, and therefore babblest now,
 Or thou art frantic haply with delight
 That thou hast foil'd yon vagabond obscure

485

So saying, he seized a stool, but to the knees
 Ulysses flew of the Dulichian Prince

490

Amphinomus, and sat, fearing incensed
 Eurymachus, he on his better hand
 Smote full the cup-bearer, on the hall-floor
 Loud rang the fallen beaker, and himself
 Lay on his back clamouring in the dust
 Straight through the dusky hall tumult ensued
 Among the suitors, of whom thus, a youth,
 With eyes directed to the next, exclaim'd

495

Would that this rambling stranger had elsewhere
 Perish'd, or ever he had here arrived,
 Then no such uproar had he caused as this!
 This doth the beggar, he it is for whom
 We wrangle thus, and may despair of peace
 Or pleasure more, now look for strife alone

500

Then in the midst Telemachus upstood
 Majestic, and the suitors thus bespeak
 Sirs' ye are mad, and can no longer eat
 Or drink in peace, some demon troubles you
 But since ye all have feasted, to your homes
 Go now, and, at your pleasure, to your beds,

505

Soonest were best, but I thrust no man hence.

He ceased, they gnawing stood then lips, aghast

With wonder that Telemachus in his speech

Such boldness used Then rose Amphionomus,

515

Brave son of Nisus, offspring of the King

Aretus, and the assembly thus address'd

My friends ! let none with contradiction thwait

And rude reply words rational and just ;

Assault no mole the stranger, nor of all

520

The servants of renown'd Ulysses here

Harm any Come Let the cup-bearer fill

To all, that due libation made, to rest

We may repair at home, leaving the Prince

To accommodate beneath his father's rooof

525

The stranger, for he is the Prince's guest

He ended, whose advice none disapproved.

The Hero Mulus then, Dulichian-born,

And herald of Amphionomus, the cup

Filling, dispensed it as he stood, to all ,

530

They, pouring forth to the Immortals, quaff'd

The luscious beverage, and when each had made

Libation, and such measure as he would

Of wine had drunk, then all to rest retired

BOOK XIX

ARGUMENT

Ulysses and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryklea, while bathing Ulysses, discovers him by a scar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that discovery to Penelope.

THEY went, but left the noble Chief behind
In his own house, continuing, by the aid
Of Pallas, the destruction of them all,
And thus, in accents wing'd, again he said

My son! we must remove and safe dispose
All these my well-forged implements of war, 5
And should the suitors, missing them, enquire
Where are they? thou shalt answer smoothly thus—
I have convey'd them from the reach of smoke,
For they appear no more the same which erst 10
Ulysses, going hence to Ilum, left,
So smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire
This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)
Some God suggested to me,—lest, inflamed
With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls, 15
Shaming both feast and courtship, for the view
Itself of arms incites to their abuse

He ceased, and in obedience to his will,
Calling the ancient Euryklea forth,
His nurse, Telemachus enjoin'd her thus 20

Go—shut the women in, make fast the doors
Of their apartment, while I safe dispose
Elsewhere my father's implements of war,
Which, during his long absence, here have stood
Till smoke hath sullied them. For I have been 25
An infant hitherto, but wiser grown,
Would now remove them from the breath of fire

Then thus the gentle matron in return
 Yes truly,—and I wish that now, at length,
 Thou would'st assert the privilege of thy years,
 My son, thyself assuming charge of all,
 Both house and stores, but who shall bear the light?
 Since they, it seems, who would, are all forbidden

30

To whom Telemachus discreet replied
 This guest, for no man, from my table fed,
 Come whence he may, shall be an idler here

35

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,
 But Euryclea bolted every door
 Then, starting to the task, Ulysses caught,
 And his illustrious son, the weapons thence,
 Helmet, and bossy shield, and pointed spear,
 While Pallas from a golden lamp illumed
 The dusky way before them At that sight
 Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus address'd

40

Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold
 A prodigy! the walls of the whole house,
 The arches, fir-tree beams, and pillars tall
 Shine in my view, as with the blaze of fire!
 Some Power celestial, doubtless, is within

45

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,
 Soft! ask no questions Give no vent to thought
 Such is the custom of the Powers divine
 Hence, thou, to bed I stay, that I may yet
 Both in thy mother and her maidens move
 More curiosity, yes—she with tears
 Shall question me of all that I have seen

55

He ended, and the Prince, at his command,
 Guided by flaming torches, sought the couch
 Where he was wont to sleep, and there he slept
 On that night also, waiting the approach
 Of sacred dawn Thus was Ulysses left
 Alone, and planning sat in solitude,
 By Pallas' aid, the slaughter of his foes

60

At length, Diana-like, or like herself
 All golden Venus, (her apartment left,) Enter'd Penelope Beside the hearth
 Her women planted her accustom'd seat
 With silver wreathed and ivory That throne

65

Icmalius made, artist renown'd, and join'd
 A footstool to its splendid frame beneath,
 Which ever with an ample fleece they spread
 There sat discreet Penelope, then came
 Her beautiful attendants from within,
 Who clear'd the litter'd bread, the board, and cups
 From which the insolent companions drank
 They also raked the embers from the hearth's
 Now dim, and with fresh billets piled them high,
 Both for illumination and for warmth
 Then yet again MelanTho with rude speech
 Opprobrious, thus assail'd Ulysses' ear

70

75

80

Guest—wilt thou trouble us throughout the night
 Ranging the house? and linger'st thou a spy
 Watching the women? Hence—get thee abroad,
 Glad of such fare as thou hast found, or soon
 With torches beaten we will thrust thee forth

85

To whom Ulysses, frowning stein, replied
 Petulant woman! wherefore thus incensed
 Inveigh'st thou against me? is it because
 I am not sleek? because my garb is mean?
 Because I beg? thanks to necessity—
 I would not else But such as I appear,
 Such all who beg and all who wander are
 I also lived the happy owner once
 Of such a stately mansion, and have given
 To numerous wanderers, whencesoe'er they came,
 All that they needed, I was also served
 By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes
 The envied owner opulent and blest
 But Jove (for so it pleased him) hath reduced
 My all to nothing Therefore well beware
 Thou also, mistress! lest a day arrive
 When all these charms by which thou shonest among
 Thy sister-menials, fade, fear, too, lest her
 Thou should'st perchance irritate, whom thou servest,
 And lest Ulysses come, of whose return
 Hope yet survives, but even though the Chief
 Have perish'd, as ye think, and comes no more,
 Consider yet his son, how bright the gifts
 Shine of Apollo in the illustrious Prince

90

95

100

105

Telemachus, no woman, unobserved
 By him, can now commit a trespass here ;
 His days of heedless infancy are past. 110

He ended, whom Penelope discreet
 O'erhearing, her attendant sharp rebuked
 Shameless, audacious woman ! known to me 115
 Is thy great wickedness, which with thy life
 Thou shalt atone, for thou wast well aware,
 (Hearing it from myself,) that I design'd
 To ask this stranger of my absent Lord,
 For whose dear sake I never cease to mourn 120

Then to her household's governess she said ,
 Bring now a seat, and spread it with a fleece,
 Eurynome ' that, undisturb'd, the guest
 May hear and answer all that I shall ask
 She ended. Then the matron brought in haste 125
 A polish'd seat, and spread it with a fleece,
 On which the toil-accustom'd Hero sat,
 And thus the chaste Penelope began.

Stranger ! my first enquiry shall be this—
 Who art thou ? whence ? where born, and sprung from whom ?
 Then answer thus Ulysses, wise, return'd. 131
 O Queen ! uncensurable by the lips
 Of mortal man ! thy glory climbs the skies
 Unrivall'd, like the praise of some great King
 Who o'er a numerous people and renown'd 135
 Presiding like a Deity, maintains
 Justice and truth The earth, under his sway,
 Her produce yields abundantly , the trees
 Fruit-laden bend , the lusty flocks bring forth ,
 The Ocean teems with finny swarms beneath 140
 His just control, and all the land is blest
 Me therefore question of what else thou wilt
 In thy own palace, but forbear to ask
 From whom I sprang, and of my native land,
 Lest thou, reminding me of those sad themes, 145
 Augment my woes , for I have much endured ,
 Nor were it seemly, in another's house,
 To pass the hours in sorrow and in tears,
 Wearisome when indulged with no regard
 To time or place , thy train (perchance thyself) 150

Would blame me, and I should reproach incur
As one tear-deluged through excess of wine.

Him answer'd then Penelope discreet.

The immortal Gods, O stranger, then destroy'd
My form, my grace, my beauty, when the Greeks
Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy.

155

Could he, returning, my domestic charge
Himself intend, far better would my fame
Be so secured, and wider far diffused.

But I am wretched now, such storms of woe
The Gods have sent me ; for as many Chiefs
As hold dominion in the neighbour isles
Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd
Zacynthus ; others, also, rulers here
In pleasant Ithaca, me, loth to wed,
Woo ceaseless, and my household stores consume.
I, therefore, neither guest nor suppliant heed,
Nor public herald more, but with regret
Of my Ulysses wear my soul away.

160

They, meantime, press my nuptials, which by art
I still procrastinate. Some God the thought
Suggested to me, to commence a robe
Of amplest measure and of subtlest woof,
Laborious task ; which done, I thus address'd them.

Princes, my suitors ! since the noble Chief
Ulysses is no more, enforce not now
My nuptials ; wait till I shall finish first

175

A funeral robe, (lest all my threads be marr'd,)
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare

Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest.

180

Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.
Such was my speech ; they, unsuspicious all,
With my request complied. Thenceforth, all day

185

I wove the ample web, and, by the aid
Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.

Three years by artifice I thus their suit
Eluded safe ; but when the fourth arrived,
And the same season after many moons
And fleeting days return'd, passing my train

190

Who had neglected to release the dogs, They came, surprised, and reprimanded me Thus, through necessity, not choice, at last I have perform'd it, in my own despite But no escape from marriage now remains, Nor other subterfuge for me, meantime My parents urge my nuptials, and my son (Of age to note it) with disgust observes His wealth consumed, for he is now become Adult, and abler than myself to rule The house, a Prince distinguish'd by the Gods Yet, stranger, after all, speak thy descent, Say whence thou art, for not of fabulous birth Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock	195
Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise O spouse rever'd of Laertiades ! Resolvest thou still to learn from whom I sprang ? Learn then, but know that thou shalt much augment My present grief, natural to a man Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home Through various cities of the sons of men Wander'd remote, and numerous woes endured. Yet, though it pain me, I will tell thee all	205
There is a land amid the sable flood Call'd Crete, fair, fruitful, circled by the sea Numerous are her inhabitants, a race Not to be summ'd, and ninety towns she boasts Diverse their language is, Achaians some, And some indigenous are, Cydonians there, Crest-shaking Dorians, and Pelasgians dwell. One city in extent the rest exceeds, Cnossus, the city in which Minos reign'd, Who, ever at a nine-years-close, confir'd With Jove himself, from him my father sprang, The brave Deucalion, for Deucalion's sons	215
Were two, myself and King Idomeneus To Ilium he, on board his gallant barks Follow'd the Atridae I, the youngest-born, By my illustrious name, Æthon, am known, But he ranks foremost both in worth and years. There I beheld Ulysses, and within	225
	230

My walls received him , for a violent wind
 Had driven him from Malea (while he sought
 The shores of Troy) to Cete The storm his barks 235
 Bore into the Amnisus, for the cave
 Of Ilythia known, a dangerous port,
 And which with difficulty he attain'd.
 He, landing, instant to the city went,
 Seeking Idomeneus , his friend of old, 240
 As he affirm'd, and one whom much he loved
 But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,
 Perhaps eleven, on his course to Troy
 Him therefore I conducted to my home,
 Where hospitably, and with kindest care 245
 I entertain'd him (for I wanted nought),
 And for himself procured and for his band,
 By public contribution, corn, and wine,
 And beeves for food, that all might be sufficient.
 Twelve days his noble Grecians there abode, 250
 Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force
 Resistless even on the land, some God
 So roused his fury , but the thirteenth day
 The wind all fell, and they embark'd again
 With many a fiction specious, as he sat, 255
 He thus her ear amused , she at the sound
 Melting, with fluent tears hei cheeks bedew'd ,
 And as the snow by Zephyrus diffused,
 Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes,
 And fills the channels of the running streams, 260
 So melted she, and down her lovely cheeks
 Pour'd fast the tears, him mourning as remote
 Who sat beside hei Soft compassion touch'd
 Ulysses of his consort's silent woe ,
 His eyes, as they had been of steel or horn, 265
 Moved not, yet artful, he suppress'd his tears,
 And she, at length, with overflowing grief
 Satiate, replied, and thus enquired again
 Now, stranger, I shall prove thee, as I judge,
 If thou, indeed, hast entertain'd in Crete 270
 My spouse and his brave followers, as thou say'st
 Describe his raiment and himself , his own
 Appearance, and the appearance of his friends

Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise Hard is the task, O Queen ! (so long a time Hath since elapsed,) to tell thee Twenty years Have pass'd since he forsook my native isle, Yet, from my best remembrance, I will give A likeness of him, such as now I may.	275
A double cloak, thick-piled, Maeonian-dyed, The noble Chief had on , two fastenings held The golden clasp, and it display'd in front A well-wrought pattern with much art design'd An hound between his fore-feet holding fast	280
A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his prey All wonder'd, seeing how in lifeless gold Express'd, the dog with open mouth hei throat Attempted still, and how the fawn with hoofs Thrust trembling forward, struggled to escape	285
That glorious mantle much I noticed, soft To touch, as the dried garlick's glossy film , Such was the smoothness of it, and it shone Sun-bright , full many a maiden, trust me, view'd The splendid texture with admiring eyes	290
But mark me now , deep treasure in thy mind This word I know not if Ulysses wore That cloak at home, or whether of his train Some warrio1 gave it to him on his way, Or else some host of his , for many loved	295
Ulysses, and with him might few compare I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword, A purple cloak magnificent, and vest Of royal length, and, when he sought his bairn, With princely pomp dismiss'd him from the shone	300
An herald also waited on the Chief, Somewhat his senior , him I next describe His back was bunch'd, his visage swarthy, curl'd His poll, and he was named Eurybates , A man whom most of all his followers far	305
Ulysses honour'd, for their minds were one He ceased , she, recognizing all the proofs Distinctly by Ulysses named, was moved Still more to weep, till with o'erflowing grief Satiate, at length she answer'd him again.	310

Henceforth, O stranger, thou who hadst before
My pity, shalt my reverence share and love
I folded for him with these hands the cloak
Which thou describest, produced it when he went,
And gave it to him, I that splendid clasp
Attach'd to it myself, more to adoin
My honour'd Lord, whom to his native land
Retur'n'd secure I shall receive no more
In such an evil hou Ulysses went
To that bad city never to be named

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied
Consort rever'd of Laertades !

No longer let anxiety impaun
Thy beauteous form, nor any grief consume
Thy spirits more for thy Ulysses' sake
And yet I blame thee not, a wife depriuved
Of her first mate, to whom she had produced
Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loss,
Although he were inferior far to thine,
Whom fame affirms the semblance of the Gods
But cease to mour'n Hear me I will relate
A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold
Such tidings of Ulysses living still,
And of his safe return, as I have heard
Lately, in yon neighbouring opulent land
Of the Thesprotians He returns enrich'd
With many precious stores from those obtain'd
Whom he hath visited, but he hath lost,
Departing from Thrinacia's isle, his bark
And all his loved companions in the Deep,
For Jove was adverse to him, and the Sun,
Whose beeves his followers slew They perish'd all
Amid the billowy flood, but Him, the keel
Bestriding of his bark, the waves at length
Cast forth on the Phaeacian's land, a race
Allied to heaven, who reverenced like a God

Thy husband, honour'd him with numerous gifts,
And willing were to have convey'd him home
Ulysses, therefore, had attain'd long since
His native shore, but that he deem'd it best
To travel far, that he might still amass

More wealth , so much Ulysses all mankind Excels in policy, and hath no peer This information from Thesprotia's King I gain'd, from Phidon , to myself he swore Libation offering under his own roof,	360
That both the bark was launch'd, and the stout crew Prepared, that should conduct him to his home But me he first dismiss'd , for, as it chanced, A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound To corn-enrich'd Dulichium All the wealth	365
He shew'd me by the Chief amass'd, a store To feed the house of yet another Prince To the tenth generation , so immense His treasures were within that palace lodged Himself he said was to Dodona gone,	370
Counsel to ask from the oracular oaks Sublime of Jove, how safest he might seek, After long exile thence, his native land, If openly were best, or in disguise	
Thus, therefore, he is safe, and at his home Well-nigh arrived, nor shall his country long Want him I swear it with a solemn oath First Jove be witness, King and Lord of all !	375
Next these domestic Gods of the renown'd Ulysses, in whose royal house I sit, That thou shalt see my saying all fulfill'd Ulysses shall this self-same year return,	
This self-same month, e're yet the next begin Him answer'd then Penelope discreet	380
Grant heaven, my guest, that this good word of thine Fail not ! then, soon shalt thou such bounty share And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight, Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest	
But ah ! my soul forebodes how it will prove .	
Neither Ulysses will return, nor thou Receive safe conduct hence , for we have here None, such as once Ulysses was, to rule His household with authority, and to send	385
With honourable convoy to his home The worthy guest, or to regale him here Give him the bath, my maidens , spread his couch	
	390
	395

With linen soft, with fleecy gaberdines¹
 And rugs of splendid hue, that he may lie
 Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return
 Attend him also at the peep of day 400
 With bath and unction, that, his seat resumed
 Here in the palace, he may be prepared
 For breakfast with Telemachus, and woe
 To him who shall presume to incommoder
 Or cause him pain, that man shall be cashier'd 405
 Hence instant, burn his anger as it may
 For how, my honour'd inmate ! shalt thou learn
 That I in wisdom economic aught
 Pass other women, if unbathed, unoil'd,
 Ill-clad, thou sojourn here ? man's life is short 410
 Whoso is cruel, and to cruel arts
 Addict, on him all men, while yet he lives,
 Call plagues and curses down, and after death
 Scorn and proverbial mockeries hunt his name
 But men, humane themselves, and given by choice 415
 To offices humane, from land to land
 Are rumour'd honourably by their guests,
 And every tongue is busy in their praise
 Her answer'd then Ulysses ever-wise
 Consort revered of Laertiades ! 420
 Warm gaberdines and rugs of splendid hue
 To me have odious been, since first the sight
 Of Cete's snow-mantled mountain-tops I lost,
 Sweeping the billows with extended oars
 No, I will pass as I am wont to pass 425
 The sleepless night, for on a sordid couch
 Outstretch'd, full many a night have I repos'd
 Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd
 Nor me the foot-bath pleases more, my foot
 Shall none of all thy ministering maidens touch, 430
 Unless there be some ancient matron grieve
 Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured
 Numerous, and keen as I have felt myself,
 Her I refuse not She may touch my feet
 Him answer'd then prudent Penelope. 435

¹ A gaberdine is a shaggy cloak of coarse but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.

Dear guest ! for of all travellers here arrived
 From distant regions, I have none received
 Discreet as thou, or whom I more have loved,
 So just thy matter is, and with such grace
 Express'd,—I have an ancient maiden grave,
 The nurse who at my hapless husband's birth
 Received him in her arms, and with kind care
 Maternal rea'd him , she shall wash thy feet,
 Although decrepit. Euryklea, rise ! 440

Wash one coeval with thy Lord , for such
 The feet and hands, it may be, are become
 Of my Ulysses now , since man beset
 With sorrow once, soon wrinkled grows and old
 She said, then Euryklea with both hands
 Cov ng her face, in tepid tears profuse 445
 Dissolved, and thus in mournful strains began.

Alas ! my son, trouble for thy dear sake
 Distracts me Jove surely of all mankind
 Thee hated most, though ever in thy heait
 Devoutly given , for never mortal man
 So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,
 And chosen hecatombs produced as thou
 To Jove the Thunderer, him entreating still
 That he would grant thee a serene old age,
 And to instruct, thyself, thy glorious son 450
 Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off
 All hope of thy return —oh ancient sir !
 Him too, perchance, where'er he sits a guest
 Beneath some foreign roof, the women taunt,
 As all these shameless ones have taunted thee,
 Fearing whose mockery thou forbidd'st their hands 460
 This office, which Icarius' daughter wise
 To me enjoins, and which I, glad, perform
 Yes, I will wash thy feet , both for her sake
 And for thy own,—for sight of thee hath raised
 A tempest in my mind. Hear now the cause '
 Full many a guest forlorn we entertain,
 But never any have I seen, whose size,
 The fashion of whose foot, and pitch of voice,
 Such likeness of Ulysses show'd, as thine. 470

To whom Ulysses, ever-shrewd, replied. 475

Such close similitude, O ancient dame !
As thou observest between thy Lord and me,
All who have seen us both, have ever found

He said , then taking the resplendent vase
Allotted always to that use, she first
Infused cold water largely, then the warm
Ulysses (for beside the heath he sat)
Turn'd quick his face into the shade, alarm'd
Lest, handling him, she should at once remark
His scar, and all his stratagem unveil
She then, approaching, minister'd the bath
To her own King, and at first touch discern'd
That token, by a bright-tusk'd boar of old
Impress'd, what time he to Parnassus went
To visit there Autolycus and his sons,
His mother's noble sire, who all mankind
In furtive arts and fraudulent oaths excell'd ²
For such endowments he by gifts received
From Hermes' self, to whom the thighs of kids
He offer'd and of lambs, and, in return,
The watchful Hermes never left his side.

Autolycus, arriving in the isle
Of pleasant Ithaca, the new-born son
Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees .
At close of supper Euryclea placed,
And thus the royal visitant addres'd

Thyself, Autolycus ! devise a name
For thy own daughter's son, by numerous p'sayers
Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained

Then answer thus Autolycus return'd
My daughter and my daughter's spouse ! the name
Which I shall give your boy, that let him bear
Since after provocation and offence
To numbers given of either sex, I come,
Call him Ulysses ³ and, when grown mature,

² Homer's morals seem to allow to a good man dissimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, should they be necessary to save him from a villain. Thus in Book XX Telemachus swears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom she pleases of the wooers, though at the same time he is plotting their destruction with his father F

³ In the Greek 'ΟΔΙΣΣΕΥΣ' from the verb 'οδυσσω—Irascor, I am angry

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Ile shall Parnassus visit, the abode
 Magnificent in which his mother dwelt,
 And where my treasures lie, from my own stores
 I will enrich and send him joyful home.

515

Ulysses, therefore, that he might obtain
 Those princly gifts, went thither. Him arrived,
 With right-hand gratulation and with words
 Of welcome kind, Autolycus received,
 Nor less his offspring ; but the mother most
 Of his own mother clung around his neck,
 Amphithea , she with many a fervent kiss
 His forehead press'd, and his bright-beaming eyes
 Then bade Autolycus his noble sons
 Set forth a banquet. They, at his command,

520

Led in a fatted ox of the fifth year,
 Which slaying first, they spread him carved abroad,
 Then scoied his flesh, transfix'd it with the spits,
 And roasting all with culinary skill

Exact, gave each a portion Thus they sat
 Feasting all day, and till the sun declined ;
 But when the sun declined, and darkness fell,
 Each sought his couch, and took the gift of sleep
 Then, soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
 Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds,
 And with the hounds Ulysses, and the youths,
 Sons of Autolycus, to chase the boar

530

Arrived at the Parnassian mount, they climb'd
 His bushy sides, and to his airy heights
 Ere long attain'd. It was the pleasant hour
 When from the gently swelling flood profound
 The sun, emerging, first smote on the fields
 The hunters reach'd the valley , foremost ran,
 Questing, the hounds , behind them, swift, the sons
 Came of Autolycus, with whom advanced

535

The illustrious Prince Ulysses, pressing close
 The hounds, and brandishing his massy spear
 There, hid in thickest shades, lay an huge boar.
 That covert neither rough winds blowing moist
 Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun
 Smite through it, or fast falling showers pervade,
 So thick it was, and underneath, the ground

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With litter of dry foliage strew'd profuse
 Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear
 The sound of feet perceived, upludging high
 His blust'ly back and glaring fire, he sprang
 Forth from the shrubs, and in defiance stood
 Near and right opposite Ulysses, first,
 Rush'd on him, elevating his long spear
 Ardent to wound him, but, preventing quick
 His foe, the boar gash'd him above the knee
 Much flesh, assailing him oblique, he tore
 With his rude tusk, but to the Hero's bone
 Pierced not, Ulysses *his* right shoulder reach'd,
 And with a deadly thrust impell'd the point
 Of his bright spear through him and far beyond
 Loud yell'd the boar, sank in the dust, and died
 Around Ulysses, then, the busy sons
 Throng'd of Autolycus, expert they braced
 The wound of the illustrious hunter bold,
 With incantation staunch'd the sable blood,
 And sought in haste their father's house again,
 Whence, heal'd and gratified with splendid gifts,
 They sent him soon rejoicing to his home,
 Themselves rejoicing also Glad their son
 His parents saw again, and of the scar
 Enquired, where given, and how? He told them all,
 How to Parnassus with his friends he went,
 Sons of Autolycus, to hunt, and how
 A boar had gash'd him with his ivory tusk
 That scar, while chafing him with open palms,
 The matron knew, she left his foot to fall,
 Down dropp'd his leg into the vase, the brass
 Rang, and, o'ertilted by the sudden shock,
 Pour'd forth the water, flooding wide the floor.
Her spirit joy at once and sorrow seized,
 Tears fill'd her eyes, her intercepted voice
 Died in her throat, but to Ulysses' beard
 Her hand advancing, thus, at length she spake.

Thou art himself, Ulysses Oh my son'
 Dear to me, and my master as thou art,
 I knew thee not till I had touch'd the scar.
 She said, and to Penelope her eyes

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590

Directed, all impatient to declare Her own Ulysses even then at home But she, nor eye nor ear for aught that pass'd Had then, her fix'd attention so entire Minerva had engaged Then, darting forth His arms, the Hero with his right-hand close Compress'd her throat, and nearer to himself, Drawing her with his left, thus caution'd her	595
Why would'st thou ruin me ? Thou gavest me milk Thyself from thy own breast See me return'd After long sufferings, in the twentieth year, To my own land But since (some God the thought Suggesting to thee) thou hast learn'd the truth, Silence ! lest others learn it from thy lips For this I say, nor shall the threat be vain , If God vouchsafe to me to overcome The haughty suitors, when I shall inflict Death on the other women of my house, Although my nurse, thyself shalt also die	600
Him answer'd Euryklea then, discreet. My son ! oh how could so severe a word Escape thy lips ? my fortitude of mind Thou know'st, and even now shalt prove me firm As iron, secret as the stubborn rock But hear and mark me well. Should'st thou prevail, Assisted by a Power divine, to slay The haughty suitors, I will then, myself, Give thee to know of all the female train Who have dishonour'd thee, and who respect	605
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied My nurse, it were superfluous , spare thy tongue That needless task I can distinguish well Myself, between them, and shall know them all , But hold thy peace Hush ! leave it with the Gods	61,
So he , then went the ancient matron forth, That she might serve him with a second bath, For the whole first was spilt Thus, laved at length, And smooth'd with oil, Ulysses nearer pull'd His seat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the scar. Then, prudent, thus Penelope began	62,

One question, stranger, I shall yet propound,	635
Though brief, for soon the hour of soft repose,	
Grateful to all, and even to the sad	
Whom gentle sleep forsakes not, will arrive	
But heaven to me immeasurable woe	
Assigns,—whose sole delight is to consume	640
My days in sighs, while here retired I sit,	
Watching my maidens' labours and my own,	
But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)	
I press mine also, yet with deep regret	
And anguish lacerated, even there	645
As when at spring's first entrance, her sweet song	
The azure-crested nightingale renews,	
Daughter of Pandarus, within the grove's	
Thick foliage perch'd, she pouis her echoing voice,	
Now deep, now cleau, still varying the strain	650
With which she mourns her Itylus, her son	
By royal Zethus, whom she, eirng, slew, ⁴	
So also I, by soul-distressing doubts	
Toss'd ever, muse if I shall here remain	
A faithful guardian of my son's affairs,	655
My husband's bed respecting, and not less	
My own fair fame, or whether I shall him	
Of all my suitors follow to his home	
Who noblest seems, and offers richest dower	
My son while he was infant yet, and own'd	660
An infant's mind, could never give consent	
That I should wed and leave him, but, at length,	
Since he hath reach'd the stature of a man,	
He wishes my departure hence, the waste	
Viewing indignant by the suitors made	665
But I have dream'd Heli, and expound my dream	
My geese are twenty, which within my walls	
I feed with sodden wheat, they serve to amuse	
Sometimes my sorrow From the mountains came	
An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks,	670

⁴ She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake she slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale.

And slew them, scatter'd on the palace-floor
 They lay, and he soar'd swift into the skies
 Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,
 Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,
 Arriving, found me weeping still, and still
 Complaining, that the eagle had at once
 Slain all my geese But, to the palace-roof
 Stooping again, he sat, and with a voice
 Of human sound, forbade my tears, and said—

675

Courage! O daughter of the far-renown'd
 Icarus! no vain dream thou hast beheld,
 But, in thy sleep, a truth The slaughter'd geese
 Denote thy suitors I who have appear'd
 An eagle in thy sight, am yet indeed
 Thy husband, who have now, at last, return'd,
 Death, horrid death designing for them all

680

He said, then waking at the voice, I cast
 An anxious look around, and saw my geese
 Beside their tray, all feeding as before

685

Her then Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise
 O Queen! it is not possible to miss
 Thy dream's plain import, since Ulysses' self
 Hath told thee the event, thy suitors all
 Must perish, not one suitor shall escape

690

To whom Penelope discreet replied
 Dreams are inexplicable, O my guest!
 And oft-times mere delusions, that receive
 No just accomplishment There are two gates⁵
 Through which the fleeting phantoms pass, of horn
 Is one, and one of ivory Such dreams
 As through the thin-leaf'd ivory portal come,
 Soothe, but perform not, uttering empty sounds,
 But such as through the polish'd horn escape,
 If haply seen by any mortal eye,
 Prove faithful witnesses, and are fulfill'd
 But through those gates my wondrous dream, I think,

695

700

705

⁵ The difference of the two substances may perhaps serve to account for the preference given in this case to the gate of horn, horn being transparent, and as such emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteness, promises light, but is, in fact, opaque F.

Came not, thrice welcome were it else to me
 And to my son Now mark my words, attend.
 This is the hated morn that from the house
 Removes me of Ulysses I shall fix, 710
 This day, the rings for trial to them all
 Of archership, Ulysses' custom was
 To plant twelve spikes⁶, all regular arranged
 Like galley-props, and crested with a ring,
 Then standing far remote, true in his aim, 715
 He with his whizzing shaft would thrid them all
 This is the contest in which now I mean
 To prove the suitors, him, who with most ease
 Shall bend the bow, and shoot through all the rings,
 I follow, this dear mansion of my youth 720
 Leaving, so fair, so fill'd with every good,
 Though still to love it even in my dreams
 Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise
 Consort revered of Laertiades!
 Postpone not this contention, but appoint 725
 Forthwith the trial, for Ulysses here
 Will sure arrive, ere they (his polish'd bow
 Long tampering) shall prevail to stretch the nerve,
 And speed the arrow through the iron rings
 To whom Penelope replied discreet 730
 Would'st thou with thy sweet converse, O my guest!
 Here soothe me still, sleep ne'er should influence
 These eyes the while, but always to resist
 Sleep's power is not for man, to whom the Gods
 Each circumstance of his condition here 735
 Fix universally Myself will seek
 My own apartment at the palace-top,
 And there will lay me down on my sad couch,
 For such it hath been, and with tears of mine
 Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went 740
 To that bad city, never to be named.

⁶ The translation here is somewhat pleonastic for the sake of perspicuity, the original is clear in itself, but not to us who have no such practice Twelve stakes were fixed in the earth, each having a ring at the top, the order in which they stood was so exact, that an arrow sent with an even hand through the first ring, would pass them all

There will I sleep , but sleep thou here below,
Either, thyself, preparing on the ground
Thy couch, or on a couch by these prepared
So saying, she to her splendid chamber thence
Retired, not sole, but by her female train
Attended , there arrived, she wept her spouse,
Her loved Ulysses, till Minerva dropp'd
The balm of slumber on hei weary lids.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, doubting whether he shall destroy or not the women servants who commit lewdness with the suitors, resolves at length to spare them for the present. He asks an omen from Jupiter, and that he would grant him also to hear some propitious words from the lips of one in the family. His petitions are both answered. Preparation is made for the feast. Whilst the suitors sit at table, Pallas smites them with a horrid frenzy. Theoclymenus, observing the strange effects of it, prophesies their destruction, and they deride his prophecy.

BUT in the vestibule the Hero lay
 On a bull's hide undress'd, o'er which he spread
 The fleece of many a sheep slain by the Greeks,
 And, cover'd by the household's governess
 With a wide cloak, composed himself to rest. 5
 Yet slept he not, but meditating lay
 Woe to his enemies. Meantime the train
 Of women wonted to the suitors' arms,
 Issuing all mirth and laughter, in his soul
 A tempest raised of doubts, whether at once
 To slay, or to permit them yet to give
 Their lusty paramours one last embrace. 10
 As growls the mastiff standing on the start
 For battle, if a stranger's foot approach
 Her cubs new-whelp'd—so growl'd Ulysses' heart,
 While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds. 15
 But, smiting on his breast, thus he reproved
 The mutinous inhabitant within.
 Heart! bear it. Worse than this thou didst endure
 When, uncontrollable by force of man,
 The Cyclops thy illustrious friends devour'd. 20
 Thy patience then fail'd not, till prudence found
 Deliverance for thee on the brink of fate.
 So disciplined the Hero his own heart,

Which, tractable, endured the rigorous curb,
And patient, yet he turn'd from side to side.
As when some hungry swain turns oft a maw
Unctuous and savoury on the burning coals,
Quick expediting his desired repast,
So he from side to side roll'd, pondering deep
How likeliest with success he might assail
Those shameless suitors, one to many opposed
Then, sudden from the skies descending, came
Minerva in a female form, her stand
Above his head she took, and thus she spake 25

Why sleep'st thou not, unhappiest of mankind?
Thou art at home, here dwells thy wife, and here
Thy son, a son, whom all might wish their own
- Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise
O Goddess! true is all that thou hast said,
But, not without anxiety, I muse 30

How, single as I am, I shall assail
Those shameless suitors who frequent my courts
Daily, and always their whole multitude
This weightier theme I meditate beside,
Should I, with Jove's concurrence and with thine,
Prevail to slay them, how shall I escape,
Myself, at last? oh Goddess, weigh it well 45

Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed
Oh faithless man! a man will in his friend
Confide, though mortal, and in valour less
And wisdom than himself, but I who keep
Thee in all difficulties, am divine
I tell thee plainly Were we hemm'd around 50

By fifty troops of shouting warriors bent
To slay thee, thou should'st yet securely drive
The flocks away and cattle of them all
But yield to sleep's soft influence, for to lie
All night thus watchful, is, itself, distress
Fear not. Deliverance waits, not far remote. 55

So saying, she o'er Ulysses' eyes diffused
Soft slumbers, and when sleep, that soothes the mind
And neivés the limbs afresh, had seized him once,
To the Olympian summit swift return'd 60

¹ That is, how shall I escape the vengeance of their kindred?

But his chaste spouse awoke , she weeping sat
On her soft couch, and noblest of her^r sex,
Satiate at length with tears, her prayer address'd
First to Diana of the Powers above
 Diana, awful progeny of Jove !

I would that with a shaft this moment sped
Into my bosom, thou wouldest here conclude
My mournful life ! or, oh that, as it flies,
Snatching me through the pathless air, a storm
Would whelm me deep in Ocean's restless tide !
So, when the Gods their parents had destroy'd,
Storms suddenly the beauteous daughters¹snatch'd
Of Pandarus away , them left forlorn
Venus with curds, with honey and with wine
Fed duly , Juno gave them to surpass
All women in the charms of face and mind,
With graceful statu'e eminent the chaste
Diana bless'd them, and in works of art
Illustrious, Pallas taught them to excel
But when the foam-spi'ung Goddess to the skies
A suitress went on their behalf, to obtain
Blest nuptials for them from the Thunderer Jove,
(For Jove the happiness, himself, appoints,
And the unhappiness of all below,) 85
Meantime, the Harpies ravishing away
Those virgins, gave them to the Funes three,
That they might serve them O that me the Gods
Inhabiting Olympus so would hide
From human eyes for ever, or bright-hair'd
Diana pierce me with a shaft, that while
Ulysses yet engages all my thoughts,
My days concluded, I might 'scape the pain
Of gratifying some inferior Chieft 95
This is supportable, when (all the day
To sorrow given) the mourner sleeps at night ,
For sleep, when it hath once the eyelids veil'd,
All reminiscence blots of all alike,
Both good and ill , but me the Gods afflict
Not seldom even in dreams, and at my side,
This night again, one lay resembling him ,

² Aedon, Cleotheia, Merope

Such as my own Ulysses when he join'd
Achaia's warriors, my exulting heart
No airy dream believed it, but a truth

105

While thus she spake, in orient gold enthroned
Came forth the morn, Ulysses, as she wept,
Heard plain her lamentation, him that sound
Alarm'd, he thought her present, and himself
Known to her. Gathering hastily the cloak
His covering, and the fleeces, them he placed
Together on a throne within the hall,
But bore the bull's-hide forth into the air
Then, lifting high his hands to Jove, he pray'd

110

Eternal Sire! if o'er moist and dry
Ye have with good will sped me to my home
After much suffering, giant me from the lips
Of some domestic now awake, to hear
Words of propitious omen, and thyself
Vouchsafe me still some other sign abroad

115

Such prayer he made, and Jove omniscient heard
Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights
Olympian, glad, Ulysses heard the sound
A woman, next, a labourer at the mill
Hard by, where all the palace-mills were wrought,
Gave him the omen of propitious sound
Twelve maidens, day by day, toil'd at the mills,
Meal grinding, some of barley, some of wheat,
Manlow of man.³ The rest (their portion ground)
All slept, she only from her task as yet
Ceased not, for she was feeblest of them all,
She rested on her mill, and thus pronounced
The happy omen by her Lord desired

120

Jove, Father, Governor of heaven and earth!
Loud thou hast thunder'd from the starry skies
By no cloud veil'd, a sign propitious, given
To whom I know not, but oh grant the prayer
Of a poor bond-woman! appoint then feast
This day, the last that in Ulysses' house
The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,
With aching heart and trembling knees their meal
Grinding continual. Feast they here no more!

130

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140

³ μνελον αυδρων

She ended, and the listening Chief received
With equal joy both signs ; for well he hoped
That he should punish soon those guilty men.
And now the other maidens in the hall
Assembling, kindled on the hearth again
The unweared blaze ; then, godlike from his couch 145
Arose Telemachus, and fresh-attired,
Athwart his shoulders his bright faulchion slung,
Bound his fair sandals to his feet, and took
His sturdy spear pointed with glittering brass ;
Advancing to the portal, there he stood, 150
And Euryklea thus, his nurse, bespeak.

Nurse ! have ye with respectful notice served
Our guest ? or hath he found a sordid couch
Even where he might ? for, prudent though she be,
My mother, inattentive oft, the worse 155
Treats kindly, and the better sends away.

Whom Euryklea answer'd thus discreet.
Blame not, my son ! who merits not thy blame.
The guest sat drinking till he would no more,
And ate, till, question'd, he replied—Enough. 160
But when the hour of sleep call'd him to rest,
She gave commandment to her female train
To spread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,
And through despair, indifferent to himself,
Both bed and rugs refused, and in the porch 165
On skins of sheep and on an undress'd hide
Reposed, where we threw covering over him.

She ceased, and grasping his bright-headed spear,
Forth went the Prince attended, as he went,
By his fleet hounds ; to the assembled Greeks 170
In council with majestic gait he moved,
And Euryklea, daughter wise of Ops,
Pisenor's son, call'd to the serving-maids.

Haste ye ! be diligent ! sweep the palace-floor
And sprinkle it ; then give the sumptuous seats 175
Their purple coverings. Let others cleanse
With sponges all the tables, wash and rince
The beakers well, and goblets rich emboss'd ;
Run others to the fountain, and bring thence
Water with speed. The suitors will not long 180
Water with speed. The suitors will not long

Be absent, but will early come to-day,
For this day is a public festival ⁴

So she, whom all, obedient, heard, forth went
Together, twenty to the crystal fount,
While in their several provinces the rest
Bestirr'd them brisk at home Then enter'd all
The suitors, and began cleaving the wood
Meantime, the women from the fountain came,
Whom soon the swine-herd follow'd, driving three
His fattest brawns, them in the spacious court
He feeding left, and to Ulysses' side
Approaching, courteously bespake the Chief

Guest! look the Grecians on thee with respect
At length, or still disdainful as before?

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd
Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods
Might pay their insolence, who in a house
Not theirs, dominion exercise, and plan
Unseemly projects, shameless as they are!

Thus they conferr'd, and now Melanthius came,
The goat-heid, driving, with the aid of two
His fellow-swains, the fattest of his goats
To feast the suitors In the sounding porch
The goats he tied, then, drawing neai, in terms
Reproachful thus assail'd Ulysses' ear

How, stranger! perseverest thou, begging, still
To vex the suitors? wilt thou not depart?
Scarcie shall we settle this dispute, I judge,
Till we have tasted each the other's fist,
Thou art unreasonable thus to beg
Here always,—have the Greeks no feasts beside?

He spake, to whom Ulysses answer none
Return'd, but shook his brows, and silent framed
Terrible purposes Then, third, approach'd
Chief o'er the herds, Philætius, fatted goats
He for the suitors brought, with which he drove
An heifer, (ferry-men had pass'd them o'er,
Carriers of all who on their coast arrive,)
He tied them in the sounding porch, then stood
Beside the swine-herd, to whom thus he said

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⁴ The new moon

Who is this guest Eumeus, here arrived
 So lately ? from what nation hath he come ?
 What parentage and country boasts the man ?
 I pity him, whose figure seems to speak
 Royalty in him. Heaven will surely plunge 230
 The race of common wanderers deep in woe,
 If thus it destine even Kings to mourn.

He ceased ; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,
 Welcomed Ulysses, whom he thus bespake.

Hail venerable guest ! and be thy lot 235
 Prosperous at least hereafter, who art held
 At present, in the bonds of numerous ills.
 Thou, Jupiter, of all the Gods, art most
 Severe, and sparest not to inflict distress
 Even on creatures from thyself derived.⁵ 240
 I had no sooner mark'd thee, than my eyes
 Swam, and the sweat gush'd from me at the thought
 Of dear Ulysses ; for if yet he live
 And see the sun, such tatters, I suppose,
 He wears, a wanderer among human-kind. 245
 But if already with the dead he dwell
 In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas
 For kind Ulysses ! who consign'd to me;
 While yet a boy, his Cephalenian herds,
 And they have now increased to such a store 250
 Innumerable of broad-fronted beeves,
 As only care like mine could have produced.
 These, by command of others, I transport
 For their regale, who neither heed his son,
 Nor tremble at the anger of the Gods, 255
 But long have wish'd ardently to divide
 And share the substance of our absent Lord.
 Me therefore this thought occupies, and haunts
 My mind not seldom ; while the heir survives
 It were no small offence to drive his herds 260
 Afar, and migrate to a foreign land ;
 Yet here to dwell, suffering oppressive wrongs
 While I attend another's beeves, appears
 Still less supportable ; and I had fled,
 And I had served some other mighty Chief 265

⁵ He is often called—πατηρ ανδρων τε θεων τε.

Long since, (for patience fails me to endure
My present lot,) but that I cherish still
Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return,
To rid his palace of these lawless guests.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 270

Herdsman ! since neither void of sense thou seem'st,
Nor yet dishonest, but myself am sure
That thou art owner of a mind discreet,
Hear therefore, for I swear ! bold I attest
Jove and this hospitable board, and these 275
The Lares⁶ of the noble Chief, whose hearth
Protects me now, that ere thy going hence,
Ulysses surely shall have reach'd his home,
And thou shalt see him, if thou wilt, thyself,
Slaying the suitors who now lord it here. 280

Him answer'd then the keeper of his beeves.
Oh stranger ! would but the Saturnian King
Perform that word, thou should'st be taught (thyself
Eye-witness of it) what an arm is mine.

Eumæus also every power of heaven 285
Entreated, that Ulysses might possess
His home again. Thus mutual they conferr'd.

Meantime, in conference close the suitors plann'd
Death for Telemachus ; but while they sat
Consulting, on their left the bird of Jove 290
An eagle soar'd, grasping a timorous dove.
Then thus Amphinomus the rest bespake.

Oh friends ! our consultation how to slay
Telemachus, will never smoothly run
To its effect ; but let us to the feast. 295

So spake Amphinomus, whose counsel pleased.
Then, all into the royal house repair'd,
And on the thrones and couches throwing off
Their mantles, slew the fatted goats, the brawns,
The sheep full-sized, and heifer of the herd. 300
The roasted entrails first they shared, then fill'd
The beakers, and the swine-herd placed the cups ;
Philætius, chief intendant of the beeves,
Served all with baskets elegant of bread,
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine, 305

⁶ Household Gods who presided over the hearth.

And they assail'd at once the ready feast.
 Meantime Telemachus, with forecast shrewd,
 Fast by the marble threshold, but within
 The spacious hall his father placed, to whom
 A sordid seat he gave and scanty board. 310

A portion of the entrails, next, he set
 Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,
 And thus, in presence of them all, began.

There seated now, drink as the suitors drink.
 I will, myself, their biting taunts forbid,
 And violence. This edifice is mine, 315
 Not public property ; my father first
 Possess'd it, and my right from him descends.
 Suitors ! control your tongues, nor with your hands
 Offend, lest contest fierce and war ensue. 320

He ceased ; they gnawing, sat, their lips aghast
 With wonder that Telemachus in his speech
 Such boldness used. Then spake Eupitheüs' son,
 Antinoüs, and the assembly thus address'd.

Let pass, ye Greeks ! the language of the Prince, 325
 Harsh as it is, and big with threats to us.
 Had Jove permitted, his orations here,
 Although thus eloquent, ere now had ceased.

So spake Antinoüs, whom Ulysses' son
 Heard unconcern'd. And now the heralds came
 In solemn pomp, conducting through the streets
 A sacred hecatomb, when in the grove
 Umbrageous of Apollo, King shaft-arm'd,
 The assembled Grecians met. The savoury roast
 Finish'd, and from the spits withdrawn, each shared 330
 His portion of the noble feast, and such
 As they enjoy'd themselves the attendants placed
 Before Ulysses, for the Hero's son
 Himself, Telemachus, had so enjoin'd.
 But Pallas (that they might exasperate more 340
 Ulysses) suffer'd not the suitor Chiefs
 To banquet, guiltless of heart-piercing scoffs
 Malign. There was a certain suitor named
 Ctesippus, born in Samos ; base of mind
 Was he and profligate, but in the wealth 345
 Confiding of his father, woo'd the wife

Of long-exiled Ulysses From his seat
The haughty suitors thus that man addres'd
Ye noble suitors, I would speak , attend !
The guest is served , he hath already shared
Equal with us , nor less the laws demand
Of hospitality , for neither just
It were nor decent, that a guest, received
Here by Telemachus, should be denied
His portion of the feast Come then—myself
Will give to him that he may also give
To hei who laved him in the bath, or else
To whatsoever menial here he will
So saying, he from a basket near at hand
Heaved an ox-foot, and with a vigorous arm
Hurl'd it Ulysses gently bow d his head,
Shunning the blow, but gratified his just
Resentment with a broad sardonic smile⁷
Of dread significance He smote the wall
Then thus Telemachus rebuked the deed. 365

Ctesippus, thou art fortunate , the bone
Struck not the stranger, for he shunn'd the blow ,
Else, I had surely thrust my glittering lance
Right through thee , then, no hymeneal nites
Of thine should have employ'd thy father here,
But thy funereal No man therefore treat
Me with indignity within these walls,
For though of late a child, I can discern
Now, and distinguish between good and ill
Suffice it that we patiently endure
To be spectators daily of our sheep
Slaughter'd, our bread consumed, our stores of wine
Wasted , for what can one to all opposed ?
Come then—persist no longer in offence
And hostile hate of me , or if ye wish
To slay me, pause not It were better far
To die, and I had rather much be slain,
Than thus to witness your atrocious deeds
Day after day , to see our guests abused,
With blows insulted, and the women dragg'd
With a licentious violence obscene 375

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365
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375
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385.

⁷ A smile of displeasure

From side to side of all this fair abode He said, and all sat silent, till at length Thus Agelaus spake, Diastoi's son	
My friends! let none with contradiction thwart And rude reply, words rational and just, Assault no more the stranger, nor of all The servants of renown'd Ulysses here Harm any My advice, both to the Queen And to Telemachus, shall gentle be,	390
May it but please them While the hope survived Within your bosoms of the safe return Of wise Ulysses to his native isle, So long good reason was that she should use Delay, and hold our wooing in suspense ,	395
For had Ulysses come, that course had proved Wisest and best, but that he comes no more Appears now manifest Thou, therefore, Prince ! Seeking thy mother, counsel her to wed The noblest, and who offers richest dower,	400
That thou, for thy peculiar, may'st enjoy Thy own inheritance in peace and ease, And she, departing, find another home	405
To whom Telemachus discreet, replied I swear by Jove, and by my father's woes, Who either hath deceased far from his home, Or lives a wanderer, that I interpose No hindrance to her nuptials Let her wed Who offers most, and even whom she will	410
But to dismiss her rudely were a deed Unfilial —That I dare not,—God forbid !	415
So spake Telemachus Then Pallas struck The suitors with delirium , wide they stretch'd Their jaws with spontaneous laughter loud , Their meat dripp'd blood , tears fill'd their eyes, and due Presages of approaching woe, their hearts	420
Then thus the prophet Theoclymenus ^s	
Ah miserable men! what curse is this That takes you now? night wraps itself around Your faces, bodies, limbs , the palace shakes	425

³ Who had sought refuge in the ship of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca

With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!
 I see the walls and arches dappled thick
 With gore, the vestibule is throng'd, the court
 On all sides throng'd with apparitions grim
 Of slaughter'd men sinking into the gloom
 Of Erebus, the sun is blotted out
 From heaven, and midnight whelms you premature

He said, they hearing laugh'd, and thus the son
 Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied

This wanderer from a distant shoie hath left
 His wits behind Hoa there! conduct him hence
 Into the forum, since he dreams it night
 Already, teach him there that it is day

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus
 I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides
 To lead me hence, for I have eyes and ears,
 The use of both my feet, and of a mind
 In no respect irrational or wild
 These shall conduct me forth, for well I know
 That evil threatens you, such too as none
 Shall 'scape of all the sutois, whose delight
 Is to insult the unoffending guest
 Received beneath this hospitable roof

He said, and, issuing from the palace, sought
 Piraeus' house, who gladly welcomed him
 Then all the suitors on each other cast
 A look significant, and, to provoke
 Telemachus the more, fleer'd at his guests
 Of whom a youth thus, insolent, began

No living wight, Telemachus, had e'er
 Guests such as thine Witness, we know not who,
 This hungry vagabond, whose means of life
 Are none, and who hath neither skill nor force
 To earn them, a mere burthen on the ground
 Witness the other also, who upstarts
 A prophet suddenly Take my advice,
 I counsel wisely, send them both on board
 Some gallant bark to Sicily for sale,
 Thus shall they somewhat profit thee at last.

So spake the sutois, whom Telemachus
 Heard unconcein'd, and silent, look'd and look'd

Toward his father, watching still the time
When he should punish that licentious throng
Meantime, Icaius' daughter, who had placed
Her splendid seat opposite, heard distinct
Then taunting speeches. They, with noisy mirth,
Feasted deliciously, for they had slain
Many a fat victim, but a sadder feast
Than soon the Goddess and the warrior Chief
Should furnish for them, none shall ever share,
Of which their crimes had furnished first the cause.

470

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BOOK XXI

ARGUMENT.

Penelope proposes to the suitors a contest with the bow, herself the prize
 They prove unable to bend the bow, when Ulysses, having with some difficulty possessed himself of it, manages it with the utmost ease, and dispatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial

MINERVA now, Goddess coerulean-eyed,
 Prompted Icarus' daughter, the discreet
 Penelope, with bow and rings to prove
 Her suitors in Ulysses' courts, a game
 Terrible in conclusion to them all
 First, taking in her hand the brazen key
 Well-forged, and fitted with an ivory grasp,
 Attended by the women of her train
 She sought her inmost chamber, the recess
 In which she kept the treasures of her Lord,
 His brass, his gold, and steel elaborate
 Here lay his stubborn bow, and quiver fill'd
 With numerous shafts, a fatal store That bow
 He had received and quiver from the hand
 Of godlike Iphitus Eurytides,
 Whom, in Messenia,¹ in the house he met
 Of brave Orsilochus Ulysses came
 Demanding payment of arrearage due
 From all that land, for a Messenian fleet
 Had borne from Ithaca three hundred sheep,
 With all their shepherds, for which cause, ere yet
 Adult, he voyaged to that distant shore,
 Deputed by his sire, and by the Chiefs
 Of Ithaca, to make the just demand
 But Iphitus had thither come to seek
 Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had lost,

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¹ A province of Laconia

A search that cost him soon a bloody death.
 For, coming to the house of Hercules,
 The valiant task-performing son of Jove,
 He perish'd there, slain by his cruel host, 30
 Who, heedless of heaven's wrath, and of the rights
 Of his own board, first fed, then slaughter'd him,
 For in his house the mares and colts were hidden
 He, therefore, occupied in that concern,
 Meeting Ulysses there, gave him the bow 35
 Which, e'er, huge Eurytus had borne, and which
 Himself had from his dying sire received
 Ulysses, in return, on him bestow'd
 A spear and sword, pledges of future love
 And hospitality, but never more 40
 They met each other at the friendly board,
 For, ere that hour arrived, the son of Jove
 Slew his own guest, the godlike Iphitus
 Thus came the bow into Ulysses' hands,
 Which never in his gallant barks he bore 45
 To battle with him, (though he used it oft
 In times of peace,) but left it safely stored
 At home, a dear memorial of his friend
 Soon as, divinest of her sex, arrived
 At that same chamber, with her foot she press'd 50
 The oaken threshold bright, on which the hand
 Of no mean architect had stretch'd the line,
 Who had erected also on each side
 The posts on which the splendid portal hung,
 She loosed the ring and brace, then introduced 55
 The key, and aiming at them from without,²
 Struck back the bolts The portals, at that stroke,
 Sent forth a tone deep as the pastured bull's,
 And flew wide open She ascending next
 The elevated floor on which the chests 60
 That held her own fragrant apparel stood,
 With lifted hand aloft took down the bow
 In its embroider'd bow-case safe enclosed
 Then sitting there, she laid it on her knees,

² The reader will of course observe, that the whole of this process implies a sort of mechanism very different from that with which we are acquainted —The translation, I believe, is exact

Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case
 Thus weeping over it long time she sat,
 Till satiate, at the last, with grief and tears,
 Descending by the palace steps she sought
 Again the haughty suitors, with the bow
 Elastic, and the quiver in her hand 65
 Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store
 Her maidens, as she went, bore after her
 A coffer fill'd with prizes by her Lord,
 Much brass and steel, and when at length she came,
 Loveliest of women, where the suitors sat, 75
 Between the pillars of the stately dome
 Pausing, before her beanteous face she held
 Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaste
 Supported, the assembly thus addiess'd.

Ye noble suitors, hear, who ruedely haunt
 This palace of a Chief long absent hence,
 Whose substance ye have now long time consumed,
 Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,
 Save your ambition to make me a bride,—
 Attend this game to which I call you forth 80
 Now, suitors ! prove yourselves with this huge bow
 Of wide-renown'd Ulysses , he who draws
 Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends
 Through twice six rings, he takes me to his home,
 And I must leave this mansion of my youth 85
 Plenteous, magnificent, which doubtless oft
 I shall remember even in my dreams

So saying, she bade Eumeus lay the bow
 Before them, and the twice six rings of steel
 He wept, received them, and obey'd , nor wept
 The herdsman less, seeing the bow which erst
 His Lord had occupied when at their tears
 Indignant, thus, Antinous began

Ye rural drones, whose purblind eyes see not
 Beyond the present hour, egregious fools ! 100
 Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much
 Before afflicted for her husband lost ?
 Either partake the banquet silently,
 Or else go weep abroad, leaving the bow,
 That stubborn test, to us , for none, I judge,

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None here shall bend this polish'd bow with ease,
Since in this whole assembly I discern
None like Ulysses, whom myself have seen
And recollect, though I was then a boy

He said, but in his heart meantime the hope
Cerish'd, that he should bend, himself, the bow,
And pass the rings, yet was he destined first
Of all that company to taste the steel
Or brave Ulysses' shaft, whom in that house
He had so oft dishonored, and had urged
So oft all others to the like offence
Amidst them then the sacred might arose
Of young Telemachus, who thus began

Saturnian Jove questionless hath deprived
Me of all reason My own mother, famed
For wisdom as she is, makes known to all
Her purpose to abandon this abode
And follow a new mate, while heedless I
Tirle and laugh as I were still a child
But come, ye suitors! since the prize is such,
A woman, like to whom none can be found
This day in all Achaia, on the shores
Of sacred Pylos, in the critics proud
Of Argos or Mycenæ, or even here
In Ithaca, or yet wit'in the walls

Of black Epius, and since this yourselves
Know also, wherefore should I speak her praise?
Come then, delay not, waste not time in vain
Excuses, turn not from the proof, but bend
The bow, that thus the issue may be known.

I also will, myself, that task essay,
And should I bend the bow, and pass the rings,
Then shall not my illustrious mother leave
Her son forlorn, forsaking this abode
To follow a new spouse, while I remain
Disconsolate, although of age to bear,
Successful as my sire, the prize away

So saying, he started from his seat, cast off
His purple cloak, and laid his sword aside,
Then fix'd, himself, the rings, furrowing the earth
By line, and opening one long trench for all,

110

115

120

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145

And stamping close the glebe Amazement seized
 All present, seeing with how prompt a skill
 He executed, though untaught, his task
 Then hastening to the portal, there he stood
 Thrice, struggling, he essay'd to bend the bow,
 And thrice desisted, hoping still to draw
 The bow-string home, and shoot through all the rings³
 And now the fourth time striving with full force
 He had prevail'd to string it, but his sire
 Forbad his eager efforts by a sign
 Then thus the royal youth to all around.

Gods' either I shall prove of little force
 Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,
 Or I am yet too young, and have not strength
 To quell the aggressor's contumely But come—
 (For ye have strength surpassing mine,) try ye
 The bow, and bring this contest to an end

He ceased, and set the bow down on the floor,
 Reclining it against the pannels smooth
 That lined the wall, the arrow next he placed,
 Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,
 And to the seat, whence he had risen, return'd
 Then thus Euphthes' son, Antinous spake

My friends' come forth successive from the right,⁴
 Where he who ministers the cup begins.

So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased
 Then, first, Leiodes, Oenop's son, arose
 He was their soothsayer, and ever sat
 Beside the beaker, inmost of them all
 To him alone of all, licentious deeds
 Were odious, and with indignation fired,
 He witness'd the excesses of the rest
 He then took foremost up the shaft and bow,
 And, station'd at the portal, strove to bend
 But bent it not, fatiguing, first, his hands
 Delicate and uncusom'd to the toil

³ This first attempt of Telemachus and the suitors was not an attempt to shoot, but to lodge the bow-string on the opposite horn, the bow having been released at one end, and slackened while it was laid by

⁴ Antinous prescribes to them this manner of rising to the trial for the good omen's sake, the left hand being held unpropitious

He ceased, and the assembly thus bespake.

My friends, I speed not, let another try ;
For many Princes shall this bow of life

185

Bereave, since death more eligible seems,

Far more, than loss of her, for whom we meet

Continual here, expecting still the prize

Some suitor haply at this moment hopes

That he shall wed whom long he hath desired,

190

Ulysses' wife, Penelope, let him

Essay the bow, and trial made, address

His spousal offers to some other fair

Among the long-stoled Princesses of Greece,

195

This Princess leaving his, whose proffer'd gifts

Shall please her most, and whom the Fates ordain

He said, and set the bow down on the floor,

Reclining it against the pannels smooth

That lined the wall, the arrow, next, he placed,

200

Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,

And to the seat whence he had risen return'd

Then him Antinous, angry, thus reproved

What word, Leides, grating to our ears

Hath 'scaped thy lips ? I hear it with disdain

205

Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince,

Because thou hast thyself too feeble proved

To bend it ? no Thou wast not born to bend

The unpliant bow, or to direct the shaft,

But here are nobler who shall soon prevail

He said, and to Melanthius gave command,

210

The goat-heid Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire ,

Beside it place, with fleeces spread, a form

Of length commodious , from within procure

A large round cake of suet next, with which

When we have chafed and suppled the tough bow

215

Before the fire, we will again essay

To bend it, and decide the doubtful strife

He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire,

Beside it placed, with fleeces sp.ead, a form

Of length commodious , next he brought a cake

220

Ample and round of suet from within,

With which they chafed the bow, then tied again

To bend, but bent it not , superior strength

To theirs that task required Yet two, the rest
 In force surpassing, made no trial yet,
 Antinous, and Euiymachus the brave

22,

Then went the herdsman and the swine-heid forth
 Together, after whom, the glorious Chief
 Himself the house left also, and when all
 Without the court had met, with gentle speech
 Ulysses then the faithful paū address'd

230

Herdsman! and thou, Eumæus! shall I keep
 A certain secret close, or shall I speak
 Outright? my spirit piompts me, and I will
 What welcome should Ulysses at you hands
 Receive, arriving suddenly at home,
 Some God his guide? would ye the suitors aid,
 O! would ye aid Ulysses? answer true

23,

Then thus the chief intendant of his herds
 Would Jove but grant me my deseue, to see
 Once moie the Hero, and would some kind Power
 Restoile him, I would show thee soon an aim
 Strenuous to seive him, and a dauntless heart

2-0

Eumæus also feirvently implored
 The Gods in prayer, that they would render back
 Ulysses to his home He then, convniced
 Of their unfeigning honesty, began

240

Behold him! I am he myself, arrived
 After long sufferings in the twentieth year!
 I know how welcome to yourselves alone
 Of all my train I come, for I have heard
 None others praying for my safe return
 I therefore tell you truth, should heaven subdue
 The suitors under me, ye shall receive
 Each at my hands a bride, with lands and house
 Near to my own, and ye shall be thenceforth
 Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my son
 Lo! also this indisputable proof

250

That ye may know and trust me View it here
 It is the scai which in Parnassus erst
 (Where with the sons I hunted of renown'd
 Autolycus) I from a boar received

255

So saying, he stripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd
 The whole broad scai, then soon as they had seen

260

And surely recognized the mark, each cast
His arms around Ulysses, wept, embraced,
And press'd him to his bosom, kissing oft
His brows and shoulders, who as oft their hands
And foreheads kiss'd, nor had the setting sun
Beheld them satisfied, but that himself
Ulysses thus admonished them, and said.

Cease now from tears, lest any, coming forth,
Mark and report them to our foes within.
Now to the hall again, but one by one,
Not all at once, I foremost, then yourselves,
And this shall be the sign Full well I know
That all unanimous, they will oppose
Delivery of the bow and shafts to me,
But thou, (proceeding with it to my seat)
Eumæus, noble friend ! shalt give the bow
Into my grasp , then bid the women close
The massy doors, and should they hear a groan
Or other noise made by the Princes shut
Within the hall, let none set step abroad,
But all work silent Be the palace-door
Thy charge, my good Philætius ! key it fast
Without a moment's pause, and fix the brace .

He ended, and returning to the hall,
Resumed his seat, nor stay'd his servants long
Without, but follow'd their illustrious Lord
Eurymachus was busily employ'd
Turning the bow, and chafing it before
The sprightly blaze, but after all could find
No Power to bend it Disappointment wrung
A groan from his proud heart, and thus he said

Alas! not only for myself I grieve,
But grieve for all Nor though I mourn the loss
Of such a bride, mourn I that loss alone,
(For lovely Grecians may be found no few
In Ithaca, and in the neighbour isles,) But should we so inferior prove at last
To brave Ulysses, that no force of ours
Can bend his bow, we are for ever shamed

⁵ The *δεσμός* seems to have been a strap designed to close the only aperture by which the bolt could be displaced, and the door opened.

To whom Antinous, thus, Eupithe's son
 Not so, (as even thou art well-assured
 Thyself, Eury machus !) but Phœbus claims
 This day his own Who then, on such a day,
 Would strive to bend it ? Let it rather rest
 And should we leave the rings where now they stand,
 I trust that none entering Ulysses' house
 Will dare displace them Cup-bearer, attend !
 Serve all with wine, that, first libation made,
 We may religiously lay down the bow
 Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive
 Hither the fairest goats of all his flocks
 At dawn of day, that burning first the thighs
 To the ethereal archer, we may make
 New trial, and decide at length the strife

305

So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased
 The heralds then pou'd water on their hands,
 While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore
 From right to left, distributing to all.
 When each had made libation, and had drunk
 Till well sufficed, then, artful to effect
 His shrewd designs, Ulysses thus began

310

Hear, O ye suitors of the illustrious Queen,
 My bosom's dictates But I shall entreat
 Chiefly Eury machus and the godlike youth
 Antinous, whose advice is wisely given.

315

Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave
 The matter with the Gods, who shall decide
 The strife to-morrow, favouring whom they will
 Meantime, grant me the polish'd bow, that I
 May trial make among you of my force,
 If I retain it still in like degree

320

As erst, or whether wandering and defect
 Of nourishment have worn it all away

325

He said, whom they with indignation heard
 Extreme, alarm'd lest he should bend the bow,
 And sternly thus Antinous replied

330

Desperate vagabond ! ah wretch deprived
 Of reason utterly ! art not content ?
 Esteem'st it not distinction proud enough
 To feast with us the nobles of the land ?

335

None robs thee of thy share, thou witnessest Our whole discourse, which, save thyself alone, No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear Thou art befool'd by wine, as many have been, Wide-throated drinkers, unrestrain'd by rule.	315
Wine in the mansion of the mighty Chief Pirithous, made the valiant Centaur mad Eurytion, at the Lapithæan feast ⁶ He drank to drunkenness, and being drunk, Committed great enormities beneath	330
Pirithous' roof, and such as fill'd with rage The Hero-guests, who therefore by his feet Diagg'd him right through the vestibule, ameiced Of nose and ears, and he departed thence Provoked to frenzy by that foul disgrace,	335
Whence war between the human kind arose And the bold Centaurs—but he first incurred By his ebriety that mulct severe Great evil also if thou bend the bow, To thee I prophesy, for thou shalt find	360
Advocate or protector none in all This people, but we will dispatch thee hence Incontinent on board a sable bark To Echetus, the scourge of human kind, From whom is no escape Drink then in peace,	365
And contest shun with younger men than thou	370
Him answer'd then Penelope discreet Antinous! neither seemly were the deed Nor just, to maim or harm whate'er guest Whom here arrived Telemachus receives Canst thou expect, that should he even prove	375
Stronger than ye, and bend the massy bow, He will conduct me hence to his own home, And make me his own bride? No such design His heart conceives, or hope, nor let a dread So vain the mind of any overcloud	380
Who banquets here, since it dishonours me	

⁶ When Pirithous, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adiastus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to ravish the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in resentment of that insult, slew them.

So she , to whom Eurymachus replied,
 Offspring of Polybus O matchless Queen !
 Icarius' prudent daughter ! none suspects
 That thou wilt wed with him , a mate so mean 385
 Should ill become thee , but we fear the tongues
 Of either sex, lest some Achaian say
 Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)
 Ah ! how unworthy are they to compare
 With him whose wife they seek ! to bend his bow 390
 Pass'd all their power, yet this poor vagabond,
 Arriving from what country none can tell,
 Bent it with ease, and shot through all the rings
 So will they speak, and so shall we be shamed

Then answer thus Penelope return'd 395
 No fair report, Eurymachus, attends
 Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,
 The house dishonour and consume the wealth
 Of such a Chief. Why shame ye thus *yourselves* ?
 The guest is of athletic frame, well form'd, 400
 And large of limb ! he boasts him also sprung
 From noble ancestry Come then—consent—
 Give him the bow, that we may see the proof,
 For thus I say, and thus will I perform ,
 Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives 405
 To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak
 Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen
 To guard him against men and dogs, a sword
 Of double edge, and sandals for his feet,
 And I will send him whither most he would 410

Her answer'd then prudent Telemachus
 Mother—the bow is mine , and save myself,
 No Greek hath right to give it, or refuse
 None who in rock-bound Ithaca possess
 Dominion, none in the steed-pastured isles 415
 Of Elis, if I chose to make the bow
 His own for ever, should that choice control
 But thou into the house repairing, ply
 Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin
 Dilgence to thy maidens , for the bow 420
 Is man's concern alone, and shall be mine
 Especially, since I am master here.

She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech
 Reposing of her son deep in her heart,
 Withdrew, then mounting with her female train
 To her superior chamber, there she wept 425
 Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed
 With balmy dews of sleep her weary lids
 And now the noble swine-herd boie the bow
 Toward Ulysses, but with one voice all
 The suitors, clamorous, reproved the deed, 430
 Of whom a youth thus insolent exclaim'd

Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither bear'st the bow,
 Delirious wretch! the hounds that thou hast train'd
 Shall eat thee at thy solitary home 435
 Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at last,
 Propitious to us, and the Powers of heaven

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow
 Where erst he stood, terrified at the sound
 Of such loud menaces, on the other side 440
 Telemachus as loud assail'd his ear

Friend! forward with the bow, or soon repent
 That thou obey'dst the many I will else
 With huge stones drive thee, younger as I am,
 Back to the field My strength surpasses thine 445
 I would to heaven that I in force excell'd
 As far, and prowess, every suitor here!
 So would I soon give rude dismission hence
 To some, who live but to imagine harm

He ceased, whose words the suitors laughing heard,
 And for their sake, in part their wrath resign'd
 Against Telemachus, then through the hall
 Eumeus bore, and to Ulysses' hand
 Consign'd the bow, next summoning abroad
 The ancient nurse, he gave her thus in charge 450

It is the pleasure of Telemachus,
 Sage Euryclea! that thou key secure
 The doors, and should ye hear perchance a groan
 Or other noise made by the Princes shut
 Within the hall, let none look curious forth, 455
 But each in quietness pursue her work

So he, nor flew his words useless away,
 But she incontinent shut fast the doors.

Then noiseless sprang Philoetius forth, who closed
The portals also of the palace-court

465

A ship-rope of Egyptian reed, it chanced
Lay in the vestibule, with that he braced
The doors securely, and re-entering fill'd
Again his seat, but watchful eyed his Lord
He now assaying with his hand the bow,
Made curious trial of it every way,
And turn'd it on all sides, lest haply worms
Had in its master's absence drill'd the horn.
Then thus a suitor to his next remaik'd

470

He hath an eye methinks exactly skill'd
In bows, and steals them, or perhaps at home
Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire
To make them, so inquisitive the rogue,
Adept in mischief, shifts it to and fro!

475

To whom another insolent replied.

I wish him like prosperity in all
His efforts, as attends his efforts made
On this same bow, which he shall never bend.

480

So they, but when the wary Hero wise
Had made his hand familiar with the bow,
Poising it and examining—at once—
As when in harp and song adept, a bard
Unlabouring strains the chord to a new lyre,
The twisted entrails of a sheep below
With fingers nice inserting, and above,
With such facility Ulysses bent
His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd
The nerve which in its quick vibration sang
Clear as the swallow's voice Keen anguish seized
The suitors, wan grew every cheek, and Jove
Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.

490

That omen, granted to him by the son
Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.
He took a shaft that at the table side
Lay ready drawn, but in his quiver's womb
The rest yet slept, by those Achaians proud
To be, ere long, experienced True he lodged
The arrow on the centre of the bow,
And, occupying still his seat, drew home

495

500

Nerve and notch'd arrow-head , with steadfast sight	505
He aim'd and sent it , right through all the rings	
From first to last the steel-charged weapon flew	
Issuing beyond, and to his son he spake	
Thou need'st not blush, young Prince, to have received	
A guest like me , neither my arrow swerved,	510
No! labour'd I long time to draw the bow ,	
My strength is unimpair'd, not such as these	
In scorn affirm it But the waning day	
Calls us to supper, ⁷ after which succeeds	
Jocund variety, the song, the harp,	515
With all that heightens and adorns the feast	
He said, and with his brows gave him the sign	
At once the son of the illustrious Chief	
Slung his keen faulchion, grasped his spear, and stood	
Arm'd bright for battle at his father's side	520

⁷ This is an instance of the Σαοδανιον μάλα τοιον mentioned in Book XX , such as, perhaps, could not be easily paralleled I question if there be a passage, either in ancient or modern tragedy, so truly terrible as this seeming levity of Ulisses, in the moment when he is going to begin the slaughter.

BOOK XXII

ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, with some little assistance from Temelachus, Eumæus, and Philcteius, slays all the suitors, and twelve of the female servants who had allowed themselves an illicit intercourse with them, are hanged. Melanthius also is punished with miserable mutilation

THEN, girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door,
Loose on the broad stone at his feet he pour'd
His arrows, and the suitors thus bespake

This prize, though difficult, hath been achieved
Now for another mark which never man
Struck yet, but I will strike it if I may,
And if Apollo make that glory mine

He said, and at Antinous aimed direct
A bitter shaft, he, purposing to drink,
Both hands advanced toward the golden cup
Twin-ear'd, nor aught suspected death so nigh
For who, at the full banquet, could suspect
That any single guest, however brave,
Should plan his death, and execute the blow ?
Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced

Full in the throat, and through his neck behind
Started the glittering point Aslant he droop'd,
Down fell the goblet, through his nostrils flew
The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot
The board, he spread his viands in the dust
Confusion, when they saw Antinous fall'n,
Seized all the suitors, from the thrones they sprang,
Flew every way, and on all sides explored
The palace-walls, but neither sturdy lance
As erst, nor buckler could they there discern.
Then, furious, to Ulysses thus they spake

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Thy arrow, stranger, was ill-aim'd , a man
Is no just mark Thou never shalt dispute
Prize more Inevitable death is thine
For thou hast slain a Prince noblest of all
In Ithaca, and shalt be vultures' food

Various their judgments were, but none believed
That he had slain him wittingly, nor saw
The infatuate men fate hovering o'er them all
Then thus Ulysses, louring dark, replied

O dogs! not fearing aught my safe return
From Ilium, ye have shorn my substance close,
Lain with my women forcibly, and sought,
While yet I lived, to make my consort yours,
Heedless of the inhabitants of heaven
Alike, and of the just revenge of man
But death is on the wing, death for you all

He said, their cheeks all faded at the sound,
And each with sharpen'd eyes search'd every nook
For an escape from his impending doom,
Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied

If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief
Of Ithaca return'd, thou hast rehearsed
With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks 50
Frequent, both in thy house and in thy field
But he, already, who was cause of all,
Lies slain, Antinous, he thy palace fill'd
With outrage, not solicitous so much
To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts 55
Far different framing, which Saturnian Jove
Hath baffled all, to rule himself supreme
In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd
By an insidious stratagem thy son
But he is slain Now therefore spare thy own, 60
Thy people, public reparation due

Shall sure be thine, and to appease thy wrath
For all the waste that, eating, drinking here
We have committed, we will yield thee, each,
Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beside
And brass, till joy shall fill thee at the sight,
However just thine anger was before

Eurymachus, would ye contribute each
 His whole inheritance, and other sums
 Still add beside, ye should not, even so,
 These hands of mine bribe to abstain from blood,
 Till every suitor suffer for his wrong
 Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or escape
 (Whoever may) the terrors of his fate,
 But ye all perish, if my thought be true

70

He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts
 All heard, whom thus Eurymachus address'd

To your detence, my friends ! for respite none
 Will he to his victorious hands afford,
 But arm'd with bow and quiver, will dispatch
 Shafts from the door till he have slain us all
 Therefore to arms—draw each his sword—oppose
 The tables to his shafts, and all at once
 Rush on him , that dislodging him at least
 From portal and from threshold, we may give
 The city on all sides a loud alarm,
 So shall this archer soon have shot his last

80

Thus saying he drew his brazen faulchion keen
 Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry
 Sprang on him , but Ulysses with a shaft,
 In that same moment through his bosom driven,
 Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his sword
 He, staggering around his table, fell
 Convolved in agonies, and overturn'd
 Both food and wine , his forehead smote the floor ,
 Woe fill'd his heart, and spurning with his heels
 His vacant seat, he shook it till he died
 Then with his faulchion drawn, Amphinomus
 Advanced to drive Ulysses from the door,
 And fierce was his assault , but, from behind,
 Telemachus between his shoulders fix'd
 A brazen lance, and urg'd it through his breast,
 Full on his front, with hideous sound, he fell
 Leaving the weapon planted in his spine
 Back flew Telemachus, lest had he stood
 Drawing it forth, some enemy, perchance,
 Should either pierce him with a sudden thrust
 Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.

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Swift, therefore, to his father's side he ran,
Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he said 110
 My father! I will now bring thee a shield,
An helmet, and two spears I will enclose
Myself in armour also, and will give
Both to the herdsmen and Eumæus arms 115
Expedient now, and needful for us all
To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
Run, fetch them, while I yet have arrows left,
Lest, single, I be justled from the door
He said, and at his word, forth went the Prince, 120
Seeking the chamber where he had secured
The armour. Thence he took four shields, eight spears,
With four hair-crested helmets, charged with which
He hasted to his father's side again,
And, arming first himself, furnish'd with arms 125
His two attendants Then, all clad alike
In splendid brass, beside the dauntless Chief
Ulysses, his auxiliars firm they stood
He while a single arrow unemploy'd
Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced 130
Some suitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell
But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,
His bow reclining at the portal's side
Against the palace-wall, he slung himself
A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd 135
A casque whose crest waved awful o'er his brows
On his illustrious head, and fill'd his gripe
With two stout spears, well-headed both with brass
There was a certain postern in the wall
At the gate-side,¹ the customary pass 140
Into a narrow street, but barr'd secure
Ulysses bade his faithful swine herd watch
That egress, station'd near it, for it own'd

¹ If the ancients found it difficult to ascertain clearly the situation of this *οποθυρον*, well may we. The Translator has given it the position which to him appeared most probable — there seem to have been two of these posterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each side of the portal, and they appear to have been at some height above the floor.

One sole approach , then Agelaus loud
Exhorting all the suitors, thus exclaim'd

145

 Oh friends ! will none, ascending to the door
Of yonder postern, summon to our aid
The populace, and spread a wide alarm ?
So shall this archer soon have shot his last

 To whom the keeper of the goats replied
Melanthius Agelaus ! Prince renown'd !
That may not be. The postern and the gate²
Neighbour too near each other, and to force
The narrow egress were a vain attempt ,
One valiant man might thence repulse us all
But come—myself will furnish you with arms
Fetch'd from above , for there, as I suppose,
(And not elsewhere) Ulysses and his son
Have hidden them, and there they shall be found

150

 So spake Melanthius, and ascending sought
Ulysses' chambers through the winding stairs
And galleries of the house. Twelve bucklers thence
He took, as many spears, and helmets bright
As many, shagg'd with hair, then swift return'd
And gave them to his friends Trembled the heart
Of brave Ulysses, and his knees, at sight
Of his opposers putting armour on,
And shaking each his spear , arduous indeed
Now seem'd his task, and in wing'd accents brief
Thus to his son Telemachus he spake

160

165

 Either some woman of our train contrives
Hard battle for us, furnishing with arms
The suitors, or Melanthius arms them all.

 Him answer'd then Telemachus discreet
Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged
On none beside , I left the chamber-door
Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myself
Their spy perceived But haste, Eumæus, shut
The chamber-door, observing well, the while,
If any woman of our train have done
This deed, or whether, as I more suspect,
Melanthius, Dolus' son, have given them arms

170

175

 Thus mutual they conferr'd , meantime, again

² At which Ulysses stood.

Melanthius to the chamber flew, in quest
Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went,
Mark'd him, and to Ulysses thus he spake
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
Behold, the traitor, whom ourselves supposed,
Seeks yet again the chamber ! Tell me plain,
Shall I, should I superior prove in force,
 Slay him, or shall I drag him thence to thee,
That he may suffer at thy hands the doom
Due to his treasons perpetrated oft
Against thee, here, even in thy own house ?
Then answer thus Ulysses shrewd return'd
I, with Telemachus, will here immew
The lordly suitors close, rage as they may
Ye two, the while, bind fast Melanthius' hands
And feet behind his back, then cast him bound
Into the chamber, and (the door secured)
 Pass underneath his arms a double chain,
And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft
Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,
Living long time, the miseries he hath earned
He spake , they prompt obey'd , together both
They sought the chamber, whom the wretch within
Heard not, exploring every nook for arms
They watching stood the door, from which, at length,
Foith came Melanthius, bearing in one hand
A casque, and in the other a broad shield
Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth
Waike Laeites had been wont to bear
Long time neglected it had lain, till age
Had loosed the sutures of its bands At once
Both springing on him, seized and drew him in
Forcibly by his locks, then cast him down
Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.
With painful stricture of the cord his hands
They bound and feet together at his back,
As their illustrious master had enjoin'd,
Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft,
By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,
And thus, deirding him, Eumæus spake
 Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed

185

190

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Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch
All night, nor when the golden dawn forsakes
The ocean stream, will she escape thine eye,
But thou wilt duly to the palace drive
The fattest goats, a banquet for thy friends

225

So saying, he left him in his dreadfull sling
Then arming both, and barring fast the door,
They sought brave Laertiades again
And now, courageous at the portal stood
Those four, by numbers in the interior house
Opposed of adversaries fierce in aims,

235

When Pallas, in the form and with the voice
Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes' son
Beheld, and joyful at the sight, exclaim'd

Help, Mentor! help—now recollect a friend
And benefactor, born when thou wast born

240

So he, not unsuspicious that he saw
Pallas, the heroine of heaven Meantime
The suitors fill'd with menaces the dome,
And Agelaus first, Damaster's son,
In accents harsh rebuked the Goddess thus

245

Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not
To oppose the suitors and to aid himself,
For thus will we Ulysses and his son
Both slain, in vengeance of thy purposed deeds
Against us, we will slay *thee* next, and thou
With thy own head shalt satisfy the wrong,
Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth
Whether in house or field, mingled with his,
We will confiscate, neither will we leave
Or son of thine, or daughter in thy house
Alive, nor shall thy virtuous consort more
Within the walls of Ithaca be seen

250

He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed
Minerva's heart the more, incensed, she turn'd
Toward Ulysses, whom she thus reproved

260

Thou neither own'st the courage nor the force,
Ulysses now, which nine whole years thou show'dst
At Ilum, waging battle obstinate
For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight
Destroying multitudes, till thy advice

265

At last laid Priam's bulwark'd city low
 Why, in possession of thy proper home
 And substance, mour'nst thou want of power to oppose
 The suitors? Stand beside me, mark my deeds,
 And thou shalt own Mentor Alcimides
 A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love 270

She spake, nor made she victory as yet
 Entire his own, proving the valour, first,
 Both of the sire and of his glorious son,
 But springing in a swallow's form aloft,
 Perch'd on a rafter of the splendid roof 275

Then, Agelaus animated loud
 The suitors, whom Eurynomus also roused,
 Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,
 And Polycorides, Pisander named,
 And Polybus the brave, for noblest far 280

Of all the suitor chiefs who now survived
 And fought for life were these The bow had quell'd
 And shafts, in quick succession sent, the rest
 Then Agelaus thus harangued them all 285

We soon shall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,
 Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts
 Hath left, and at the portal now remain
 Themselves alone Dismiss not therefore, all,
 Your spears together, but with six alone 290

Assail them first, Jove willing, we shall pierce
 Ulysses, and subduing him, shall slay
 With ease the rest, then force is safely scion'd

He ceased, and, as he bade, six hul'd the spear
 Together, but Minerva gave them all 295

A devious flight, one struck a column, one
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third
 Flung right his ashen beam ponderous with brass
 Against the wall³. Then (every suitor's spear
 Eluded) thus Ulysses gave the word— 300

Now friends! I counsel you that ye dismiss
 Your spears at them, who not content with past
 Enormities, thirst also for our blood

He said, and with unerring aim all threw

³ The deviation of three only is described, which must be understood therefore, as instances of the ill success of all

Their glittering spears Ulysses on the ground 305
 Stretch'd Demoptolemus , Euryades
 Fell by Telemachus , the swine-herd slew
 Eläthus, and the keeper of the beeves
 Pisander , in one moment all alike
 Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor 310
 Back flew the suitors to the farthest wall,
 On whom those valiant four advancing, each
 Recover'd quick his weapon from the dead
 Then hurl'd the desperate suitors yet again
 Their glittering spears, but Pallas gave to each 315
 A frustrate course , one struck a column, one
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third
 Flung full his ashen beam against the wall
 Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wrist,
 But slightly, a skin-wound, and o'er his shield 320
 Ctesippus reach'd the shoulder of the good
 Eumæus, but his glancing weapon swift
 O'erflew the mark, and fell And now the four,
 Ulysses, dauntless Hero, and his friends
 All hurl'd their spears together in return 325
 Himself Ulysses, city-waster Chief,
 Wounded Eurydamus , Ulysses' son
 Amphimedon , the swine-herd Polybus ,
 And in his breast the keeper of the beeves
 Ctesippus, glorying over whom, he cried 330
 Oh son of Polytheros ! whose delight
 Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again
 Boast foolishly, but to the Gods commit
 Thy tongue, since they are mightier far than thou
 Take this—a compensation for thy pledge 335
 Of hospitality, the huge ox-hoof,
 Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,
 Ulysses at thy bounteous hand received
 So gloriéd he , then grasping still his spear,
 Ulysses pierced Damastor's son, and next 340
 Telemachus, enforcing his long beam
 Sheer through his bowels and his back, transpierced
 Leiocritus , he prostrate smote the floor
 Then Pallas from the lofty roof held forth
 Her host-confounding Ægis o'er their heads, 345

Withering their souls with fear They through the hall
 Fled, scatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd
 The gad-fly dissipates, infester fell
 Of beeves, when vernal suns shine hot and long
 But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd 350
 Stoop from the mountains on the smaller fowl,
 Terrified at the toils which spread the plain,
 The flock takes wing, they, darting from above,
 Strike, seize, and slay, resistance or escape
 Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight,⁴ 355
 So they, pursuing through the spacious hall
 The sutois, smote them on all sides, their heads
 Sounded beneath the sword, with hideous groans
 The palace rang, and the floor foam'd with blood.
 Then flew Leiodes to Ulysses' knees, 360
 Which clasping, in wing'd accents thus he cried
 I clasp thy knees, Ulysses ! oh respect
 My suit, and spare me ! Never have I wro'd
 Injurious spoken, or injurious deed
 Attempted 'gainst the women of thy house, 365
 But others, so transgressing, oft forbud
 Yet they abstain'd not, and a dreadful fate
 Due to their wickedness have therfore found
 But I, then soothsayer alone, must fall,
 Though unoffending, such is the return 370
 By mortals made for benefits received !
 To whom Ulysses, louring-dark, replied
 Is that thy boast ? Hast thou indeed for these
 The seer's high office fill'd ? Then doubtless oft
 Thy prayer hath been that distant fair might prove 375
 The day delectable of my return,
 And that my consort might thy own become
 To bear thee children, wherefore thee I doom
 To a dire death which thou shalt not avoid
 So saying, he caught the faulchion from the floor 380

⁴ In this simile we seem to have a curious account of the ancient manner of fowling. The nets (for νεφέα is used in that sense by Aristophanes) were spread on a plain, on an adjoining rising ground were stationed they who had charge of the vultures (such Homer calls them) which were trained to the sport. The alarm being given to the birds below, the vultures were loosed, when many of them escaped their talons, the nets were ready to enclose them. See Eustathius Dacier Clarke

Which Agelaus had let fall, and smote
 Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck
 So suddenly, that e^{re} his tongue had ceased
 To plead for life, his head was in the dust
 But Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine,380
 Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled
 The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.
 Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,
 Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat
 Beside the altar of Heicæan Jove,⁵ 390
 Where oft Ulysses offer'd, and his sire,
 Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should haste,
 An earnest suppliant, to embrace his knees
 That course, at length, most pleased him, then between
 The beaker and an argent studded throne395
 He grounded his sweet lyre, and seizing fast
 The Hero's knees, him suppliant thus address'd
 I clasp thy knees, Ulysses ! oh respect
 My suit, and spare me. Thou shalt not escape
 Regret thyself hereafter, if thou slay400
 Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men
 Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind
 Themes of all argument from heaven inspired,
 And I can sing to thee as to a God
 Ah then, behead me not ! Put even the wish405
 Far from thee ! for thy own beloved son
 Can witness, that not drawn by choice, or driven
 By stress of want, resorting to thine house
 I have regaled these revellers so oft,
 But under force of mightier far than I410

So he , whose words soon as the sacred might
 Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick
 His father, thus humane he interposed
 Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge
 This blameless man , and we will also spare415
 Medon the herald, who hath ever been
 A watchful guardian of my boyish yeas,
 Unless Philoctius have already slain him,
 Or else Eumeus, or thyself, perchance,

⁵ So called because he was worshipped within the 'Ergo, or wall that surrounded the court.

Unconscious in the tumult of our foes. 420

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne and in a new-script hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death,) 425
Sprang from his hiding-place, and casting off
The skin, flew to Telemachus, embraced
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd.

Prince ! I am here—oh pity me ! repress
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he destroy not me, through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have consumed 430
His wealth, and in their folly scorn'd his son.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,
Smiling complacent. Fear not ; my own son
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself
That truth) teach others the superior worth 435
Of benefits with injuries compared.
But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,
That ye may sit distant in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command
Myself concerning it, to those within. 440

He ceased ; they going forth, took each his seat
Beside Jove's altar, but with careful looks
Suspicious, dreading without cease the sword.
Meantime Ulysses search'd his hall in quest
Of living foes, if any still survived 445
Unpunish'd ; but he found them all alike
Weltering in dust and blood ; numerous they lay
Like fishes when they strew the sinuous shore
Of Ocean, from the grey gulf drawn aground
In nets of many a mesh ; they on the sands 450
Lie spread, athirst for the salt wave, till hot
The gazing sun dries all their life away ;
So lay the suitors heap'd, and thus at length
The prudent Chief gave order to his son.

Telemachus, bid Euryklea come 455
Quickly, the nurse, to whom I would impart
The purpose which now occupies me most.

He said ; obedient to his sire, the Prince
Smote on the door, and summon'd loud the nurse.
Arise, thou ancient governess of all 460

Our female menials, and come forth , attend
 My father , he hath somewhat for thine ear
 So he , nor flew his words useless away,
 For throwing wide the portal, forth she came,
 And by Telemachus conducted, found
 Ere long Ulysses amid all the slain,
 With blood defiled and dust , dread he appear'd
 As from the pastured ox newly-devour'd
 The lion stalking back , his ample chest
 With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung,
 Tremendous spectacle , such seem'd the Chief,
 Blood-stain'd all over She the carnage spread
 On all sides seeing, and the pools of blood,
 Felt impulse forcible to publish loud
 That wondrous triumph , but her lord repress'd
 The shout of rapture ere it burst abroad,
 And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced

Silent exult, O ancient matron dear !

Shout not, be still Unholy is the voice
 Of loud thanksgiving over slaughter'd men
 Their own atrocious deeds and the Gods' will
 Have slain all these , for whether noble guest
 Arrived or base, they scoff'd at all alike,
 And for their wickedness have therefore died
 But say , of my domestic women, who
 Have scorn'd me, and whom find'st thou innocent ?

To whom good Euryclea thus replied
 My son ! I will declare the truth , thou keep'st
 Female domestics fifty in thy house,
 Whom we have made intelligent to comb
 The fleece, and to perform whatever task
 Of these, twice six have overpass'd the bounds
 Of modesty, respecting neither me,
 Nor yet the Queen , and thy own son, adult
 So lately, no permission had from her
 To regulate the women of her train
 But I am gone, I fly with what hath pass'd
 To the Queen's ear, who nought suspects, so sound
 She sleeps, by some divinity composed
 Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd
 Hush, and disturb her not Go. Summon first

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Those wantons, who have long deserved to die
He ceased, then issued forth the ancient dame
To summon those bad women, and, meantime,
Calling his son, Philætius, and Eumæus,
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus began

Bestir ye, and remove the dead, command
Those women also to your help, then cleanse
With bibulous sponges and with water all
The seats and tables, when ye shall have thus
Set all in order, lead those women forth,
And in the centre of the spacious court,
Between the scullery and the outer-wall
Smite them with your broad faulchions till they lose
In death the memory of their secret loves
Indulged with wretches lawless as themselves

He ended, and the damsels came at once
All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears
Showering the ground, with mutual labour, first,
Bearing the bodies forth into the court, 520
They lodged them in the portico, meantime
Ulysses stern enjoin'd them haste, and urged
By sad necessity, they bore all out
With sponges and with water next they cleansed
The thrones and tables, while Telemachus 525
Besom'd the floor, Eumeus in that work
Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,
And those twelve damsels bearing forth the soil
Thus order given to all within, they next
Led forth the women, whom they shut between 530
The scullery and the outer-wall in close
Durance, from which no prisoner could escape,
And thus Telemachus discieet began

An honourable death is not for these
By my advice, who have so often heap'd
Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,
And held lewd commerce with the suitor-train.

He said, and noosing a strong galley-rope
To an huge column, led the cord around
The spacious dome, suspended so aloft
That none with quivering feet might reach the floor.
As when a flight of doves entering the copse,

Or broad-wing'd thrushes, strike against the net
 Within, ill rest entangled there they find,
 So they, suspended by the neck, expired 545
 All in one line together Death abhor'd !
 W'th restless feet awhile they beat the air,
 Then ceased And now through vestibule and hall
 They led Melanthius forth With ruthless steel
 They pared away his ears and nose, pluck'd forth 550
 His parts of shame, destined to feed the dogs,
 And still indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet
 Then, laving each his feet and hands, they sought
 Again Ulysses , all their work was done,
 And thus the Chief to Euryclea spake 555
 Bright blast-averting sulphur, nurse, bring fire !
 That I may fumigate my walls , then bid
 Penelope with her attendants down,
 And summon all the women of her train.
 But Euryclea thus his nurse replied 560
 My son ! thou hast well said , yet will I first
 Serve thee with vest and mantle Stand not here
 In thy own palace clothed with tatters foul
 And beggarly,—she will abhor the sight
 Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd 565
 Not so Bring fire for fumigation first
 He said , nor Euryclea his loved nurse
 Longer delay'd, but sulphur brought and fire,
 When he with purifying steams himself
 Visited every part, the banquet-room, 570
 The vestibule, the court Ranging meantime
 His house magnificent, the matron call'd
 The women to attend their Lord in haste,
 And they attended, bearing each a torch
 Then gather'd they around him all, sincere 575
 Welcoming his return , with close embrace
 Enfolding him, each kiss'd his brows, and each
 His shoulders, and his hands lock'd fast in hers
 He irresistible the impulse felt
 To sigh and weep, well recognizing all 580

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT

Ulysses, with some difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with transport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, and in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulysses, Telemachus, the herdsman, and the swine-herd, depart into the country.

AND now, with exultation loud the nurse
 Again ascended, eager to apprise
 The Queen of her Ulysses' safe return,
 Joy braced her knees, with nimbleness of youth
 She stepp'd, and at her ear, her thus bespake

5

Arise, Penelope! dear daughter, see
 With thy own eyes thy daily wish fulfill'd
 Ulysses is arrived, hath reach'd at last
 His native home, and all those suitors proud
 Hath slaughter'd, who his family distress'd,
 His substance wasted, and control'd his son

19

To whom Penelope discreet replied
 Dear nurse! the Gods have surely taken away
 Thy judgment, they transform the wise to fools,
 And fools conduct to wisdom, and have mair'd
 Thy intellect, who wast discreet before.
 Why wilt thou mock me, wretched as I am,
 With tales extravagant? and why disturb
 Those slumbers sweet that seal'd so fast mine eyes?
 For such sweet slumbers have I never known

15

Since my Ulysses on his voyage sail'd
 To that bad city never to be named
 Down instant to thy place again—begone—
 For had another of my maidens dared
 Disturb my sleep with tidings wild as these,

20

25

I had dismiss'd her down into the house
 More roughly , but thine age excuses *thee*
 To whom the venerable matron thus
 I mock thee not, my child , no—he is come—
 Himself, Ulysses, even as I say,
 That stranger, object of the scorn of all
 Telemachus well knew his sire arrived,
 But prudently concealed the tidings, so
 To ensure the more the suitors' punishment

30

So Euryclea , she transported heard,
 And springing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms
 The ancient woman, shedding tears of joy,
 And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied

35

Ah then, dear nurse, inform me ! tell me true !
 Hath he indeed arrived as thou declarest ?
 How dared he to assail alone that band
 Of shameless ones, for ever swarming here ?

40

Then Euryclea thus matron beloved
 I nothing saw or knew , but only heard
 Groans of the wounded , in the interior house
 We trembling sat, and every door was fast
 Thus all remain'd, till by his father sent,
 Thy own son call'd me forth Going I found
 Ulysses compass'd by the slaughter'd dead
 They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps.
 It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld

45

Thy husband lion-like with crimson stains
 Of slaughter and of dust all dappled o'er
 Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie
 Their bodies, and he fumigates meantime
 The house with sulphur and with flames of fire,
 And hath himself sent me to bid thee down
 Follow me then, that ye may give your hearts
 To gladness both, for ye have much endured ,
 But the event, so long your soul's desire,
 Is come , himself hath to his household Gods
 Alive return'd, thee and his son he finds
 Unharm'd and at your home, nor hath he left
 Unpunish'd one of all his enemies

50

Her answer'd then Penelope discreet
 Ah dearest nurse ! indulge not to excess

65

This dangerous triumph. Thou art well apprized
 How welcome his appearance here would prove
 To all, but chief to me and to his son,
 Fruit of our love But these things are not so , 70
 Some God, resentful of their evil deeds,
 And of their biting contumely severe,
 Hath slain those proud , for whether noble guest
 Arrived or base, alike they scoff'd at all,
 And for their wickedness have therefore died 75
 But my Ulysses distant far, I know,
 From Greece hath perish'd, and returns no more
 To whom thus Euryclea, nurse beloved
 What word, my daughter, hath escaped thy lips,
 Who thus affirm'st thy husband, now within 80
 And at his own hearth-side, for ever lost ?
 Canst thou be thus incredulous ? Hear again—
 I give thee yet proof past dispute, his scar
 Imprinted by a wild-boar's ivory tusk
 Laving him I remark'd it, and desired, 85
 Myself, to tell thee, but he, ever wise,
 Compressing with both hands my lips, forbade
 Come, follow me My life shall be the pledge
 If I deceive thee, kill me as thou wilt
 To whom Penelope discreet replied 90
 Ah, dearest nurse, sagacious as thou art,
 Thou little know'st to scan the counsels wise
 Of the eternal Gods But let us seek
 My son, however, that I may behold
 The suitors dead, and him by whom they died 95
 So saying, she left her chamber, musing much,
 In her descent, whether to interrogate
 Her lord apart, or whether to impunit,
 At once, his hands with kisses and his brows.
 O'erpassing light the portal-step of stone, 100
 She enter'd He sat opposite, illumed
 By the health's sprightly blaze, and close before
 A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes
 Downcast, till viewing him, his noble spouse
 Should speak to him , but she sat silent long, 105
 Her faculties in mute amazement held
 By turns she rivetted her eyes on his,

And, seeing him so foul attired, by turns
She recognized him not, then spake her son
Telemachus, and her silence thus reproved

My mother! ah my hapless and my most
Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof
Shunn'st thou my father, neither at his side
Sitting affectionate, nor uttering word?
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such distance from her husband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After much hazardship but thy heart is still
As ever, less impressible than stone

To whom Penelope discreet replied
I am all wonder, O my son ! my soul
Is stunn'd within me , power to speak to him
Or to interrogate him have I none,
Or even to look on him , but if indeed
He be Ulysses, and have reach'd his home,
I shall believe it soon, by proof convinced
Of signs, known only to himself and me

She said , then smiled the Hero toil-inuréd,
And in wing'd accents thus spake to his son
Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here
To sift and prove me , she will know me soon
More certainly , she sees me ill-attire d
And squalid now , therefore she shews me scowl ,
And no belief hath yet that I am he
But we have need, thou and myself, of deep
Deliberation If a man have slain
One only citizen, who leaves behind
Few interested to avenge his death,
Yet flying he forsakes both friends and home ,
But we have slain the noblest Princes far
Of Ithaca, on whom our city most
Depended , therefore, I advise thee, think !

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus
Be that thy care, my father! for report
Proclaims *thee* shrewdest of mankind, with whom
In ingenuity may none compare
Lead thou, to follow thee shall be our part
With prompt alacrity, nor shall, I judge,
145

Courage be wanting to our utmost force
 Thus then replied Ulysses, ever-wise
 To me the safest counsel and the best
 Seems this First wash yourselves, and put ye on
 You tunics, bid ye next the maidens take
 Their best attire, and let the bard divine
 Harping melodious play a sportive dance,
 That whether passenger or neighbour hear,
 All may imagine nuptials held within
 So shall not loud report that we have slain
 All those, alarm the city till we gain
 Our woods and fields, where once arrived, such plans
 We will devise, as Jove shall deign to inspire

He spake, and all obedient in the bath
 First laved themselves, then put their tunics on,
 The damsels also dress'd, and the sweet baird
 Harping melodious, kindled strong desire
 In all of jocund song and graceful dance
 The palace under all its vaulted roof
 Remurmur'd to the feet of sportive youths
 And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,
 Hearing such revelry within, remark'd,—

The Queen with many wooers, weds at last.
 Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail
 Always to keep inviolate the house
 Of her first Lord, and wait for his return

So spake the people, but they little knew
 What had befallen Eurynome, meantime,
 With bath and unction serv'd the illustrious Chief
 Ulysses, and he saw himself attired
 Royally once again in his own house
 Then Pallas over all his features shed
 Superior beauty, dignified his form
 With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
 Like hyacinthine flowers down from his brows.
 As when some artist by Minerva made
 And Vulcan, wise to execute all tasks
 Ingenious, borded silver with a wreath
 Of gold, accomplishing a graceful work,
 Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest
 Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.

He, godlike, stepping from the bath, resumed, His former seat magnificent, and sat Opposite to the Queen, to whom he said	190
Penelope ! the Gods to thee have given Of all thy sex, the most obdurate heart Another wife lives not who could endure	195
Such distance from her husband new return'd To his own country in the twentieth year, After such hardship But prepare me, nurse,	
A bed, for solitary I must sleep, Since she is iron, and feels not for me	200
Him answer'd then prudent Penelope.	
I neither magnify thee, sir ¹ nor yet Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder such As hurries me at once into thy arms,	
Though my remembrance perfectly retains, Such as he was, Ulysses, when he sail'd	205
On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurse, Prepare his bed, but not within the walls	
Of his own chamber built with his own hands Spread it without, and spread it well with warm	210
Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs	
So spake she, proving him ¹ , and, not touch'd With anger at that word, thus he replied	
Penelope, that order grates my ear Who hath displaced my bed ? the task were hard	215
Even to an artist, other than a God None might with ease remove it, as for man,	
It might defy the stoutest, in his prime Of youth, to heave it to a different spot,	
For in that bed elaborate, a sign,	220
A special sign consists, I was myself The artificer, I fashion'd it alone	
Within the court a leafy olive grew Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth	
Around this tree I built, with massy stones	225

¹ The proof consisted in this—that the bed being attached to the stump of an olive tree still rooted, was immovable, and Ulysses having made it himself, no person present, he must needs be apprized of the impossibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulysses, accordingly, this demonstration of his identity satisfies all her scruples.

Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,
 And hung the glutinated portals on.
 I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,
 And severing near the root its solid bole,
 Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skilful hand,
 And wrought it to a pedestal well squared
 And modell'd by the line. I wimbled, next,
 The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump
 Beginning, fashion'd the whole bed above
 Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold,
 With silver, and with ivory, and beneath
 Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.
 Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand
 Unmoved, or if some other, severing sheer
 The olive from its bottom, have displaced
 My bed—that matter is best known to thee.

He ceased ; she, conscious of the sign so plain
 Given by Ulysses, heard with fluttering heart
 And faltering knees that proof. Weeping she ran
 Direct toward him, threw her arms around
 The Hero, kiss'd his forehead, and replied.

Ah my Ulysses ! pardon me—frown not—
 Thou who at other times hast ever shown
 Superior wisdom ! all our griefs have flow'd
 From the Gods' will ; they envied us the bliss
 Of undivided union sweet enjoy'd
 Through life, from early youth to latest age.

No. Be not angry now ; pardon the fault
 That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,
 For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm
 My soul, lest some false alien should, perchance,
 Beguile me, for our house draws numerous such.
 Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given
 Free entertainment to a stranger's love,
 Had she foreknown that the heroic sons
 Of Greece would bring her to her home again.

But heaven incited her to that offence,
 Who never, else, had even in her thought
 Harbour'd the foul enormity, from which
 Originated even our distress.

But now, since evident thou hast described

230

235

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265

Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,
 Ourselves except and Actoris my own
 Attendant, given me when I left my home
 By good Icarius, and who kept the door,
 Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield.

270

So saying, she awaken'd in his soul
 Pity and grief, and folding in his arms
 His blameless consort beautiful, he wept
 Welcome as land appears to those who swim,
 Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves
 And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,
 A mariner or two, perchance, escape
 The foamy flood, and swimming reach the land,
 Weary indeed, and with incrusted brine
 All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast!
 So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,
 Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,
 She clung as she would loose him never more
 Thus had they wept till rosy-finger'd morn
 Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd
 Night's almost finish'd course, and held, meantime,
 The golden dawn close prisoner in the Deep,
 Forbidding her to lead her courses forth,
 Lampus and Phaethon that furnish light
 To all the earth, and join them to the yoke
 Then thus Ulysses to Penelope

280

My love! we have not yet attain'd the close
 Of all our sufferings, but unmeasured toil
 Arduous remains, which I must still achieve
 For so the spirit of the Theban seer
 Inform'd me, on that day, when to enquire
 Of mine and of my people's safe return
 I journey'd down to Pluto's drear abode.
 But let us hence to bed, there to enjoy
 Tranquil repose My love, make no delay

285

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope
 Thou shalt to bed at whatsoever time
 Thy soul desires, since the immortal Gods
 Give thee to me and to thy home again
 But thou hast spoken from the seer of Thebes
 Of arduous toils yet unperform'd, declare

290

300

310

What toils? Thou wilt disclose them, as I judge,
Hereafter, and why not disclose them now?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 310

Ah conversant with woe! why would'st thou leavn
That tale? but I will tell it thee at large

Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor shall myself
With joy rehearse it, for he bade me seek

City after city, bearing, as I go, 315

A shapely oar, till I shall find, at length,

A people who the sea know not, nor eat

Food salted, they trim galley crimson-prow'd

Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar 320

With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves

He gave me also this authentic sign,

Which I will tell thee In what place soe'er

I chance to meet a traveller who shall name

The oar on my broad shoulder borne, a van,²

He bade me, planting it on that same spot, 325

Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,

A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek

My home again, and sacrifice at home

An hecatomb to the immortal Gods,

Inhabitants of the expanse above 330

So shall I die, at length, the gentlest death

Remote from Ocean, it shall find me late,

In soft serenity of age, the Chief

Of a blest people —Thus he prophesied

Him answer'd then Penelope discreet 335

If heaven appoint thee in old age a lot

More tranquil, hope thence springs of thy escape

Some future day from all thy threaten'd woes

Such was then mutual conference sweet, meantime
Eurynome and Euryclia dress'd

Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when

Dispatchful they had spiead it broad and deep,

The ancient nurse to her own bed retired

Then came Eurynome, to whom in trust

The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch

Conducted them to rest, she introduced

The happy pair, and went, transported they

² See the note on the same passage, Book vi

To rites connubial intermitted long,
And now recover'd gave themselves again³
Meantime, the Prince, the herdsman, and the good
Eumæus, giving rest each to his feet,
Ceased from the dance, they made the women cease
Also, and to their several chambers all
Within the twilight edifice repair'd

350

At length with conjugal endearment both
Satiate, Ulysses tasted and his spouse
The sweets of mutual converse She rehearsed,
Noblest of women, all her numerous woes
Beneath that roof sustain'd, while she beheld
The profligacy of the suitor-throng,
Who in their wooing had consumed his herds
And fatted flocks, and drawn his vessels dry,
While brave Ulysses, in his turn, to her
Related his successes and escapes,
And his afflictions also, he told her all,

355

She listen'd charm'd, nor slumber on his eyes
Fell once, or ere he had rehearsed the whole
Beginning, he discoursed, how at the first
He conquer'd in Ciconia, and thence reach'd
The fruitful shores of the Lotophagi,

360

The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how
He well avenged on him his slaughter'd friends
Whom, pitiless, the monster had devour'd
How to the isle of Æolus he came,

Who welcomed him and safe dismiss'd him thence,

365

Although not destined to regain so soon

His native land, for o'er the fishy deep

Loud tempests snatch'd him sighing back again.

How, also at Telepylus he arrived,

Town of the Læstrygonians, who destroy'd

His ships with all their mariners, his own

Except, who in his sable bark escaped

Ot guileful Circe too he spake, deep-skill'd

In various artifice, and how he reach'd

370

³ Aristophanes the grammarian and Aristarchus chose that the Od. ssav should end here, but the story is not properly concluded till the tumult occasioned by the slaughter of so many Princes being composed, Ulysses finds himself once more in peaceable possession of his country

With sails and oars the squalid realms of death, 385
 Desirous to consult the prophet there,
 Theban Tiresias, and how there he view'd
 All his companions, and the mother bland
 Who bare him, nourisher of his infant years.
 How next he heard the Sirens in one strain 390
 All chuming sweet, and how he reach'd the rocks
 Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,
 Which none secure from injury may pass
 Then how the partners of his voyage slew
 The Sun's own beeves, and how the Thunderer Jove 395
 Huil'd down his smoky bolts into his bark,
 Depriving him at once of all his crew,
 Whose dreadful fate he yet himself escaped.
 How to Ogygia's isle he came, where dwelt
 The nymph Calypso, who enamour'd wish'd 400
 To espouse him, and within her spacious grot
 Detain'd, and fed, and promised him a life
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age,
 But him moved not How also he arrived,
 After much toil, on the Phœacian coast, 405
 While every heart revered him as a God,
 And whence, enriching him with brass and gold,
 And costly raiment first, they sent him home
 At this last word, oblivious slumber sweet
 Fell on him, dissipating all his cares 410
 Meantime, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,
 On other thoughts intent, soon as she deem'd
 Ulysses with conubial joys sufficed,
 And with sweet sleep, at once from Ocean roused
 The golden-axed chariot of the morn 415
 To illumine earth Then from his fleecy couch
 The Hero sprang, and thus his spouse enjoin'd
 Oh consort deai ! already we have striven
 Against our lot till wearied with the toil,
 My painful absence thou with ceaseless tears 420
 Deploring, and myself in deep distress
 Withheld reluctant from my native shores
 By Jove and by the other powers of heaven
 But since we have in this delightful bed
 Met once again, watch thou and keep secure 425

All my domestic treasures, and ere long
I will replace my numerous sheep destroy'd
By those imperious suitors, and the Greeks
Shall add yet others till my folds be fill'd.
But to the woodlands go I now—to see 430
My noble father, who for my sake mourns
Continual, as for thee, my love, although
I know thee wise, I give thee thus in charge.
The sun no sooner shall ascend, than fame
Shall wide divulge the deed that I have done, 435
Slaying the suitors under my own roof
Thou, therefore, with thy maidens sit retired
In thy own chamber at the palace-top,
Nor question ask, nor curious look abroad

He said, and covering with his radiant arms 440
His shoulders, call'd Telemachus, he roused
Eumæus and the herdsman too, and bade
All take their martial weapons in their hands
Not disobedient they, as he enjoin'd,
Put armour on, and issued from the gates, 445
Ulysses at their head The earth was now
Enlighten'd, but Minerva them in haste
Led forth into the fields, unseen by all

BOOK XXIV

ARGUMENT.

Mercury conducts the souls of the suitors down to Ades. Ulysses discovers himself to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an insurrection of the people resenting the death of the suitors

AND now Cyllenian Hermes summon'd forth
 The spirits of the suitors, waving wide
 The golden wand of power to seal all eyes
 In slumber, and to ope them wide again,
 He drove them gibbering¹ down into the shades 5
 As when the bats within some hallow'd cave
 Flit squeaking all around, for if but one
 Fall from the rock, the rest all follow him,
 In such connexion mutual they adhere,
 So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghosts 10
 Troop'd downwaid, gibbering¹ all the dreary way
 The Ocean's flood and the Leucadian rock,
 The Sun's gate also and the land of Dreams
 They pass'd, whence next into the meads they came
 Of Asphodel, by shadowy forms possess'd, 15
 Simulars of the dead. They found the souls
 Of brave Peleus there, and of his friend
 Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,
 And of the mightier Ajax, for his form
 And bulk (Achilles sole except) of all 20
 The sons of the Achaians most admired
 These waited on Achilles. Then appear'd
 The mournful ghost of Agamemnon, son
 Of Atreus, compass'd by the ghosts of all

¹ ιριζεσσαι—τερπιναι—

the ghosts
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets

Who shared his fate beneath *Egisthus'* roof,
And him the ghost of Peleus' son bespeak.

25

Atrides¹ of all Heroes we esteem'd
Thee dearest to the Gods, for that thy sway
Extended over such a glorious host

30

At Ilium, scene of sorrow to the Greeks

But Fate, whose ruthless force none may escape
Of all who breathe, pursued thee from the first
Thou should'st have perish'd full of honour, full
Of royalty, at Troy, so all the Greeks

35

Had raised thy tomb, and thou hadst then bequeath'd
Great glory to thy son, but Fate o'er-dam'd
A death, oh how deplorable¹ for thee

To whom Atrides' spirit thus replied
Blest son of Peleus, semblance of the Gods,
At Ilium, far from Argos fallen¹ for whom
Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief
Of Greece died also, while in eddies whelm'd
Of dust thy vastness² spread the plain, nor thee
The chariot aught or steed could interest more!

40

All day we waged the battle, nor at last
Desisted, but for tempests sent from Jove
At length, we bore into the Grecian fleet
Thy body from the field, there first we cleansed
With tepid baths, and oil'd thy shapely corse,
Then placed thee on thy bier, while many a Greek
Around thee wept, and shore his locks for thee
Thy mother also, hearing of thy death,

45

With her immortal nymphs from the abyss
Arose and came, terrible was the sound
On the salt flood, a panic seized the Greeks,
And every warrior had return'd on board
That moment, had not Nestor, ancient Chief,
Illumed by long experience, interposed,
His counsels, ever-wisest, wisest proved
Then also, and he thus address'd the host

50

Sons of Achaia, fly not, stay, ye Greeks!
Thetis arrives with her immortal nymphs
From the abyss, to visit her dead son

60

² — Behemoth, biggest born of earth,
Unheaved his vastness.

So he , and, by his admonition stay'd,
The Greeks fled not Then all around thee stood
The daughters of the Ancient of the Deep, 65
Mourning disconsolate , with heavenly robes
They clothed thy corse, and all the Muses nine
Deplored thee in full choir with sweetest tones
Responsive, nor one Grecian hadst thou seen
Dry-eyed, such grief the Muses moved in all
Full seventeen days we day and night deplored
Thy death, both Gods in heaven and men below ,
But on the eighteenth day, we gave thy corse
Its burning, and fat sheep around thee slew
Numerous, with many a pastured ox moon-horn'd
We burn'd thee clothed in vesture of the Gods,
With honey and with oil feeding the flames
Abundant, while Achaia's Heroes arm'd,
Both horse and foot, encompassing thy pile,
Clash'd on their shields, and deafening was the din
But when the fires of Vulcan had at length
Consumed thee, at the dawn we stored thy bones
In unguent and in undiluted wine ,
For Thetis gave to us a golden vase
Twin-ear'd, which she profess'd to have received
From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand
Within that vase, Achilles, treasured lie
Thine and the bones of thy departed friend
Patroclus, but a separate urn we gave
To those of brave Antilochus, who most
Of all thy friends at Ilum shared thy love
And thy respect, thy friend Patroclus slain
Around both urns we piled a noble tomb
(We warriors of the sacred Argive host),
On a tall promontory shooting far
Into the spacious Hellespont, that all
Who live, and who shall yet be born, may view
Thy record, even from the distant waves
Then, by permission from the Gods obtain'd,
To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met,
Thetis appointed games. I have beheld
The burial rites of many a Hero bold,
When on the death of some great Chief, the youths 100

Girding their loins anticipate the prize,
 But sight of those with wonder fill'd me most,
 So glorious past all others were the games
 By silver-footed Thetis given for thee,
 For thou wast ever favour'd of the Gods
 Thus hast thou not, Achilles' although dead,
 Forgone thy glory, but thy fair report
 Is universal among all mankind,
 But as for me, what recompense had I,
 My warfare closed? for whom, at my return,
 Jove framed such dire destruction by the hands
 Of fell Ægisthus and my murdereress wife

105

Thus mutual they conferr'd, meantime approach'd,
 Swift messenger of heaven, the Argicide,
 Conducting thither all the shades of those
 Slain by Ulysses At that sight amazed,
 Both moved toward them Agamemnon's shade
 Knew well Amphimedon, for he had been
 Erewhile his father's guest in Ithaca,
 And thus the spirit of Atreus' son began

110

Amphimedon! by what disastrous chance,
 Coëvals as ye seem, and of an air
 Distinguish'd all, descend ye to the Deeps?
 For not the chosen youths of a whole town
 Should form a nobler band Perish'd ye sunk
 Amid vast billows and rude tempests raised
 By Neptune's power? or on dry land through force
 Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off
 Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away?
 Or fighting for your city and your wives?
 Resolve me, I was once a guest of yours
 Remember'st not what time at your abode
 With godlike Menelaus I arrived,
 That we might win Ulysses with his fleet
 To follow us to Troy? scarce we prevail'd
 At last to gain the city-waster Chief,
 And after all, consumed a whole month more
 The wide sea traversing from side to side
 To whom the spirit of Amphimedon
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!

125

130

135

140

145

The mannei of our most disastrous end
 Believing brave Ulysses lost, we woo'd
 Meantime his wife, she our detested suit
 Would neither ratify nor yet refuse,
 But, planning for us a tremendous death, 150
 This novel stratagem, at last, devised.
 Beginning in her own recess, a web
 Of slenderest thread, and of a length and breadth
 Unusual, thus the suitors she address'd

Princes, my suitors ! since the noble Chief 155
 Ulysses is no more, enforce not yet
 My nuptials, wait till I shall finish first
 A funeral robe (lest all my thieads decay),
 Which for the ancient Hero I prepare,
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 160
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest,
 Else I the censure dread of all my sex,
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shioud.

So spake the Queen , we, unsuspicuous all,
 With her request complied Thenceforth, all day 165
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night.
 Three years she thus by artifice our suit
 Eluded safe, but when the fourth arrived,
 And the same season, after many moons 170
 And fleeting days return'd, a damsel then
 Of her attendants, conscious of the fraud,
 Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling loose
 The splendid web. Thus, through constraint, at length
 She finish'd it, and in her own despite 175
 But when the Queen produced, at length, her work
 Finish'd, new-blanch'd, bright as the sun or moon,
 Then came Ulysses, by some adverse God
 Conducted to the cottage on the verge
 Of his own fields, in which his swine-herd dwells , 180
 There also the illustrious Hero's son
 Arrived soon after, in his sable bark
 From sandy Pylus borne , they plotting both
 A dreadful death for all the suitors, sought
 Our glorious city, but Ulysses last. 185
 And first Telemachus. The father came,

Conducted by his swine-herd, and attired
 In tatters foul , a mendicant he seem'd,
 Time-worn, and halted on a staff So clad,
 And entering on a sudden, he escaped
 All knowledge even of our eldest there, 190
 And we reviled and smote him , he, although
 Beneath his own roof smitten and reproach'd,
 With patience suffer'd it awhile, but roused
 By inspiration of Jove ægis-arm'd
 At length, in concert with his son convey'd 195
 To his own chamber his resplendent aims,
 There lodged them safe, and barr'd the massy doors
 Then, in his subtlety, he bade the Queen
 A confest institute with bow and rings
 Between the hapless suitors, whence ensued 200
 Slaughter to all No suitor there had power
 To overcome the stubborn bow that mock'd
 All our attempts , and when the weapon huge
 At length was offer'd to Ulysses' hands,
 With clamour'd menaces we bade the swain 205
 Withhold it from him, plead he as he might ,
 Telemachus alone, with loud command,
 Bade give it him, and the illustrious Chief
 Receiving in his hand the bow, with ease
 Bent it, and sped a shaft through all the rings 210
 Then springing to the portal steps, he pour'd
 The arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,
 Pierced King Antinous, and aiming sure
 His deadly darts, pierced others after him,
 Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay 215
 Some God, as plain appear'd, vouchsafed them aid,
 Such ardour urged them, and with such dispatch
 They slew us on all sides , hideous were head
 The groans of dying men fell'd to the earth
 With head-strokes rude, and the floor swam with blood. 220
 Such, royal Agamemnon ' was the fate
 By which we perish'd, all whose bodies lie
 Unburied still, and in Ulysses' house,
 For tidings none hath yet our friends alarm'd
 And kindred, who might cleanse from sable gore 225
 Our clotted wounds, and mourn us on the bier,

Which are the rightful privilege of the dead

Him answer'd, then, the shade of Atreus' son

230

Oh happy offspring of Laertes' shrewd

Ulysses' matchless valour thou hast shewn,

Recovering thus thy wife, nor less appears

The virtue of Icarus' daughter wise,

The chaste Penelope, so faithful found

235

To her Ulysses, husband of her youth.

His glory, by superior merit earn'd,

Shall never die, and the immortal Gods

Shall make Penelope a theme of song

Delightful in the ears of all mankind

240

Not such was Clytemnestra, daughter vile

Of Tyndarus, she shed her husband's blood,

And shall be chronicled in song a wife

Of hateful memory, by whose offence

Even the virtuous of her sex are shamed

Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obscure

245

Of Pluto's house, conferring mutual stood

Meantime, descending from the city-gates,

Ulysses, by his son and by his swains

Follow'd, arrived at the delightful farm

Which old Laertes had with stenuous toil

250

Himself long since acquined There stood his house,

Encompass'd by a bower, in which the hinds

Who served and pleased him, ate, and sat, and slept

An ancient woman, a Sicilian, dwelt

There also, who in that sequester'd spot

255

Attended diligent her aged Lord

Then thus Ulysses to his followers spake

Haste now, and entreing, slay ye of the swine

The best for our regale, myself the while,

Will prove my father, if his eye hath still

260

Discernment of me, or if absence long

Have worn the knowledge of me from his mind

He said, and gave into his servants' care

His arms, they swift proceeded to the house,

And to the fruitful grove himself as swift

265

To prove his father Down he went at once

Into the spacious garden-plot, but found

Nor Dolius there, nor any of his sons

Or servants , they were occupied elsewhere,
And with the ancient hind himself, employ'd
Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove. 270

In that umbrageous spot he found alone
Laertes, with his hoe clearing a plant,
Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch
Mended unseemly , leathern were his greaves, 275
Thong-tied and also patch'd, a frail defence
Against sharp thorns, while gloves secuied his hands
From briar-points, and on his head he bore
A goat-skin casque, nourishing hopeless woe
No sooner then the Hero toil-inuied 280

Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he paused
Beneath a lofty pear-tree's shade to weep.
There standing, much he mused, whether, at once,
Kissing and clasping in his arms his sire,
To tell him all, by what means he had reach'd 285

His native country, or to prove him first.
At length he chose as his best course, with words
Of seeming strangeness to accost his ear,
And with that purpose, moved direct toward him
He stooping low, loosen'd the earth around 290

A garden-plant, when his illustrious son
Now standing close beside him, thus began
Old sir ! thou art no novice in these toils
Of culture, but thy garden thrives , I mark
In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine, 295
Pear-tree or flower-bed suffering through neglect
But let it not offend thee if I say
That thou neglect'st thyself, at the same time
Oppress'd with age, sun-parch'd, and ill-attired
Not for thy inactivity, methinks, 300

Thy master slighteth thee thus, nor speaks thy form
Or thy surpassing stature servile aught
In thee, but thou resemblest more a King
Yes—thou resemblest one who, bathed and fed,
Should softly sleep , such is the claim of age. 305

But tell me true—for whom labourest thou,
And whose this garden ? answer me beside,
For I would learn, have I indeed arrived
In Ithaca, as one whom here I met

Even now assured me, but who seem'd a man Not otherwise, refusing both to hear My questions, and to answer when I ask'd Concerning one in other days my guest And friend, if he have still his being here, Or have deceased and journey'd to the shades ?	310
For I will tell thee , therefore mark Long since A stranger reach'd my house in my own land, Whom I with hospitality received, Nor ever sojourn'd foreigner with me Whom I loved more He was by birth, he said,	315
Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his sire, Son of Arcesias Introducing him Beneath my roof, I entertain'd him well, And proved by gifts his welcome at my board	320
I gave him seven talents of wrought gold, A goblet, argent all, with flowers emboss'd, Twelve single cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve Of brightest lustre, with as many vests,	325
And added four fair damsels, whom he chose Himself, well born and well accomplish'd all.	330
Then thus his ancient sire weeping replied Stranger ! thou hast in truth attain'd the isle Of thy enquiry, but it is possess'd By a rude race, and lawless Vain, alas !	335
Were all thy numerous gifts , yet hadst thou found Him living here in Ithaca, with gifts Reciprocated he had sent thee hence, Requiring honourably in his turn	340
Thy hospitality But give me quick Answer, and true How many have been the years Since thy reception of that hapless guest	345
My son ? for mine, my own dear son was he But him, far distant both from friends and home, Either the fishes of the unknown Deep	350
Have eaten, or wild beasts and fowls of prey Nor I, or she who bare him, was ordain'd To bathe his shrouded body with our tears,	
Nor his chaste wife, well-dower'd Penelope, To close her husband's eyes, and to deplore His doom, which is the privilege of the dead.	

But tell me also thou, for I would learn,
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from whom?
 The bark in which thou and thy godlike friends
 Arrived, where is she anchor'd on our coast?
 Or camest thou only passenger on board
 Another's bark, who landed thee and went?

355

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied
 I will with all simplicity relate
 What thou hast ask'd Of Alybas am I,
 Where in much state I dwell, son of the rich
 Apheidas, royal Polypemon's son,
 And I am named Eperitus, by storms
 Driven from Sicily I have arrived,
 And yonder, on the margin of the field
 That skirts your city, I have moor'd my bark
 Five years have pass'd since thy Ulysses left,
 Unhappy Chief! my country, yet the birds
 At his departure hover'd on the right,
 And in that sign rejoicing, I dismiss'd
 Him thence rejoicing also, for we hoped
 To mix in social intercourse again,
 And to exchange once more pledges of love

365

He spake, then sorrow as a sable cloud
 Involved Laertes, gathering with both hands
 The dust, he pour'd it on his reverend head
 With many a piteous groan Ulysses' heart
 Commotion felt, and his stretch'd nostrils throb'd
 With agony close-pent, while fix'd he eyed
 His father, with a sudden force he sprang
 Toward him, clasp'd, and kiss'd him, and exclaim'd

375

My father! I am he Thou seest thy son
 Absent these twenty years at last return'd
 But bid thy sorrows cease, suspend henceforth
 All lamentation, for I tell thee true,
 (And the occasion bids me briefly tell thee)
 I have slain all the suitors at my home,
 And all their taunts and injuries avenged

385

Then answer thus Laertes quick return'd.
 If thou hast come again, and art indeed
 My son Ulysses, give me then the proof
 Indubitable, that I may believe

390

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied
 View, first, the scar which with his ivory tusk
 A wild boar gave me, when at thy command
 And at my mother's, to Autolycus
 Her father, on Parnassus, I repair'd,
 Seeking the gifts which, while a guest of yours,
 He promised should be mine Accept beside
 This proof I will enumerate all the trees
 Which, walking with thee in this cultured spot
 (Boy then), I begg'd, and thou confirm'dst my own
 We paced between them, and thou madest me learn
 The name of each Thou gavest me thirteen pears³,
 Ten apples³, thirty figs³, and fifty ranks
 Did promise me of vines, their alleys all
 Corn-cropp'd between There oft as sent from Jove
 The influences of the year descend,
 Grapes of all hues and flavours clustering hang

He said, Laertes conscious of the proofs
 Indubitable by Ulysses given,
 With faltering knees and faltering heart both ains
 Around him threw The Hero toil-inured
 Diew to his bosom close his fainting sire,
 Who, breath recovering, and his scatter'd pow'rs
 Of intellect, at length thus spake aloud

Ye Gods! oh then your residence is still
 On the Olympian heights, if punishment
 At last hath seized on those flagitious men
 But terror shakes me, lest, incensed, ere long
 All Ithaca flock hither, and dispatch
 Swift messengers with these dread tidings charged
 To every Cephallenian state around

Hrm answer'd then Ulysses ever wise
 Courage! fear nought, but let us to the house
 Beside the garden, whither I have sent
 Telemachus, the herdsman, and the good
 Eumæus to prepare us quick repast

So they confeir'd, and to Laertes' house
 Pass'd on together, there arrived, they found

³ The fruit is here used for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek, the Latins used the same mode of expression, neither is it uncommon in our own language

395

400

405

410

415

420

425

Those three preparing now their plenteous feast, 430
 And mingling sable wine, then, by the hands
 Of his Sicilian matron, the old King
 Was bathed, anointed, and attired afresh,
 And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more
 His limbs, and gave his whole majestic form 435
 Increase of amplitude He left the bath
 His son, amazed as he had seen a God
 Alighted newly from the skies, exclaim'd
 My father ! doubtless some immortal Power
 Hath clothed thy form with dignity divine 440
 Then thus replied his venerable sire
 Jove ! Pallas ! Phœbus ! oh that I possess'd
 Such vrgour now, as when in arms I took
 Nericus, continental city fair,
 With my brave Cephallenians ! oh that such 445
 And arm'd as then, I yesterday had stood
 Beside thee in thy palace, combating
 Those suitors proud, then had I strew'd the floor
 With numerous slain, to thy exceeding joy
 Such was their conference , and now, the task 450
 Of preparation ended, and the feast
 Set forth, on couches and on thrones they sat,
 And ranged in order due, took each his share
 Then ancient Dolius, and with him his sons
 Arrived toil-worn, by the Sicilian dame 455
 Summon'd, their cateress, and their father's kind
 Attendant ever in his eve of life
 They, seeing and recalling soon to mind
 Ulysses, in the middle nianstion stood
 Wondering, when thus Ulysses with a voice 460
 Of some reproof, but gentle, them bespeak
 Old servant, sit and eat, banishing feai
 And mute amazement , for, although provoked
 By appetite, we have long time abstain'd,
 Expecting every moment thy return 465
 He said , then Dolius with expanded arms
 Sprang right toward Ulysses, seized his hand,
 Kiss'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied
 Oh master ever dear ! since thee the Gods
 Themselves, in answer to our warm desires, 470

Have, uncxpectedly, at length restored,
 Hail, and be happy, and heaven make thee such
 But say, and truly , knows the prudent Queen
 Already thy retuin, or shall we send
 Ourselves an herald with the joyful news ?

475

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied
 My ancient friend, thou may'st release thy mind
 From that solicitude , she knows it well

So he , then Dolius to his glossy seat
 Return'd, and all his sons gathering around
 Ulysses, welcomed him and grasp'd his hand,
 Then sat beside their father , thus beneath
 Laertes' roof they, joyful, took repast.

480

But Fame with rapid haste the city roam'd
 In every part, promulging in all ears
 The suitors' hoirid fate No sooner heard
 The multitude that tale, than one and all
 Groaning they met and murmuring before
 Ulysses' gates Bringing the bodies forth,
 They buried each his friend, but gave the dead
 Of other cities to be ferried home
 By fishermen on board their rapid barks
 All hasted then to council , sorrow wrung
 Their hearts, and the assembly now convened,
 Arising first Eupitheus spake, for grief
 Sat heavy on his soul, grieve for the loss
 Of his Antinous, by Ulysses slain
 Foremost of all, whom mourning, thus he said.

485

My friends ! no trivial fruits the Grecians reap
 Of this man's doings Those he took with him
 On board his barks, a numerous train and bold,
 Then lost his barks, lost all his numerous train,
 And these, our noblest, slew at his return
 Come therefore—ere he yet escape by flight
 To Pylus or to noble Elis, realm
 Of the Epeans, follow him , else shame
 Attends us and indelible reproach
 If we avenge not on these men the blood
 Of our own sons and brothers, farewell then
 All that makes life desirable , my wish
 Henceforth shall be to mingle with the shades

490

495

500

505

510

Oh then pursue and seize them ere they fly
 Thus he with tears, and pity moved in all
 Then, Medon and the sacred bard whom sleep
 Had lately left, arriving from the house
 Of Laetiades, approach'd, amid
 The throng they stood, all wonder'd seeing them,
 And Medon, prudent senior, thus began 515

Hear me, my countrymen! Ulysses plann'd
 With no disapprobation of the Gods
 The deed that ye deplore I saw, myself, 520
 A Power immortal at the Hero's side,
 In semblance just of Mentor, now the God,
 In front apparent, led him on, and now,
 From side to side of all the palace, urged
 To fight the suitors, heaps on heaps they fell 525

He said, then terror wan seized every cheek,
 And Halitherses, Hero old, the son
 Of Mastor, who alone among them all
 Knew past and future, prudent, thus began. 530

Now, O ye men of Ithaca! my words
 Attentive hear! by your own fault, my friends,
 This deed hath been perform'd, for when myself
 And noble Mentor counsell'd you to check
 The sin and folly of your sons, ye would not 535
 Great was their wickedness, and flagrant wrong
 They wrought, the wealth devouring, and the wife
 Dishonouring of an illustrious Chief
 Whom they deem'd destined never to return
 But hear my counsel Go not, lest ye draw 540
 Disaster down and woe on your own heads

He ended, then with boisterous roar (although
 Part kept their seats) upsprang the multitude,
 For Halitherses pleased them not, they chose
 Eupitheus' counsel rather, all at once 545
 To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling brass,
 Before the city form'd their dense array
 Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd
 Eapithes, hoping to avenge his son
 Antinous, but was himself ordain'd 550
 To meet his doom, and to return no more
 Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.

Oh father ! son of Saturn ! Jove supreme !
 Declare the purpose hidden in thy breast
 Wilt thou that this hostility proceed,
 Or wilt thou grant them amity again ?

555

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied
 Why asks my daughter ? didst thou not design
 Thyself, that brave Ulysses coming home
 Should slay those profligates ? act as thou wilt,
 But thus I counsel Since the noble Chief
 Hath slain the suitors, now let peace ensue
 Oath-bound, and reign Ulysses evermore !
 The slaughter of their brethren and their sons
 To strike from their remembrance, shall be ours
 Let mutual amity, as at the first,
 Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound

560

565

So saying, he animated to her task
 Minerva prompt before, and from the heights
 Olympian down to Ithaca she flew,
 Meantime Ulysses (for their hunger now
 And thirst were sated) thus address'd his hinds

570

Look ye abroad, lest haply they approach
 He said, and at his word forth went a son
 Of Dolus , at the gate he stood, and thence
 Beholding all that multitude at hand,
 In accents wing'd thus to Ulysses spake

575

They come—they are already arrived—arm all !
 Then, all arising, put their armour on,
 Ulysses with his three, and the six sons
 Of Dolus , Dolus also with the rest
 Arm'd and Laertes, although silver-han'd,
 Warriors perforce When all were clad alike
 In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates
 They sallied, and Ulysses led the way

580

585

Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form
 And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,
 Whom seeing Laertiades rejoiced,
 And thus Telemachus, his son, bespake.

Now, oh my son ! thou shalt observe, untold
 By me, where fight the bravest Oh shame not
 Thine ancestry, who have in all the earth
 Proof given of valour in all ages past

590

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied
 My father ! if thou wish that spectacle,
 Thou shalt behold thy son as thou hast said,
 In nought dishonouring his noble race

595

Then was Laertes joyful, and exclaim'd,
 What sun hath risen to day ?⁴ oh blessed Gods !
 My son and grandson emulous dispute
 The prize of glory, and my soul exults

600

He ended, and Minerva, drawing nigh
 To the old King, thus counsell'd him. Oh friend
 Whom most I love, son of Arcesias, prayer
 Preferring to the virgin azure-eyed,
 And to her father, Jove, delay not, shake
 Thy lance in air, and give it instant flight.

605

So saying, the Goddess nerved his arm anew
 He sought in prayer the daughter dread of Jove,
 And brandishing it, hurl'd his lance, it struck
 Eupitheus, pierced his helmet brazen-cheek'd,
 That stay'd it not, but forth it sprang beyond,
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
 Then flew Ulysses and his noble son
 With faulchion and with spear of double edge
 To the assault, and of them all had left
 None living, none had to his home return'd,
 But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice
 Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

610

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca ! while yet
 The field remains undeluged with your blood.

615

So she, and fear at once paled every cheek
 All trembled at the voice divine, their arms
 Escaping from the grasp fell to the earth,
 And covetous of longer life, each fled
 Back to the city Then Ulysses sent
 His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force
 Sprang on the people, but Saturnian Jove
 Cast down, incontinent, his smouldering bolt
 At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddess spake.

625

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !
 Forbear, abstain from slaughter, lest thyself

630

⁴ Τίς νύ μοι ημέρη ἥδε,—So Cicero, who seems to translate it Proh

Incur the anger of high-thundering Jove.

So Pallas, whom Ulysses glad obey'd
Then faithful covenants of peace between
Both sides ensued, ratified in the sight
Of Pallas, progeny of Jove, who seemed,
In voice and form, the Mentor known to all.

635

THE
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

DESCEND all Helicon into my breast!
Oh every virgin of the tuneful chor
Breathe on my song which I have newly traced
In tables open'd on my knees, a song
Of bloodiest note—terrible deeds of Mars,
Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,
Whom I desire to teach, how, erst, the Mice
Assail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit
The prowess of the giant race earth-born
The rumour once was frequent in the mouths
Of mortal men, and thus the strife began

5

10

15

20

25

A thirsty Mouse (thirsty with fear and flight
From a cat's claws) sought out the nearest lake,
Where dipping in the flood his downy chin,
He drank delighted Him the frog far-famed
Limnocharis¹ espied, and thus he spake

Who art thou, stranger? Whence hast thou arrived
On this our border, and who gave thee birth?
Beware thou trespass not against the truth,
Lie not! for should I find thy merit such
As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence
To my abode, where gifts thou shalt receive
Liberal and large, with hospitable fare
I am the King Physignathus², revered
By the inhabitants of all this pool,

¹ The beauty of the lake.

² The pouter

Chief of the frogs for ever Me, long since,
 Peleus³ begat, embracing on the banks
 Of the Eridanus my mother fair,
 Hydromedusa⁴ Nor thee less than King
 Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims,
 Stout as it is, and beautiful — Dispatch —
 Speak therefore, and declare thy pedigree

30

He ceased, to whom Psycharpax⁵ thus replied
 Illustrious sir ! wherefore hast thou inquired
 My derivation, known to all, alike

35

To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heaven ?
 I am Psycharpax, and the dauntless Chief
 Troxartes⁶ is my sire, whose beauteous spouse
 Daughter of Pternoti octes⁷ brought me forth,
 Lichomyle⁸ by name A cave of earth

40

My cradle was, and, in my youngling state,
 My mother nourish'd me with almonds, figs,
 And delicacies of a thousand names
 But diverse as our natures are, in nought

45

Similar, how, alas ! can we be friends ?

The floods are thine abode, while I partake
 With man his sustenance The basket stored
 With wheaten loaves thrice kneaded, 'scapes not me,
 Nor wafer broad, enrich'd wih balmy sweets,

50

Nor ham in slices spread, nor liver wrapt

In tunic silver-white, nor curds express'd

From sweetest milk, nor, sweeter still, the full

Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themselves,

Nor aught by skilful cook invented yet

Of sauce or seasoning for delight of man

55

I am brave also, and shrink not at sound

Of glorious war, but rushing to the van,

Mix with the foremost combatants No fear

Of man himself shakes me, vast as he is,

But to his bed I steal, and make me sport,

60

Nibbling his fingers' end, or with sharp tooth

Fletting his heel so neatly that he sleeps

Profound the while, unconscious of the bite

³ Of or belonging to mud

⁴ Governess of the waters

⁵ The crumb-catcher

⁶ The bread-eater

⁷ The bacon-eater

⁸ The licker of mill-stones

Two things, of all that are, appal me most,
The owl and cat. These cause me many a pang 65
As does the hollow gin insidious, fair
In promises, but in performance foul,
Engine of death ! yet most of all I dread
Cats, nimble mousers, who can dart a paw
After me, enter at what chink I may 70
But to return—your diet, parsley, kail,
Beet, radish, gourd (for, as I understand,
Ye eat no othei), are not to my taste

Him then with smiles answer'd Physignathus.
Stranger! thou vauntest much thy dainty fare,
But, both on shore and in the lake we boast
Our dainties also, and such sights as much
Would move thy wonder, for by gift from Jove
We leap as well as swim, can range the land
For food, or diving, seek it in the Deep.
Would'st thou the proof? 'tis easy—mount my back—
There cling as for thy life, and thou shalt share
With rapture the delights of my abode

He said, and gave his back Upsprang the Mouse
Lightly, and with his arms enfolded fast 85
The Frog's soft neck Pleased was he, at the first,
With view of many a creek and bay, nor less
With his smooth swimming on whose back he rode
But when, at length, the clear wave dash'd his sides,
Then, fill'd with penitential sorrows vain,
He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gathering close
His hinder feet, survey'd with trembling heart
The novel sight, and wish'd for land again.
Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through stress
Of shivering fear, and, with extended tail 95
Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd
For land again, but, while he pray'd, again
The clear wave dash'd him Much he shriek'd, and much
He clamour'd, and, at length thus sorrowing, said.

Oh desperate navigation strange ! not thus
Europea floated to the shores of Crete
On the broad back of her enamour'd bull
And now dread spectacle to both, behold

He rode, and right toward them At that sight
 Down went Physignathus, heedless, alas!
 Through fear, how great a Prince he should destroy
 Himself at bottom of the pool escaped
 The dreadful death, but, at his first descent
 Dislodged, Psycharpax fell into the flood 105
 There, stretch'd supine, he clench'd his hands, he shriek'd,
 Plunged oft, and lashing out his heels afar,
 Oft rose again, but no deliverance found
 At length, oppress'd by his dienched coat, and soon
 To sink for ever, thus he prophesied 115

Thou hast released thy shoulders at my cost,
 Physignathus' unfeeling as the rock,
 But not unnoticed by the Gods above.

Ah worst of traitors! on dry land, I ween,
 Thou hadst not foil'd me, whether in the race 120
 Or wrestling-match, or at whatever game
 Thou hast by fraud prevail'd, casting me off
 Into the waters, but an eye divine
 Sees all Nor hope thou to escape the host
 Of Mice, who shall, ere long, avenge the deed 125

So saying, he sank and died, whom, while he sat
 Reposing on the lake's soft verge, the Mouse
 Lichopinax⁹ observed, aloud he wail'd,
 And flew with those sad tidings to his friends.
 Grief, at the sound, immeasurable seized 130
 On all, and by command, at dawn of day
 The heralds call'd a council at the house
 Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince
 Now lost, a carcass now, nor nigh to land
 Weltering, but distant in the middle pool 135
 The multitude in haste convened, uprose
 Troxartes for his son incensed, and said

Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs
 Sustain'd be greatest, yet is yours not small
 Three children I have lost, wretched that I am,
 All sons A merciless and hungry cat, 140
 Finding mine eldest son abroad, surprised
 And slew him Lured into a wooden snare
 (New machination of unfeeling man

⁹ The dish-licker.

For slaughter of our race, and named a trap),
My second died And now, as ye have heard,
My third, his mother's and my darling, him
Physignathus hath drown'd in yon abyss
Haste therefore, and in gallant armour bright
Attired, march forth, ye Mice, now seek the foe 115

So saying, he roused them to the fight, and Mars
Attendant arm'd them Splitting fiist the pods
Of beans which they had sever'd from the stalk
With hasty tooth by night, they made them greaves
Their corslets were of platted straw, well lined
With spoils of an excoriated cat 120

The lamp contributed its central tin,
A shield for each The glittering needle long
Arm'd every gripe with a terrific spear,
And auburn shells of nuts their brows enclosed 125

Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whose approach
The Frogs apprised, emerging from the lake,
All throng'd to council, and considering sat
The sudden tumult and its cause Then came,
Sceptre in hand, an herald Son was he
Of the renown'd Tyroglyphus,¹⁰ and call'd 130

Embasichytrus¹¹ Charged he came to announce
The horors of approaching war, and said,—

Ye Frogs! the host of Mice send you by me
Menaces and defiance Arm, they say,
For furious fight, for they have seen the Prince
Psycharpax weltering on the waves, and drown'd
By King Physignathus Ye then, the Chiefs
And leaders of the hosts of Frogs put on
Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle' 135

He said, and went Then were the noble Frogs
Troubled at that bold message, and while all
Murmur'd against Physignathus, the King
Himself arising, thus denied the charge 140

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouse, nor saw
His drowning Doubtless, while he strove in sport
To imitate the swimming of the Frogs,
He sank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,
And these injurious slanders do me wrong. 145

¹⁰ A cheese-rasper¹¹ The explorer of pots and pipkins

Consult we, therefore, how we may destroy
 The subtle Mice, which thus we will perform
 Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait
 Their coming where our coast is most abrupt
 Then, soon as they shall rush to the assault,
 Seizing them by the helmet, as they come,
 We will precipitate them, arms and all,
 Into the lake, unskilful as they are
 To swim, their suffocation there is sure,
 And we will build a trophy to record
 The great Mouse-massacre for evermore

185

So saying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd

With leaves of mallows each his legs encased,
 Guarded his bosom with a corslet cut

From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail

Fashion'd his ample buckle, with a rush

200

Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his guipe,

And on his brows set fast a cockle-shell

Then on the summit of the loftiest bank

Drawn into phalanx firm they stood, all shook

Their quivering spears, and wrath swell'd every breast

205

Jove saw them, and assembling all the Gods

To council in the skies, Behold, he said,

Yon numerous hosts, magnanimous, robust,

And rough with spears, how like the giant race

They move, or like the Centaurs' smiling, next,

210

He ask'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd most

The Mice, and who the Frogs? but at the last,

Turning toward Minerva, thus he spake

The Mice, my daughter, need thee, goest thou not

To aid thy friends the Mice, inmates of thine,

215

Who to thy temple drawn by savoury steams

Sacrificial, and day by day refresh'd

With dainties there, dance on thy sacred floor?

So spake the God, and Pallas thus replied

My father! suffer as they may, the Mice

220

Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,

Marring my wreaths, and plundering of their oil

My lamps — But this, of all their impious deeds,

Offends me most, that they have eaten holes

In my best mantle, which with curious art

225

Divine I wove, light, easy delicate,
 And now the artificer whom I employ'd
 To mend it, clamouring demands a price
 Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,
 For I obtain'd on trust those costly threads,
 And have not wherewithal to pay the arrear
 Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpose more
 To succour even them, since they not less,
 Dolts as they are, and destitute of thought,
 Have incommoded me For when, of late,
 Returning from a fight weary and faint,
 I needed rest, and would have slept, no sleep
 Found I, those ceaseless croakers of the lake,
 Noisy, perverse, forbidding me a wink
 Sleepless, and with an aching head I lay
 Therefore until the crowing of the cock
 By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not,
 Nor interfere, favouring either side,
 Lest ye be wounded, for both hosts alike
 Are valiant, nor would scruple to assail
 Even ourselves Suffice it, therefore, hence
 To view the battle, safe, and at our ease

230

231

240

245

250

She ceased, and all complied Meantime, the hosts
 Drew nearer, and in front of each was seen
 An herald, gonfalon in hand, huge gnats
 Through clarions of unwieldy length sang forth
 The dreadful note of onset fierce, and Jove
 Doubled the signal, thundering from above.

First, with his spear Hypsiboas¹² assail'd
 Lichenor¹³ Deep into his body rush'd
 The point, and pierced his liver Prone he fell,
 And all his glossy down with dust defiled
 Then, Troglodytes¹⁴ hurl'd his massy spear
 At Pelion¹⁵, which he planted in his chest
 Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died 260
 Seutlaeus¹⁶, through his heart piercing him, slew
 Embasichytrus Polyphonas¹⁷ fell

255

¹² The loud-croaker¹³ One addicted to licking¹⁴ A creeper into holes and crannies¹⁵ Offspring of the mud¹⁶ A feeder on beet¹⁷ The noisy

Pierced through his belly by the spear of bold
Artophagus,¹⁸ and prone in dust expired.

265

Incensed at sight of Polyphonus slain,

Limnocharis at Tioglodytes cast

A mill-stone weight of rock, full on the neck

He batter'd him, and darkness veil'd his eyes

At him Lichenor huil'd a glittering lance,

Nor err'd, but pierced his liver Trembling fled

270

Crambophagus¹⁹ at that dread sight, and plunged

Over the precipice into the lake,

Yet even there found refuge none, for brave

Lichenor following, smote him even there

275

So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall

Never arose, but reddening with his blood

The wave, and wallowing in the strings and slime

Of his own vitals, near the bank expired

Limnisius²⁰ on the grassy shore struck down

280

Tyroglyphus²¹, but at the view alone

Of terrible Pternoglyphus²² appall'd,

Fled Calaminthus²³, cast away his shield

Afar, and headlong plunged into the lake.

Hydrocharis²⁴ with a vast stone assail'd

285

The King Pternophagus²⁵, the rugged mass

Descending on his poll, crush'd it, the brain

Oozed through his nostrils drop by drop, and all

The bank around was spatter'd with his blood

Lichopinax with his long spear transpierced

290

Borborocoites²⁶, darkness veil'd his eyes,

Prassophagus²⁷ with vengeful notice mark'd

Cnissodioctes²⁸, seizing with one hand

His foot and with the other hand his neck,

He plunged, and held him plunged, till drown'd he died

295

Psycharpax standing boldly in defence

Of his slain fellow-warriors, urged his spear

Right through Pelusius²⁹ at his feet he fell,

And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.

¹⁸ The bread-eater

¹⁹ The cabbage-eater.

²⁰ Of the lake

²¹ The cheese-scraper

²² The ham-scraper

²³ So called from the herb calamint

²⁴ One whose delight is in

water

²⁵ The bacon-eater.

²⁶ The sleeper in the mud

²⁷ The garlic-eater

²⁸ The savoury steam-hunter

²⁹ The muddy

Resentful of his death, the mighty Frog Pelobates ³⁰ an handful cast of mud Full at Psycharpax, all his ample front He smear'd, and left him scarce a glimpse of day Psycharpax, at the foul dishonour, still Exasperate more, upheaving from the ground A rock that had incumber'd long the bank, Hurl'd it against Pelobates, below The knees he smote him, shiver'd his right leg In pieces, and outstretch'd him in the dust, But him Craugasides ³¹ , who stood to guard The fallen Chief, assail'd, with his long lance He prick'd Psycharpax at the waist! the whole Keen-pointed rush transpierced his belly, and all His bowels following the retracted point, O'erspread the ensanguined herbage at his side Soon as Sitophagus ³² , a crippled mouse, That sight beheld, limping, as best he could, He left the field, and, to avoid a fate Not less tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch Troxartes grazed the instep of the bold Physignathus, who at the sudden pang Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake Prasseus ³³ , at the sight of such a Chief Floating in mortal agonies enraged, Sprang through his foremost warriors, and dismiss'd His pointed rush, but reach'd not through his shield Troxartes, baffled by the stubborn disk	300 305 310 315 320 325 330
There was a Mouse, young, beautiful and brave Past all on earth, son of the valiant Chief Artepibus ³⁴ Like another Mars He fought, and Meridarpax ³⁵ was his name, A Mouse, among all Mice without a peer Glorying in his might on the lake's verge He stood with other Mouse none at his side, And swore to extirpate the whole croaking race	330

30 The mud-walker

³¹ The hoarse-croaker

82 The cake eater

33 One who deals much in garlic

³⁴ One who lies in wait for bread

35 The scrap-catcher.

Nor doubted any but he should perform
His dreadful oath, such was his foice in arms, 335

Had not Saturnian Jove with sudden note
Perceived his purpose, with compassion touch'd

Of the devoted Flogs the Sovereign shook
His brows, and thus the Deities address'd

I see a prodigy, ye Powers divine !

And, with no small amazement smitten, hear
Prince Meridarnax menacing the Frogs.

With general extirpation Haste—be quick—
Banish us Bolles terrible in fight.

315
Dispatch we Fables terrible in fight,
Not her alone, but also Mars, to quell
With force, and make the world safe.

With force combined the sanguinary Chief
So spake the Thunderer, and thus Mars replied

Neither the force of Pallas, nor the force
Of Mars, O Jove! will save the destined Frogs 350

From swift destruction Let us all descend
To aid them, or, lest all suffice not, grasp

And send abroad thy biggest bolt, thy bolt
Tempestuous terror of the Titan race.

Tempestuous, terror of the Titan race,
By which those daring enemies thou slew'st,
Achilles! come with elements, whereon

And didst coeice with adamantine chains
Enceladus, and all that monstrous brood

He said, and Jove dismiss'd the smouldering bolt
At his first thunder, to its base he shook

The vast Olympian Then—whirling about
His fork'd fires, he launch'd them to the ground,

And, as they left the Sovereign's hand, the heart
Of every Mouse quaked, and of every Frog

Yet ceased not, even at that shock, the Mice
From battle, but with double ardour flew.

To the destruction of the Fiogs, whom Jove
From battle, but with double ardour new
Fought. — O how much had to be done, and done
With such a spirit! —

From the Olympian heights snow-crown'd again
Viewing, compassionated their distress,

And sent them aids Sudden they came Bro'd-back'd
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd, 37

Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before

Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,
And Crabs their name They seizing by his leg,
His arm, his tail'a Mouse, cropp'd it, and snapp'd
His polish'd spear Appall'd at such a foe,
The miserable Mice stood not, but fled
Heartless, discomfited And now, the sun
Descending, closed this warfare of a day

375

380

THE END